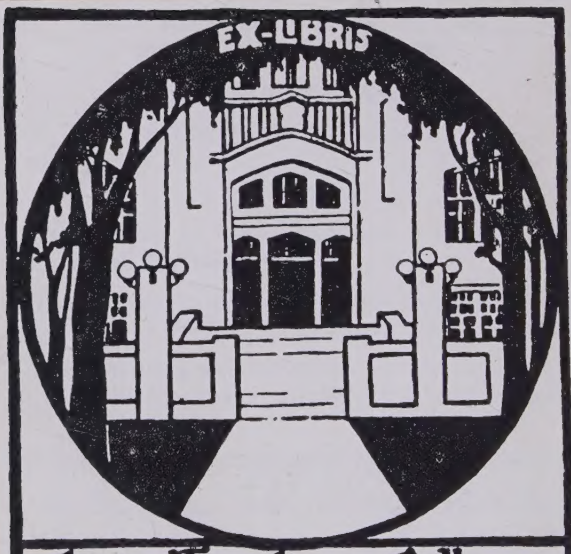
Kerrill's English Texts

MODERN ESSAYS OF VARIOUS TYPES



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Merrill's English Texts

MODERN ESSAYS

OF VARIOUS TYPES

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES A. COCKAYNE, PH.D., HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

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FOREWORD

THE selections which have been brought together under the title, *Modern Essays of Various Types*, represent essays and articles of the essay type which are usually read during the third and fourth years of high schools. An effort has been made to secure selections of such variety of form and content that the study of this volume will greatly increase the interest of students in non-fiction prose literature.

In selecting these essays, the editor has been guided to some extent by the requirements set up by the College Entrance Examination Board and by the New York State Syllabus for Secondary Schools. The College Entrance Examination Board calls for the reading of "a collection of prose writings on matters of current interest (about 150 pages)." The New York State Syllabus for Secondary Schools includes for the fourth year a "selection of 250 pages from modern essays." An analysis of suggestive lists of "modern essays" shows that the term is interpreted to include articles of the essay type as well as essays in the narrower sense.

In addition to furnishing material which meets such stated requirements as these, *Modern Essays of Various Types* reflects the editor's years of contact with high school students in his classes in English literature. He has chosen each selection not only because of its literary value but because of its appeal to high school students. Many of these selections are inspirational in character, some are light and humorous, while others have a more scientific aspect. Almost every point of interest of a high school group has been touched.

As this book affords an opportunity for the study of various types of prose writings, it may very well be used to parallel the course in composition. The students who are called upon to

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write essays, biographical sketches, editorials, and book reviews will find in this volume a variety of models in each field which will help them to develop a better style in their own writings.

Opportunity is also afforded for a comparative study of literary quality. The speech by Mr. Baldwin furnishes an excellent example of the essay prepared for public delivery as an address. Contrasted with this is the essay, in another section, on "The Effect of Science on History," which was broadcast by radio. Among the book reviews are found reviews written by different critics on the same book, showing differences in style as well as in point of view.

In using this book the student will need little more than a good dictionary, for the notes supply all other necessary help. The suggestive questions will guide the student in his study, and will relieve the teacher from making analyses in advance for his classes. Many questions are given for the purpose of starting reflection along profitable lines rather than for the purpose of securing easy, stereotyped answers. The list of essays given in the back of the volume will help the student to find further reading on any of the subjects in which he may become especially interested.

For the use of copyrighted material grateful acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers: to the Atlantic Monthly Company and to Robert M. Gay for "The Timid Sex"; to the Beacon Press for "Moral Discipline," from *The Understanding Heart* by Samuel McChord Crothers; to the Bobbs-Merrill Company for "I Lose Some of My Innocence," from *One Man's Life* by Herbert Quick; to *The Bookman* for "Butterflies on a Pin" by Dorothea Lawrance Mann, and for the review of *My Garden of Memory* (Kate Douglas Wiggin) by Honoré Willsie Morrow; to Dodd, Mead and Company for "Rhetoric 21" by Simeon Strunsky; to George H. Doran Company for "On Unanswering Letters," from *Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley; to Doubleday, Page and Company for "Culebra Cut," from *The Panama Canal* by Frederic J. Haskin, for "On Being Where You Belong," from *Adventures in Friendship* by David

Grayson, and for "Efficiency," from *The Efficient Life* by Luther H. Gulick; to *The Forum* for the review of *The Midlander* (Booth Tarkington) by William R. Langfeld, of *New Hampshire* (Robert Frost) by Stanley A. Burnshaw, and of *Pierre Curie* (Marie Curie) by K. R. Jaeger; to Ginn and Company for "Problems of Rural Social Life," from *Principles of Rural Economics* by Thomas Nixon Carver; to Harper and Brothers and to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson for "Why Men Seek Power," from *When a Man Comes to Himself* by Woodrow Wilson; to Henry Holt and Company for "The Importance of Habit," from *Psychology, Briefer Course* by William James; to the *International Book Review* for the review of *Musical Progress* (Henry T. Finck) by Edwin L. Shuman, of *The Professor's House* (Willa Cather) by James L. Ford, of *The Midlander* (Booth Tarkington) by Louise Maunsell Field, of *New Hampshire* (Robert Frost) by John Farrar, of *Pierre Curie* (Marie Curie) by Isaac Anderson, and of *The Kingdom of the Heavens* (Charles Nordmann) by Algernon Blackwood; to J. B. Lippincott Company for "Are the Barrie Characters Unreal?" from *J. M. Barrie* by Patrick Braybrooke; to *The Living Age* for "Americans and Sport" (from *La Revue de Paris*) by Georges Lechartier; to *The Living Age, The Times* (London), and to the author for "Truth and Politics" by Stanley Baldwin; to G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York and London, and to Robert Lynd for "Charles Lamb," from *Books and Authors;* to *The Saturday Review of Literature* and to William Rose Benét for "Lend Your Mind"; to *School and Society* and to the author for "Education for Leadership" by Henry Suzzallo; to *The Scientific Monthly* for "Insect Sociology" by Vernon Kellogg, and for "The Effect of Science on History" by Samuel Flagg Bemis; to Charles Scribner's Sons for "Concerning Whistler," from the *Life and Art of Merritt Chase* by Katharine Metcalf Roof, for "The Boulevard of Rogues," from *The Man in the Street* by Meredith Nicholson, for "The Place of the Ideal," from *Essays in Application* by Henry van Dyke, and for Chapter II of *As I Like It,* by William Lyon Phelps; to Simon and Schuster for "The

Day's Work," from *Joseph Pulitzer — His Life and Letters* by Don C. Seitz; to the Yale University Press for "Indolence," from *The Hindrances to Good Citizenship* by James Bryce, and for "Autumn Days," from *Hints to Pilgrims* by Charles S. Brooks. The selections "The Solid Satisfactions of Life" by Charles William Eliot, and "The Luxury of Conversation" by Agnes Repplier are used by permission of and by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

In addition, the author wishes to express his gratitude to the various newspapers for their permission to use the editorials that appear in the last section of the book.

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INTRODUCTION

What Is an Essay? To the average reader it seems relatively easy to recognize such literary types as the novel, short story, and drama, but the essay, as a type, is a little more baffling. Sometimes it is taken to include any writing, prose or poetry (Pope's " Essay on Man "), long (Locke's " Essay on the Human Understanding ") or short, that cannot be classed as fiction or drama; and then again, the literary critic may narrow the definition to such a degree that the writings of only a few literary essayists can be included. In this book, the word *essay* is used neither in its broadest nor in its narrowest sense, but is considered as applicable to a wide range of short prose writings that fall somewhere between these two extremes. For example, the word as here used excludes poetry, bare historical narrative, and mere scientific exposition; but, on the other hand, it includes many addresses, biographical sketches, book reviews, and editorials, as belonging to the essay type.

How May the Essay Be Recognized? No proper idea of the essay can be gained from mere definitions or rules. It is only after one has read widely among essay literature that he acquires the background that makes an understanding of the definition possible. As Miss Repplier has well said, " There are no rules to be laid down for the guidance of readers, no tests which they can apply to any form of literature, and which will enable them to separate the pure metal from the base. Taste and judgment are founded on knowledge, and the power of comparison which knowledge gives. Men and women who have read great poems, great novels, and great histories have a standard by which to measure. Otherwise they must accept the standard set them with no real understanding of its value."

And yet, if one wanders through literature undirected, as through a wood, making general, random observations only as his attention is drawn accidentally here and there, he will fail to see much of real interest that he might have noted, if he had known for what to look. Hence, a few of the commonly accepted characteristics of the essay will be pointed out for the purpose of directing observation and making it a little easier.

General Character. An essay is essentially like a conversation, if informal, or like an address, if formal. In fact, the earliest essays were not known by the name essay at all, but were often called "discourses," "dialogues," or "dissertations." But, whatever the name, they were of the same character and served the same literary function as the modern essay. In them, subjects were presented for the consideration of the reader in much the same tentative, thoughtful manner as they had first occurred to the scholarly minds of the authors. In this they resembled the unrecorded "pedestrian conversations in which the essay had its source." The dialogue very naturally lent itself to this method of reflective presentation, for it permitted discussion from several different points of view. Plato is thus often mentioned as the first great essayist, because in his "Dialogues" the informal discussion is so "closely akin to the essay in spirit and method." If the writer wished to present the subject with less interruption, and yet in informal, intimate style, he called his essays "Epistles," as did Cicero and Seneca.

In a conversation, one speaker often stresses the *subject* under discussion, while another places most emphasis on his own opinions or feelings about the subject. It is easy to see, then, how the term *essay* originated with Montaigne, "the father of the modern essay," since he wished especially to call attention to the fact that the views he expressed were only his own, and tentative at that — therefore, *essais*, attempts at truth. Johnson's well-known definition — "a loose sally of the mind, an irregular, undigested piece, not a regular and orderly performance" — evidently rests on this use of the word by Montaigne. Bacon, the first great English essayist, was undoubtedly

influenced by Montaigne, whose *essais* would only too naturally appeal to the founder of English inductive philosophy. There is a resemblance in Bacon's essays also to the method of several of the old classical writers. The dialogue form is not used, but subjects are presented from antithetic points of view.

And so, while the modern essay represents many different types, in its essence and origin it is very much like a conversation and may be regarded as *a conversational monologue in writing*. Its resemblance to conversation is further borne out in its various specific qualities — brevity, prose form, wide range of subject-matter, and prominence of the personal element. This conversational character also explains the great vogue of the essay in our day as a literary form for the free expression of personal views, impressions, observations, convictions, prejudices, and fancies, in widely circulated books, journals, magazines, and newspapers.

Subject-Matter. As every one knows, the subject-matter of conversation is unlimited, except perhaps as the sense of propriety of those taking part in it may reckon with time and circumstance. So in the writing of essays, any topic of interest to man — and what topic is not? — may be treated. Human nature, customs, history, art, science, education, politics, commerce, religion, literature, sport — all supply in abundance themes for the essayist. In short, the field is endless, and essays cannot be distinguished by any particular type of subject-matter.

The Personal Element. While from the standpoint of subject-matter *per se* there is no restriction, yet the personal element of the writer is always present as a limiting factor, through selection. The choice of subject by a given author depends upon *his* interests, *his* temperament, *his* points of view. Thus, to illustrate, in the essay on "Charles Lamb" by Robert Lynd, the English critic says that "Lamb is eminently the essayist of the affections. The best of his essays are made up of affectionate memories. He seems to steep his very words in some dye of memory and affection that no other writer has discovered."

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At the same time, the personal element, though limiting the range of the individual writer, introduces a new source of variety, for no two authors treat a subject in quite the same way. When it is said, then, that essay literature is concerned with human beings and human manners, recognition is given to the fact that nothing is treated according to its own independent nature — as perhaps the scientist seeks to study his subject — but according to its influences or effects upon human life. Through every essay we see the man himself who writes — the humorist, the cynic, the reformer, the idealist, the dreamer, the partisan, the scholar. The subject is thus enriched by this personal quality and made more palatable for the reader.

Prose Form. Poetry is not a natural medium for the informal expression of one's thoughts and feelings, as in a conversation; so the modern essay is always written in prose. And yet some of the better essays of the literary type are written in a kind of poetic prose, the soaring of the creative imagination giving the writer a lightness of touch and carrying him to a beauty of form and rhythmic flow of language that is closely akin to poetry. The lines, however, are never set off into metric form, and rime is never consciously and regularly used to heighten the musical effect.

Brevity. At one time, when the term *essay* was applied to such works as Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding," an essay was not limited in length. But such so-called essays lacked the easy, intimate character of conversational writing. They were more like scientific treatises written to unfold the subject and instruct the reader, not to reveal the mind and heart of the author. An essay is usually limited to such a length as can easily be read at one sitting, though the comfort of the reader is not the determining factor. A conversational impulse usually satisfies itself with a moderate, incomplete account of a subject, sometimes with the treatment of a single phase. Take, for example, the essay by Miss Repplier on "The Luxury of Conversation." More could have been written on the subject of conversation — much more — if the purpose had been to say

all that could be thought on the subject. But the thoughts that seemed most worth while to Miss Repplier, those on which her own observation and reflection had centered, could be well expressed in relatively few pages. What the reader gets, then, is not an impersonal discussion of "The Luxury of Conversation," but rather the much more interesting "Impressions of Miss Repplier on the Luxury of Conversation."

Style. The style of the essay, though determined to some extent by the nature of the subject, varies with the character of the writer; for, as Montaigne said, the essay was himself. But the style is always such that it presents the author at his best, in an amiable mood such as he would reveal if he were conversing with a small group of sympathetic friends. It is more or less intimate and friendly even when the subject requires a certain seriousness and dignity of treatment. Good illustrations will be found in the essays on "Moral Discipline" and "On Being Where You Belong." The uncritical reader seldom takes the trouble to discover to what extent his interest in a given essay is due to the subject-matter and to what extent it is due to the ingratiating manner of the author. The student, however, will find it profitable to make a conscious analysis of each selection read, for the purpose of discovering the qualities of style that have contributed to his pleasure. Was the essay humorous, serious, sincere, loquacious, heavy, smooth, broken, simple, beautiful, forceful, sententious, bold, timid, logical, sentimental, flippant? These are only a few common qualities of style, suggestive of the almost endless variety that may be found. The great range of style will be better understood after all the essays have been read.

Form of the Essay. There is no prescribed form for the essay. In fact, a set form would destroy the very character of the essay by taking away its easy, informal, friendly style. The writer, however, is expected to observe the ordinary rules of good writing. His thought should be worth while; should be logical and consistent, clear and convincing, but should never be elaborated exhaustively — and exhaustingly. His words should

be carefully chosen, his sentences should be smooth and well constructed, and his paragraphs should exhibit unity of subject-matter. The essay as a whole should be complete in itself and should leave a definite impression with the reader, though it may not say all that could be said on the subject.

Common Types of the Essay. Because of their wide range of subject-matter and their great variety of method and style, essays may be grouped into many classes, though no classification yet devised is quite scientific. Often an essay may belong to more than one group. The dividing line, therefore, between any two groups, is not always clear. An essay that deals with a philosophical subject or that discusses in a general way some of the larger aspects of life is known as a *reflective essay*. The essays in this volume on " Moral Discipline," " The Place of the Ideal," and the " Importance of Habit " are of this type. One that gives the impressions and opinions of the author on literature, music, or on any work of art is called a *critical essay*. From the standpoint of pure literature this is one of the most important types. " As I Like It," " Are the Barrie Characters Unreal? " and the book reviews illustrate this type. The presentation of any subject that requires much description, drawn, for example, from nature and from the sciences, may form a *descriptive essay* if the pure description is relieved by the thought or emotional or æsthetic reactions of the author. " Culebra Cut," " Autumn Days," " Insect Sociology " are examples of this type. If a story is told not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the purpose of presenting in an effective way some ideas of the author, the story becomes a *story essay*, as in " The Boulevard of Rogues." Those essays that give us especially a revelation of the character and personality of the author may be called *personal essays*. " The Timid Sex " and " On Unanswering Letters " are of this type. Often, speeches that are written to be read to an audience, if they are an expression of the views of the author in more or less intimate style, free from oratorical flights and bombast, may be called *platform essays*. The selections included under " Addresses "

exemplify this type. The analysis of a character forms the *character sketch essay*, shown here in the essay on "Charles Lamb," and in the selections drawn from biography. The editorials illustrate the type known as *editorial essays*. In former days the editor as an individual was a man of reputation and influence in his community and his editorial writings clearly revealed the personality of the editor. Today editorial essays tend to be less personal or individual in style as the identity of the editor becomes lost in the editorial staff.

Essays That Become a Part of Our Literature. It is not necessary that an essay be written on a subject of enduring interest. Many excellent editorials, for example, written in admirable style, have to do with the problems and passing whims of a day. They will have little or no value for the reader of the next generation, except as they may reflect the peculiar attitudes and habits of thought of a bygone period. But the essay that becomes a permanent part of our literature is one that presents in charming style a subject of perennial interest to man, that deals with problems and points of view that are never outgrown, no matter what stage of culture man may reach. For this reason the essay has no historical development — those written two thousand years ago surprise us with their insight into human nature and their almost modern tone. Thus the writer of the essay, by his choice of subject-matter as well as by the beauty and grace of his style, determines the extent of his reading "audience" — whether it shall be the limited circle of subscribers to his local daily or whether it shall be the men of many centuries. In modern democratic society, the essay has naturally become the popular medium for the expression of ideas on all sorts of subjects, and nothing is more significant of the growth and richness of our culture than the enormous circulation of magazines and journals that carry our abundant essay literature into the homes of all the people.

MODERN ESSAYS

OF VARIOUS TYPES

ESSAYS

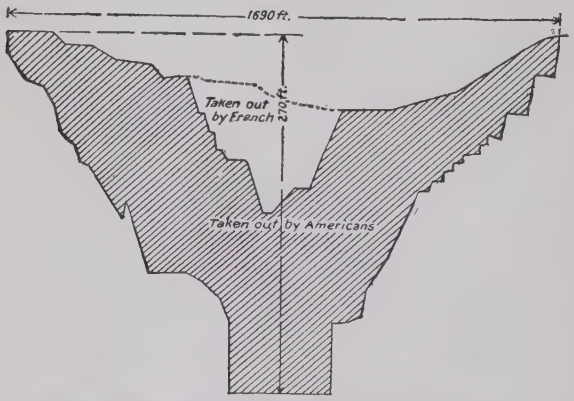
CULEBRA CUT

By Frederic J. Haskin

Culebra Cut! Here the barrier of the continental divide resisted to the utmost the attacks of the canal army; here disturbed and outraged Nature conspired with gross mountain mass to make the defense stronger and stronger; here was the mountain that must be moved. Here came the French,[1] jauntily confident, to dig a narrow channel that would let their ships go through. The mountain was the victor. And then here came the Americans,[2] confident but not jaunty. They weighed that mass, laid out the lines of a wider ditch, arranged complicated transportation systems to take away the half hundred million cubic yards of earth and rocks that they had measured. Nature came to the aid of the beleaguered mountain. The volcanic rocks were piled helter-skelter and when the ditch deepened the softer strata underneath refused to bear the burden and the slides, slowly and like glaciers, crept out into the ditch, burying shovels and sweeping aside the railway tracks. Even the bottom of the canal bulged up under the added stress of the heavier strata above.

Grim, now, but still confident, the attackers fought on. The mountain was defeated.

Now stretches a man-made canyon across the backbone of the continent; now lies a channel for ships through the barrier; now is found what Columbus sought in vain — the gate through the West to the East. Men call it Culebra Cut.

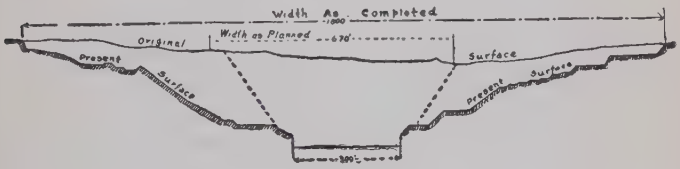


AVERAGE SHAPE AND DIMENSIONS OF CULEBRA CUT

Nine miles long, it has an average depth of 120 feet. At places its sides tower nearly 500 feet above its channel bottom, which is nowhere narrower than 300 feet.

It is the greatest single trophy of the triumph of man over the terrestrial arrangement of his world. Compared to it, the scooping out of the sand levels of Suez seems but child's play — the tunnels of Hoosac and Simplon [1] but the sport of boys. It is majestic. It is awful. It is the Canal.

When estimates for digging the canal were made it was calculated that 53,000,000 cubic yards of material would have to be removed from the cut, and that under the most favorable conditions it would require eight and a half years to complete the work. But at that time no one had the remotest idea of the actual difficulties that would beset the canal builders; no one dreamed of the avalanches of material that would slide into the cut.



THE EFFECT OF SLIDES

One can in no way get a better idea of the meaning of the slides and breaks in Culebra Cut than by referring to the accompanying figure. There it will be seen that whereas it was originally planned that the top width of the cut at one point should be 670 feet, it has grown wider, because of slides and breaks, to as much as 1800 feet at one place. In all, some 25,000,000 cubic yards of material which should have remained outside the canal prism slipped into it and had to be removed by the steam shovels.

No less than 26 slides and breaks were encountered in the construction of Culebra Cut, their total area being 225 acres. The largest covered 75, and another 47 acres. When the slides, which were more like

earthen glaciers than avalanches, began to flow into the big ditch, sometimes steam shovels were buried, sometimes railroad tracks were caught beneath the débris, and sometimes even the bottom of the cut itself began to bulge and disarrange the entire transportation system, at the same time interfering with the compressed air and water supplies. But with all these trials and tribulations, the army that was trying to conquer the eternal hills that had refused passage to the ships of the world for so many centuries, kept up its courage and renewed its attack. The result is that ships sail through Culebra and that engineers everywhere have new records of efficiency to inspire them.

These efficiency records are told in the cost-keeping reports based upon one of the most careful and thorough cost-accounting systems ever devised. This system was instituted for the purpose of keeping a check upon all expenditures by reducing everything to a unit basis and then comparing the cost of doing the same thing at different places. For instance, if it were found that it cost more to excavate a cubic yard of material at one place than at another, under identical conditions, this fact was brought to the attention of the men responsible and an intimation given that there seemed to be room for taking up a little lost motion. The lost motion usually was recovered or else someone had to be satisfied that conditions were not identical after all.

In no other part of the canal work do these cost-keeping reports tell such a graphic story as in Culebra

Cut. In spite of the fact that as the cut became deeper it became narrower, and the slides and breaks became more troublesome, to say nothing of the extra effort required to get the excavated material out of the cut, every unit cost was forced down notch by notch and year by year until the bottom in costs was reached only a little before the actual bottom of the cut was exposed to view.

. . . The whole operation of excavating and removing the material, including overhead charges and depreciation, fell from $1.03 a cubic yard in 1908 to less than 55 cents a yard in 1912. And that is why 232,000,000 cubic yards of material were removed for less than it was estimated 135,000,000 cubic yards would cost.

To remove the 105,000,000 cubic yards of earth from the backbone of the Americas required about 6,000,000 pounds of high-grade dynamite each year to break up the material, so that it might be successfully attacked by the steam shovels. To prepare the holes for placing the explosives required the services of 150 well drills, 230 tripod rock drills, and a large corps of hand drillers. Altogether they drilled nearly a thousand miles of holes annually. During every working day in the year about 600 holes were fired. They had an average depth of about 19 feet. In addition to this a hundred toe holes [1] were fired each day, and as many more "dobe" blasts [2] placed on top of large boulders to break them up into loadable sizes. So carefully was the dynamite handled that during a period of three

years, in which time some 19,000,000 pounds were exploded in Culebra Cut, only eight men were killed.

The transportation of the spoil from Culebra Cut was a tremendous job. A large percentage of it was hauled out in Lidgerwood flat cars.[1] Twenty-one cars made up the average Lidgerwood train. It required about 140 locomotives to take care of the spoil, and the average day saw nearly 3700 cars loaded and hauled out of the cut. In a single year 1,116,286 carloads of material were hauled out. There were 75 trains in constant operation, one for each $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of track in the Central Division, which was approximately 32 miles long. A huge steam shovel, taking up 5 yards of material at a mouthful, would load one of these trains in less than an hour with some 400 yards of material. Then the powerful locomotive attached to it, assisted by a helper engine, would pull the train out of the cut, and then, unassisted, would haul it to the dumping ground some 12 miles or more away.

Arriving near the scene of the dump, another engine, having in front of it a huge horizontal steam windlass mounted on a flat car, was hooked on the rear end of the train. Then the locomotive which had brought the train to the dump was uncoupled and moved away, and in its stead there was attached an empty flat car, on which there was a huge plow. A long wire cable was stretched from the big windlass at the other end of the train and attached to this plow. As the drum of the windlass began to turn it gradually drew the plow forward over the 21 cars, plowing the material off as it went

forward. The cars were equipped with a high side-board on one side and had none at all on the other. A flat surface over which the plow could pass from car to car was made by hinging a heavy piece of sheet steel to the front end of each car and allowing it to cover the break between that car and the next, thus affording a practically continuous car floor over 800 feet long. The operation of unloading 400 yards of material with this plow seldom required more than 10 minutes.

After the plow had finished its work it left a long string of spoil on one side of the track which must be cleared away. So another plow, pushed by an engine, attacked the spoil and forced it down the embankment. This process of unloading and spreading the material was kept up until the embankment became wide enough to permit the track to be shifted over. Here another especially designed machine, the track shifter, was brought into play. It was a sort of derrick mounted on a flat car, and with it the track shifters were able to pick up a piece of track and lift it over to the desired position. With this machine a score of men could do the work that without it would have required a gang of 600 men.

In addition to the Lidgerwood dirt trains there were a large number of trains made up of steel dump cars which were dumped by compressed air, and still other trains made up of small hand-dumped cars, and each class found its own peculiar uses.

As has been said, the problem of digging the big ditch has been one of the transportation of the spoil, and this

has involved numerous difficulties. In Culebra Cut no little difficulty was experienced in keeping open enough tracks to afford the necessary room for dirt trains. Slides came down and forced track after track out of alignment, burying some of them beyond the hope of usable recovery; often the very bottom of the cut itself heaved up under the stress of the heavy weight of faulty strata on the sides of the mountain; and sometimes the slides and breaks threatened entirely to shut up one end of the cut.

In hauling away the spoil one improvement after another was made in the interest of efficiency. It was found at first that the capacity of a big Lidgerwood flat car was only about 16 cubic yards, and that with a side-board on only one side of the car, the load did not center well on the car, thus placing an undue strain on the wheels on one side. The transportation department, therefore, extended the bed of the car further out over the wheels on the open side, and this served a triple purpose — it permitted the steam shovels to load the cars so that the load rested in the center, increased the capacity of each car by about 3 yards, and permitted the unloader plow to throw the spoil further from the track, thus adding to the efficiency of the dumping apparatus.

Frequently breaks in the trains were caused by worn couplers. These accidents were almost entirely overcome by equipping each train with a sort of "bridle" which prevented the separation of the cars in the event of the parting of a defective coupler. In the operation of the unloader plows it was found that the big cables

frequently broke when a plow would strike an obstruction on the car, and this caused no end of annoyance and frequent delays. Then someone thought of putting between the cable and plow a link whose breaking point was lower than that of the cable. After that when a plow struck an obstruction the cable did not part — the link simply gave way, and another was always at hand. On the big spreaders no less than 51 improvements were made, each the answer of the engineers to some challenge from the stubborn material with which they had to contend.

The major portion of the material excavated from the canal had to be hauled out and dumped where it was of no further use. From the Central Division alone, which includes Culebra Cut, upward of a hundred million cubic yards of material was hauled away and dumped as useless. At Tabernilla one dump contained nearly 17,000,000 cubic yards. A great deal of spoil, however, was used to excellent advantage. Wherever there was swampy ground contiguous to the permanent settlements it was covered over with material from the cut and brought up above the water level. Many hundreds of acres were thus converted from malaria-breeding grounds into high and dry lands.

During the last stages of the work in Culebra Cut it was found that some of the slides were so bad that they were breaking back of the crest of the hills that border the cut. Therefore it was found to be feasible to attack the problem by sluicing the material down the side of the hills into the valley beyond. To this end a big

hydraulic plant which had been used on the Pacific end of the canal was brought up and installed beyond the east bank of the cut. A reservoir of water was impounded and tremendous pumps installed. They pumped a stream of water 40 inches in diameter. This was gradually tapered down to a number of 4-inch nozzles, and out of these spouted streams of water with a pressure of 80 pounds to the square inch. These streams ate away the dirt at a rapid rate.

The slides did not hold up the completion of the canal a minute, at least to the point of usability. The day that the lock gates were ready there was water enough in the canal to carry the entire American navy from ocean to ocean. That day the big dredges from the Atlantic and Pacific were brought into the cut, and with them putting the finishing touches on the slides at the bottom, and the hydraulic excavators attacking them at the top, the problem of the slides was solved.

. . . . .

Today Culebra Mountain bows its lofty head to the genius of the American engineer and to the courage of the canal army. Through its vitals there runs a great artificial canyon nearly 9 miles long, 300 feet wide at its bottom, in places as much as a half mile at its top and nearly 500 feet deep at the deepest point. Out of it there were taken 105,000,000 cubic yards of material, and at places it cost as much as $15,000,000 a mile to make the excavations. Through it now extends a great ribbon of water broad enough to permit the largest

vessels afloat to pass one another under their own power and deep enough to carry a ship with a draft beyond anything in the minds of naval constructors today. With towering hills lining it on either side, with banks that are precipitous here and far flung there, with great and deep recesses at one place and another telling of the gigantic breaks and slides with which the men who built it had to contend, going through Culebra Cut gives to the human heart a thrill such as the sight of no other work of the human hand can give. Its magnitude, its awe-inspiring aspect as one navigates the channel between the two great hills which stand like sentinels above it, and the memory of the thousands of tons of dynamite, the hundreds of millions of money and the vast investment of brain and brawn required in its digging, all conspire to make the wonder greater. It is the mightiest deed the hand of man has done.

RHETORIC 21 *

By Simeon Strunsky

Every time I happen to turn to the Gettysburg Address I am saddened to find that, after many years of practice, my own literary style is still strikingly inferior to that of Lincoln at his best. The fact was first brought home to me during my sophomore year.

(Incidentally I would remark that the opportunities for consulting the Gettysburg Address occur frequently in a newspaper office. Every little while, in the lull

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between editions, a difference of opinion will arise as to what Lincoln said at Gettysburg. Some maintain that he said, "a government of the people, for the people, by the people"; some declare he said, "a government by the people, of the people, for the people"; some assert that he said, "a government by the people, for the people, of the people." Obviously the only way out is to make a pool and look up Nicolay and Hay. When we are not betting on Lincoln's famous phrase, we differ as to whether the first words in Caesar are *Gallia omnis est divisa*, or *Omnis Gallia est divisa*, or *Omnis Gallia divisa est*. We all remember the *partes tres*.)

In my sophomore year we used to write daily themes. We were then at the beginning of the revolt from the stilted essay to the realistic form of undergraduate style. Instead of writing about what we had read in De Quincey or Matthew Arnold, we were asked to write about what we had seen on the Elevated or on the campus. I presume this literary method has triumphed in all the colleges, just as I know that the new school of college oratory has quite displaced the old. Instead of arguing whether Greece had done more for civilization than Rome, sophomores now debate the question, "*Resolved*, That the issue of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent convertible state bonds is unjustified by prevailing conditions in the European money market." So with our daily themes. We did not write about patriotism or Shakespeare's use of contrast. We wrote about football, about the management of the lunch-room, about the need of more call-boys in the library.

The underlying idea was sensible enough. But it was disheartening to have a daily theme come back drenched in red ink to show where one's prose rhythm had broken down or the relative pronouns had run too thick. Our instructors were good men. They did not content themselves with pointing out our sins against style; they would show us how much more skillfully the English language could be used. When I wrote: "That the new improvements that have been made in the new gymnasium that has just been inaugurated are all that are necessary," my instructor would pick up the Gettysburg Address and read out aloud: "But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground." Sometimes he would pick up the Bible and read out aloud:

> For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest,
> With kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves.

Sometimes he would read from Keats's "Grecian Urn," or ask me, by implication, why I could not frame a concrete image like "Look'd at each other with a wild surmise, Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Even then I labored under a sense of injustice. I could not help thinking that the comparison would have been more fair if I had had a chance to speak at Gettysburg and Abraham Lincoln had had to write about the new gymnasium. I thought how the red ink would have splashed if I had ended a sentence with a comma like Job, or had said "kings and counsellors which."

Are there still sophomores whom they drill in writing about the prospects of the hockey team and to whom they read "The Fall of the House of Usher," as an example of what can be done with the English language? And do some of them do what some of us, in desperation, used to do? We cheated. We worked ourselves up into ecstasies of false emotion over the hockey team or pretended to see things in Central Park which we never saw. I always think of Central Park with bitterness. We were to write a description of what we saw as we stood on the Belvedere looking north. I wrote a faithful catalogue of what I saw, and the instructor picked up *Les Misérables* and read me the story of the last charge over the sunken road at Waterloo. I should have done what one of the other men did. He never went to Central Park. He stayed at home and, looking straight north from the Belvedere, he saw the sun setting in the west, and Mr. Carnegie's new mansion to the east, and the towers of St. Patrick directly behind him. He saw it all so vividly, so harmoniously, that they marked him A. I got C+. Is it any wonder that I cannot even now read the Gettysburg Address without a twinge of resentment?

And yet we were fortunate in one way. In those days they read the Gettysburg Address to us as a model, and in spite of our resentment our sophomore hearts caught the glory and awe of it. But in those days the art of textbook writing had not attained its present perfection, and the Gettysburg Address had not yet been edited as a classic with twenty pages of introduc-

tion and I don't know how many footnotes. Am I wrong in supposing that somewhere in the high schools or the colleges this is what the young soul finds in the Gettysburg Address?:

Fourscore and seven years [1] ago our fathers [2] brought forth on this continent [3] a new nation,[4] conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition [5] that all men are created equal.[6] Now we are engaged in a great civil war,[7] testing whether that nation,[8] or any nation so conceived and so dedicated,[9] can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield [10] of that war.

NOTES

[1] I.e., eighty-seven years ago. The Gettysburg Address was delivered Nov. 19, 1863. Lincoln is here referring to the Declaration of Independence.

[2] Figuratively speaking. To take "fathers" in a literal sense would, of course, involve a physiological absurdity.

[3] The western continent, embracing North and South America.

[4] "A new nation." This is tautological, since a nation just brought forth would necessarily be new.

[5] "Proposition," in the sense in which Euclid employs the term and not as one might say now, "a cloak and suit proposition."

[6] See the Declaration of Independence in Albert Bushnell Hart's *American History Told by Contemporaries* (4 vols., Boston, 1898–1901).

[7] The war between the States, 1861–65.

[8] I.e., the United States.

[9] See Elliot's Debates in the several State Conventions on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, etc. (5 vols., Washington, 1840–45).

[10] Gettysburg: a borough and the county seat of Adams Co., Pennsylvania, near the Maryland border, 35 miles southwest of Harrisburg. Pop. in 1910, 4030.

AUTUMN DAYS

By Charles S. Brooks

It was rather a disservice when the poet wrote that the melancholy days were come. His folly is inexplicable. If he had sung through his nose of thaw and drizzle, all of us would have pitched in to help him in his dismal chorus. But October and November are brisk and cheerful months.

In the spring, to be sure, there is a languid sadness. Its beauty is too frail. Its flowerets droop upon the plucking. Its warm nights, its breeze that blows from the fragrant hills, warn us how brief is the blossom time. In August the year slumbers. Its sleepy days nod across the heavy orchards and the yellow grain fields. Smoke looks out from chimneys, but finds no wind for comrade. For a penny it would stay at home and doze upon the hearth, to await a playmate from the North. The birds are still. Only the insects sing. A threshing-machine, far off, sinks to as drowsy a melody as theirs, like a company of grasshoppers, but with longer beard and deeper voice. The streams that frolicked to nimble tunes in May now crawl from pool to pool. The very shadows linger under cover. They crouch close beneath shed and tree, and scarcely stir a finger until the fiery sun has turned its back.

September rubs its eyes. It hears autumn, as it were, pounding on its bedroom door, and turns for another wink of sleep. But October is awakened by the frost. It dresses itself in gaudy color. It flings a scarlet gar-

ment on the woods and a purple scarf across the hills. The wind, at last, like a merry piper, cries out the tune, and its brisk and sunny days come dancing from the North.

Yesterday was a holiday and I went walking in the woods. Although it is still September it grows late, and there is already a touch of October in the air. After a week of sultry weather — a tardy remnant from last month — a breeze yesterday sprang out of the northwest. Like a good housewife it swept the dusty corners of the world. It cleared our path across the heavens and raked down the hot cobwebs from the sky. Clouds had yawned in idleness. They had sat on the dull circle of the earth like fat old men with drooping chins, but yesterday they stirred themselves. The wind whipped them to their feet. It pursued them and plucked at their frightened skirts. It is thus, after the sleepy season, that the wind practices for the rough and tumble of November. It needs but to quicken the tempo into sixteenth notes, to rouse a wholesome tempest.

Who could be melancholy in so brisk a month? The poet should hang his head for shame at uttering such a libel. These dazzling days could hale him into court. The jury, with one voice, without rising from its box, would hold for a heavy fine. Apples have been gathered in. There is a thirsty, tipsy smell from the cider presses. Hay is pitched up to the very roof. Bursting granaries show their golden produce at the cracks. The yellow stubble of the fields is a promise that is kept.

And who shall say that there is any sadness in the fallen leaves? They are a gay and sounding carpet. Who dances here needs no bell upon his ankle, and no fiddle for the tune.

And sometimes in October the air is hazy and spiced with smells. Nature, it seems, has cooked a feast in the heat of summer, and now its viands stand out to cool.

November lights its fires and brings in early candles. This is the season when chimneys must be tightened for the tempest. Their mighty throats roar that all is strong aloft. Dogs now leave a stranger to go his way in peace, and they bark at the windy moon. Windows rattle, but not with sadness. They jest and chatter with the blast. They gossip of storms on barren mountains.

Night, for so many months, has been a timid creature. It has hid so long in gloomy cellars while the regal sun strutted on his way. But now night and darkness put their heads together for his overthrow. In shadowy garrets they mutter their discontent and plan rebellion. They snatch the fields by four o'clock. By five they have restored their kingdom. They set the stars as guardsmen of their rule. Now travelers are pelted into shelter. Signboards creak. The wind whistles for its rowdy company. Night, the monarch, rides upon the storm.

A match! We'll light the logs. We'll crack nuts and pass the cider. How now, master poet, is there no thirsty passage in your throat? I offer you a bowl of milk and popcorn. Must you brood tonight upon the barren fields — the meadows brown and sear? Who

cares now how the wind grapples with the chimneys? Here is snug company, warm and safe. Here are syrup and griddle-cakes. Do you still suck your melancholy pen when such a feast is going forward?

THE BOULEVARD OF ROGUES

By Meredith Nicholson

Nothing was ever funnier than Barton's election to the city council. However, it occurs to me that if I'm going to speak of it at all, I may as well tell the whole story.

At the University Club, where a dozen of us have met for luncheon every business day for many years, Barton's ideas on the subject of municipal reform were always received in the most contumelious fashion. We shared his rage that things were as they were, but as practical business men we knew that there was no remedy. A city, Barton held, should be conducted like any other corporation. Its affairs are so various, and touch so intimately the comfort and security of all of us, that it is imperative that they be administered by servants of indubitable character and special training. He would point out that a citizen's rights and privileges are similar to those of a stockholder, and that taxes are in effect assessments to which we submit only in the belief that the sums demanded are necessary to the wise handling of the public business; that we should be as anxious for dividends in the form of efficient and eco-

nomical service as we are for cash dividends in other corporations.

There is nothing foolish or unreasonable in these notions; but most of us are not as ingenious as Barton, or as resourceful as he in finding means of realizing them.

Barton is a lawyer and something of a cynic. I have never known a man whose command of irony equaled his. He usually employed it, however, with perfect good nature, and it was impossible to ruffle him. In the court-room I have seen him the target for attacks by a formidable array of opposing counsel, and have heard him answer an hour's argument in an incisive reply compressed into ten minutes. His suggestions touching municipal reforms were dismissed as impractical, which was absurd, for Barton is essentially a practical man, as his professional successes clearly proved before he was thirty. He maintained that one capable man, working alone, could revolutionize a city's government if he set about it in the right spirit; and he manifested the greatest scorn for "movements," committees of one hundred, and that sort of thing. He had no great confidence in the mass of mankind or in the soundness of the majority. His ideas were, we thought, often fantastic, but it could never be said that he lacked the courage of his convictions. He once assembled round a mahogany table the presidents of the six principal banks and trust companies in our town and laid before them a plan by which, through the smothering of the city's credit, a particularly vicious adminis-

tration might be brought to terms. The city finances were in a bad way, and, as the result of a policy of wastefulness and short-sightedness, the administration was constantly seeking temporary loans, which the local banks were expected to carry. Barton dissected the municipal budget before the financiers, and proposed that, as another temporary accommodation was about to be asked, they put the screws on the mayor and demand that he immediately force the resignations of all his important appointees and replace them with men to be designated by three citizens to be named by the bankers. Barton had carefully formulated the whole matter, and he presented it with his usual clarity and effectiveness; but rivalry between the banks for the city's business, and fear of incurring the displeasure of some of their individual depositors who were closely allied with the bosses of the bipartisan machine, caused the scheme to be rejected. Our lunch-table strategy board was highly amused by Barton's failure, which was just what we had predicted.

Barton accepted his defeat with equanimity and spoke kindly of the bankers as good men but deficient in courage. But in the primaries the following spring he got himself nominated for city councilman. No one knew just how he had accomplished this. Of course, as things go in our American cities, no one qualified for membership in a university club is eligible for any municipal office, and no man of our acquaintance had ever before offered himself for a position so utterly without honor or dignity. Even more amazing than

Barton's nomination was Barton's election. Our councilmen are elected at large, and we had assumed that any strength he might develop in the more prosperous residential districts would be overbalanced by losses in industrial neighborhoods.

The results proved to be quite otherwise. Barton ran his own campaign. He made no speeches, but spent the better part of two months personally appealing to mechanics and laborers, usually in their homes or on their doorsteps. He was at pains to keep out of the newspapers, and his own party organization (he is a Republican) gave him only the most grudging support.

We joked him a good deal about his election to an office that promised nothing to a man of his type but annoyance and humiliation. His associates in the council were machine men, who had no knowledge whatever of enlightened methods of conducting cities. The very terminology in which municipal government is discussed by the informed was as strange to them as Sanskrit. His Republican colleagues cheerfully ignored him, and shut him out of their caucuses; the Democrats resented his appearance in the council chamber as an unwarranted intrusion — "almost an indelicacy," to use Barton's own phrase.

The biggest joke of all was Barton's appointment to the chairmanship of the Committee on Municipal Art. That this was the only recognition his associates accorded to the keenest lawyer in the State — a man possessing a broad knowledge of municipal methods, gathered in every part of the world — was ludicrous, it

must be confessed; but Barton was not in the least disturbed, and continued to suffer our chaff with his usual good humor.

Barton is a secretive person, but we learned later that he had meekly asked the president of the council to give him this appointment. And it was conferred upon him chiefly because no one else wanted it, there being, obviously, "nothing in" municipal art discernible to the bleared eye of the average councilman.

About that time old Sam Follonsby died, bequeathing half a million dollars — twice as much as anybody knew he had — to be spent on fountains and statues in the city parks and along the boulevards.

The many attempts of the administration to divert the money to other uses; the efforts of the mayor to throw the estate into the hands of a trust company in which he had friends — these matters need not be recited here.

Suffice it to say that Barton was equal to all the demands made upon his legal genius. When the estate was settled at the end of a year, Barton had won every point. Follonsby's money was definitely set aside by the court as a special fund for the objects specified by the testator, and Barton, as the chairman of the Committee on Municipal Art, had so tied it up in a legal mesh of his own ingenious contriving that it was, to all intents and purposes, subject only to his personal check.

It was now that Barton, long irritated by the indifference of our people to the imperative need of municipal reform, devised a plan for arousing the apathetic

electorate. A philosopher, as well as a connoisseur in the fine arts, he had concluded that our whole idea of erecting statues to the good and noble serves no purpose in stirring patriotic impulses in the bosoms of beholders. There were plenty of statues and not a few tablets in our town commemorating great-souled men, but they suffered sadly from public neglect. And it must be confessed that the average statue, no matter how splendid the achievements of its subject, is little regarded and serves only passively as a reminder of public duty. With what has seemed to me a sublime cynicism, Barton proceeded to spend Follonsby's money in a manner at once novel and arresting. He commissioned one of the most distinguished sculptors in the country to design a statue; and at the end of his second year in the council (he had been elected for four years), it was set up on the new boulevard that parallels the river.

His choice of a subject had never been made known, so that curiosity was greatly excited on the day of the unveiling. Barton had brought the governor of an adjoining State, who was just then much in the public eye as a fighter of grafters, to deliver the oration. It was a speech with a sting to it, but our people had long been hardened to such lashings. The mayor spoke in praise of the civic spirit which had impelled Follonsby to make so large a bequest to the public; and then, before five thousand persons, a little schoolgirl pulled the cord, and the statue, a splendid creation in bronze, was exposed to the amazed populace.

I shall not undertake to depict the horror and chagrin

of the assembled citizens when they beheld, instead of the statue of Follonsby, which they were prepared to see, or a symbolic representation of the city itself as a flower-crowned maiden, the familiar pudgy figure, reproduced with the most cruel fidelity, of Mike O'Grady, known as "Silent Mike," a big bipartisan boss who had for years dominated municipal affairs, and who had but lately gone to his reward. The inscription in itself was an ironic master stroke:

To
MICHAEL P. O'GRADY
Protector of Saloons, Friend of Crooks
For Ten Years a City Councilman
Dominating the Affairs of the Municipality
This Statue is Erected
By Grateful Fellow-Citizens
In Recognition of his Public Services

The effect of this was tremendously disturbing, as may be imagined. Every newspaper in America printed a picture of the O'Grady statue; our rival cities made merry over it at our expense. The Chamber of Commerce, incensed at the affront to the city's good name, passed resolutions condemning Barton in the bitterest terms; the local press howled; a mass meeting was held in our biggest hall to voice public indignation. But amid the clamor Barton remained calm, pointing to the stipulation in Follonsby's will that his money should be spent in memorials of men who had enjoyed most fully the confidence of the people. And as O'Grady had been permitted for years to run the

town about as he liked, with only feeble protests and occasional futile efforts to get rid of him, Barton was able to defend himself against all comers.

Six months later Barton set up on the same boulevard a handsome tablet commemorating the services of a mayor whose venality had brought the city to the verge of bankruptcy, and who, when his term of office expired, had betaken himself to parts unknown. This was greeted with another outburst of rage, much to Barton's delight. After a brief interval another tablet was placed on one of the river bridges. The building of that particular bridge had been attended with much scandal, and the names of the councilmanic committee who were responsible for it were set forth over these figures:

Cost to the People	$249,950.00
Cost to the Council	131,272.81
Graft	$118,677.19

The figures were exact and a matter of record. An impudent prosecuting attorney who had broken with the machine had laid them before the public some time earlier; but his efforts to convict the culprits had been frustrated by a judge of the criminal court who took orders from the bosses. Barton broke his rule against talking through the newspapers by issuing a caustic statement imploring the infuriated councilmen to sue him for libel as they threatened to do.

The city was beginning to feel the edge of Barton's little ironies. At the club we all realized that he was

animated by a definite and high purpose in thus flaunting in enduring bronze the shame of the city.

"It is to such men as these," said Barton, referring to the gentlemen he had favored with his statue and tablets, "that we confide all our affairs. For years we have stupidly allowed a band of outlaws to run our town. They spend our money; they manage in their own way large affairs that concern all of us; they sneer at all the forces of decency; they have made serfs of us. These scoundrels are our creatures, and we encourage and foster them; they represent us and our ideals, and it's only fitting that we should publish their merits to the world."

While Barton was fighting half a dozen injunction suits brought to thwart the further expenditure of Follonsby's money for memorials of men of notorious misfeasance or malfeasance, another city election rolled round. By this time there had been a revulsion of feeling. The people began to see that after all there might be a way of escape. Even the newspapers that had most bitterly assailed Barton declared that he was just the man for the mayoralty, and he was fairly driven into office at the head of a nonpartisan municipal ticket.

The Boulevard of Rogues we called it for a time. But after Barton had been in the mayor's office a year he dumped the O'Grady statue into the river, destroyed the tablets and returned to the Follonsby Fund out of his own pocket the money he had paid for them. Three noble statues of honest patriots now adorn the boule-

vard, and half a dozen beautiful fountains have been distributed among the parks.

The Barton plan is, I submit, worthy of all emulation. If every boss-ridden, machine-managed American city could once visualize its shame and folly as Barton compelled us to do, there would be less complaint about the general failure of local government. There is, when you come to think of it, nothing so preposterous in the idea of perpetuating in outward and visible forms the public servants we humbly permit to misgovern us. Nothing could be better calculated to quicken the civic impulse in the lethargic citizen than the enforced contemplation of a line of statues erected to rascals who have prospered at the expense of the community.

I'm a little sorry, though, that Barton never carried out one of his plans, which looked to the planting in the center of a downtown park of a symbolic figure of the city, felicitously expressed by a barroom loafer dozing on a whiskey barrel. I should have liked it, and Barton confessed to me the other day that he was a good deal grieved himself that he had not pulled it off!

CHARLES LAMB

By Robert Lynd

Charles Lamb was a small, flat-footed man whose eyes were of different colors and who stammered. He nevertheless leaves on many of his readers the impression of personal beauty. De Quincey has told us that

in the repose of sleep Lamb's face "assumed an expression almost seraphic, from its intellectual beauty of outline, its childlike simplicity, and its benignity." He added that the eyes "disturbed the unity of effect in Lamb's waking face," and gave a feeling of restlessness, "shifting, like Northern lights, through every mode of combination with fantastic playfulness." This description, I think, suggests something of the quality of Lamb's charm. There are in his best works depths of repose under a restless and prankish surface. He is at once the most restful and the most playful of essayists. Carlyle, whose soul could not find rest in such quietistic virtue as Lamb's, noticed only the playfulness and was disgusted by it. "Charles Lamb," he declared, "I do verily believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering, stammering tomfool I do not know. He is witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners." He wrote this in his Diary in 1831 after paying a visit to Lamb at Enfield. "Poor Lamb!" he concluded. "Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius! He said: 'There are just two things I regret in England's history: first, that Guy Fawkes' plot did not take effect (there would have been so glorious an *explosion*); second, that the Royalists did not hang Milton (then we might have laughed at them), etc., etc.' *Armer Teufel!*"

Carlyle would have been astonished if he had foreseen that it would be he and not Lamb who would be the "poor devil" in the eyes of posterity. Lamb is a

tragically lovable figure, but Carlyle is a tragically pitiable figure. Lamb, indeed, is in danger of being pedestaled among the saints of literature. He had most of the virtues that a man can have without his virtue becoming a reproach to his fellows. He had most of the vices that a man can have without ceasing to be virtuous. He had enthusiasm that made him at home among the poets, and prejudices that made him at home among common men. His prejudices, however, were for the most part humorous, as when, speaking of L. E. L., he said: "If she belonged to me I would lock her up and feed her on bread and water till she left off writing poetry. A female poet, a female author of any kind, ranks below an actress, I think." He also denounced clever women as "impudent, forward, unfeminine, and unhealthy in their minds." At the same time, the woman he loved most on earth and devoted his life to was the "female author" with whom he collaborated in the *Tales from Shakespeare*. But probably there did exist somewhere in his nature the seeds of most of those prejudices dear to the common Englishman — prejudices against Scotsmen, Jews, and clever women, against such writers as Voltaire and Shelley, and in favor of eating, drinking, and tobacco. He held some of his prejudices comically, and some in sober earnest, but at least he had enough of them mixed up in his composition to keep him in touch with ordinary people. That is one of the first necessities of a writer — especially of a dramatist, novelist, or essayist, whose subject-matter is human nature. A great

writer may be indifferent to the philosophy of the hour or even to some extent to the politics of the hour, but he cannot safely be indifferent to such matters as his neighbor's love of boiled ham or his fondness for a game of cards. Lamb sympathized with all the human appetites that will bear talking about. Many noble authors are hosts who talk gloriously, but never invite us to dinner or even ring for the decanter. Lamb remembers that a party should be a party.

It is not enough, however, that a writer should be friends with our appetites. Lamb would never have become the most beloved of English essayists if he had told us only such things as that Coleridge "holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings," or that he himself, though having lost his taste for "the whole vegetable tribe," sticks, nevertheless, to asparagus, "which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts." He was human elsewhere than at the table or beside a bottle. His kindness was higher than gastric. His indulgences seem but a modest disguise for his virtues. His life was a life of industrious self-sacrifice. "I am wedded, Coleridge," he cried, after the murder of his mother, "to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father"; and his life with his sister affords one of the supreme examples of fidelity in literary biography. Lamb is eminently the essayist of the affections. The best of his essays are made up of affectionate memories. He seems to steep his very words in some dye of memory and affection that no other writer has discovered. He is one of those rare senti-

mentalists who speak out of the heart. He has but to write, "Do you remember?" as in *Old China*, and our breasts feel a pang like a homesick child thinking of the happiness of a distant fireside and a smiling mother that it will see no more. Lamb's work is full of this sense of separation. He is the painter of "the old familiar faces." He conjures up a Utopia of the past, in which aunts were kind and Coleridge, the "inspired charity-boy," was his friend, and every neighbor was a figure as queer as a witch in a fairy tale. "All, all are gone" — that is his theme.

He is the poet of town-bred boyhood. He is a true lover of antiquity, but antiquity means to him, not merely such things as Oxford and a library of old books: it means a small boy sitting in the gallery of the theater, and the clerks (mostly bachelors) in the shut-up South Sea House, and the dead pedagogue with uplifted rod in Christ's Hospital, of whom he wrote: "Poor J. B.! May all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities." His essays are a jesting elegy on all that venerable and ruined world. He is at once Hamlet and Yorick in his melancholy and his mirth. He has obeyed the injunction: "Let us all praise famous men," but he has interpreted it in terms of the men who were famous in his own small circle when he was a boy and a poor clerk.

Lamb not only made all that world of school and holiday and office a part of antiquity; he also made himself a part of antiquity. He is himself his com-

pletest character — the only character, indeed, whom he did not paint in miniature. We know him, as a result of his letters, his essays, and the anecdotes of his friends, more intimately even than we know Dr. Johnson. He has confessed everything except his goodness, and, indeed, did his reputation some harm with his contemporaries by being so public with his shortcomings. He was the enemy of dull priggishness, and would even set up as a buffoon in contrast. He earned the reputation of a drunkard, not entirely deserved, partly by his *Confessions of a Drunkard*, but partly by his habit of bursting into singing "Diddle, diddle, dumpling," under the influence of liquor, whatever the company. His life, however, was a long, half-comic battle against those three friendly enemies of man — liquor, snuff, and tobacco. His path was strewn with good resolutions. "This very night," he wrote on one occasion, "I am going to *leave off tobacco!* Surely there must be some other world in which this unconquerable purpose shall be realized." The perfect anecdote of Lamb's vices is surely that which Hone[1] tells of his abandonment of snuff:

One summer's evening I was walking on Hampstead Heath with Charles Lamb, and we talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff-taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch, we threw our snuffboxes away from the hill on which we stood, far among the furze and the brambles below, and went home in triumph. I began to be very miserable, and was wretched all night. In the morning I was walking on the same hill. I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes. He looked up laughing,

and saying, "What, you are come to look for your snuffbox too!" "Oh, no," said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket, "I went for a halfpennyworth to the first shop that was open."

Lamb's life is an epic of such things as this, and Mr. Lucas[1] is its rhapsodist. He has written an anthological biography that will have a permanent place on the shelves beside the works of Lamb himself.

THE TIMID SEX

By Robert M. Gay

One night, a while ago, I had to address thirty or forty business men. When the hour arrived, three men sat in the front row, and the rest loitered diffidently in a lobby at the back of the room. At last, one of the three in the front row turned round and shouted: "Come on, you fellers: let's go!" And the twenty-seven or thirty-seven others began to come in, sliding sideways into the first seat they came to. They all wanted to sit in the back row.

They were intelligent men, and they could hardly all have been bashful. They had no reason to be scared. They could not possibly have been as scared as I was. For some reason, however, a seat was a haven of refuge for them, into which they slid as soon as they could. I do not think they reasoned it out. I do not think they consciously said to themselves: "I am of a naturally retiring and timid disposition: I will therefore hide

myself so far as I am able from the public eye; here is a seat more or less behind a post or a fat man; I will sit in it." No. I look upon their peculiar choice of a seat as so instinctive as almost to deserve the name of "reflex action." I think I understand it, too; because I also have sat in the last row, or, deprived of that refuge, behind a post or a fat man.

Of course, this curious habit is not wholly to be ascribed to timidity. Timidity is there, almost always; but other subconscious motives play their part. There is, for example, deep-seated in every manly breast a determination not to be, or at least not to appear to be, interested in anything that any teacher, lecturer, or preacher may say; and it is merely masculine to register this obscure impulse in any way short of audible groans. A woman will tell you that men are poor listeners because they want to do all the talking themselves; but such an unjust suspicion must be ascribed to the satirical view that one sex naturally holds of the other. However this may be, it is certainly true that women are courageous church-goers, concert-goers, lecture-goers, without whose encouragement most of the public talkers of the world would have to go out of business.

Now, no woman minds at all walking the length of a room and sitting in the front row, even when the room is full of people. In fact, she rather likes it. If she sees a seat in the front row, she goes for it; and her ears do not get red, either. For her, walking to that seat is a purely practical matter. Why should her ears get red? Watch her as she sails down the aisle at a lecture

or in church, cool as a cucumber; and then watch her husband as he slinks after her. He has clearly been trying to slide into the back row, and has made several little bolts in that direction; but she properly ignores him. She never gives in to his manly timidity, for she hopes, sooner or later, to train him to overcome it.

At the theater, or even at a concert, he is not averse to sitting in the front row, because he has a ticket. This gives him courage. He will even politely precede his wife down the aisle, if he can conspicuously display a seat-check as an advertisement that he is not callously trying to obtrude himself upon the public gaze. But at a wedding-breakfast, a reception, or an afternoon tea, if he is so unfortunate as to have to attend one, he shows a quite remarkable expertness in fading into recesses and corners, or, if none offer, in gravitating into the company of his fellows. In a mixed company he behaves like pepper or sawdust sprinkled on water. However much he may circulate for a time, he will eventually drift together and cohere. In board and faculty meetings, where he is under no obligation to be sociable and may therefore be entirely natural, he exhibits this peculiar molecular attraction most clearly of all. He sits on one side, and the ladies all have to sit on the other.

This delicate organization of the male, his instinctive craving for self-effacement, while it makes him a poor self-starter, makes him work well in groups; and at a football game or a political convention, if he is systematically stimulated, he may overcome his inhibitions and

untangle his complexes even to the extent of making a great noise. Women have never really understood football games and political conventions, or perceived very clearly why, in order to win a game or nominate a candidate, it is essential to make a great noise. They have not even fully comprehended the esoteric significance of the axiom (discovered, I believe, by a man) that "if we don't all hang together, we shall all hang separately." No woman ever really believed that, and most women would rather hang separately than adopt it as a rule of conduct. They attain their ends by more insidious means; and it is, therefore, not surprising if they privately look upon the making of a great noise without any adequate reason as a rather boyish and sentimental performance. Their faces on these occasions suggest, at any rate, that they find the sudden lunacy of their husbands, fathers, brothers, and lovers a more interesting phenomenon than the game itself, or the order of business. "Can it be possible," they seem to be asking themselves, "that these men, now demanding the instant death of somebody, are the same timid creatures who sit meekly through three hours of after-dinner speaking, or even through a long-winded sermon, lecture, opera, or symphony concert, merely because they are afraid to get up and leave?" Yes, dear ladies, we must reply; they are the same. They would sit through anything rather than make themselves conspicuous by getting up singly and leaving. As for rising in a body and marching out, such an idea never enters their gentle heads. To do this they would

have to have a bandmaster or cheer-leader. Lacking one, each waits for the other fellow, and the other fellow waits for him.

As I understand it, women sit on only because they want to. They somehow convince themselves more easily than men can do that they enjoy concerts, sermons, lectures, and operas. Or, it may be, of course, that they really do enjoy them — who shall say? That they would get up and leave, singly or in a body, if they wanted to, seems highly probable. No foolish timidity would deter them.

A friend of mine, who has had some hair-raising adventures on the lecture platform, once agreed to deliver a course of lectures to an audience of school-teachers; and, after his first appearance, was naturally anxious to learn whether his efforts had given satisfaction. Nothing in the manner of his audience seemed to reveal their sentiments on this question; so he ventured to ask a lady, whom he knew sufficiently well, what she thought.

"Oh, yes," said she; "you did very well. Nobody left."

"But," asked my friend, "*would* they leave?"

"To be sure," replied she. "So-and-So began a lecture here last month with six hundred and ended with fifty."

"And are they likely to do that to me?" he gasped.

"Of course, if they don't get what they want," she answered, smiling sweetly. "We're busy women, and can't afford to waste an hour listening to something that doesn't profit us."

My friend tells me that his second lecture dwells vividly in his memory.

A man approached by my friend with the same question would have slapped him on the back and said, "Fine! Fine!" and this without the slightest reference to the truth. For a man would feel only one timid impulse — to avoid any discussion of the lecture, to which he would probably not have listened. He might privately have decided to stay at home next time, but he would still exclaim heartily, "Fine! Fine!" It would never enter his mind to warn the lecturer to do his best. His feeling would be that, if anyone is so peculiarly constituted as to agree to deliver one lecture, let alone a course of them, that person's fate is on that person's head.

One afternoon, years ago, by some surprising combination of circumstances, I found myself not only present at a meeting of a woman's club, but seated in the front row of the audience, alongside the president. The platform was occupied by a professional reader, who, the president confided to me in an aside, was "really rather awful." But the president, I soon discovered, was responsible for the reader's presence, and was, therefore, determined to make the reading a success. This she proceeded to do by means so far beyond the conception, much more the execution, of a man, that I watched her out of the corner of my eye with humble admiration. No woman ever expressed so much with her back as that president did. Her very shoulder blades were eloquent. The plume on her hat

was a semaphore signaling applause. She threw over her shoulders right and left glances that said, as plainly as if she had spoken, "Excellent! Touching! Affecting! Superb!" And at every pause in the program she lifted her hands high above her head and clapped them enthusiastically, that all the world might see. And all the world, seeing, of course applauded too, convinced that they were witnessing a remarkable performance — as they were, but not on the platform.

Now I am as well convinced that almost any woman having an equal incentive could have done likewise, as I am that no man except a professional actor could have done it under any circumstances. I was looking over a *Teacher's Handbook* today, in which I came upon a sentence that ran as follows: "It may be unwise at first to ask a pupil to come forward and face the class when telling a story; but the instructor should work toward this ideal, beginning with a girl of the braver type."

But I seem to remember from my own school days that almost any girl was of a braver type than almost any boy, if by brave is meant unaffected by the limelight, the glare of publicity. Here and there was a girl who shrank, of course; just as here and there was a boy who did not; but it is at least open to question whether any girl ever shrank as obliteratingly as most boys, or any boy ever willingly stood up and faced a mixed class as composedly as most girls. When, moreover, a boy did shrink, he knew that all his sex sympathized; and when, without any masculine hesitation, he did stand

up, he knew that all his sex looked upon him with surprise, derision, or disgust. Standing up before a class and speaking a piece or telling a story was, he knew, the kind of thing girls did well, with a matter-of-fact calm and a perfect control over arms and legs. For a boy to do it without boring into the floor with his toe, smirking at the window, twirling a button, and rumpling his hair, was for him to proclaim himself to his sex as peculiar, if not downright girlish. If his piece was one that he could roar or bellow, with an occasional sawing of the air with his hand, he might escape the jeers of the unskillful; but anything less robust made him feel foolish.

The little girls, on the other hand, had no such compunctious visitings of nature. They rose brightly, went forward quickly, curtsied, smoothed down their skirts, took a deep breath, opened their mouths wide, and began. We little boys in our seats snickered and winked at one another behind our hands or desk-covers, or, if a favorable opportunity offered, made faces at the little girl reciting; but she went right on till she was through, and then she curtsied again, and tripped happily back to her seat. What the other little girls thought of her, they never told me, but she apparently did not care. She saw no reason why she should care.

In order to be sure that I had not imagined these things, I discussed them recently with a young woman of acute observation. Having herself taught mixed classes of various ages, and even of adults, she agreed with me that the males always sat in the back row if

possible, and that they assumed a kind of protective coloration by looking as bored or as illiterate as they could.

"But," said she, "if you want a complete vindication of your theories, simply observe the respective manners of a woman addressing five men, and of a man addressing five women."

"Why five?" I asked.

"Because it is much harder to address five people of the opposite sex than five hundred. Five women are five women, but five hundred women are only a general impression."

"Yes, there is something in that."

"You will find that the woman, if only she is becomingly gowned, is enjoying herself; while the man, whatever his appearance, is suffering."

"Then you think that clothes make a difference?"

"Of course. If the woman is all dressed up, she is all the more at her ease; but if the man is all dressed up, he is all the more miserable. Haven't you ever noticed, also, that a man is never happy if he suspects that his clothes attract attention, while a woman is never really so happy as when she knows hers do?"

"Now that you mention it," said I, "I have had some such suspicion. But I have always supposed that the well-dressed woman avoided being conspicuous."

"To be sure, she does; but not being conspicuous is by no means the same thing as not being looked at. Consider brides — and then consider grooms."

"I have considered them several times, as well as

maids of honor and best men, and bridesmaids and ushers. I seemed to perceive that the brides and maids of honor and bridesmaids wished to be looked at, while the grooms and the best men and the ushers hoped that they would not be looked at."

"And you were not mistaken. They did. And consider a man with a new hat, and then consider a woman. The man looks as if he wished you to think the hat was last year's; but the woman would be very angry if she thought you thought hers was."

"Now you are getting near home," said I. "I always have a feeling that I look half-witted in a new hat."

I am glad to be able to shoulder the responsibility for such subversive sentiments upon somebody else, and to remove to less precarious ground.

Something over twenty years ago, Mr. A. B. Walkley published a little essay on "Timidity: Its Varieties." It can be read in the volume, *Frames of Mind*, which is full of good things. In it he mentions as *timides* Shakespeare, Hamlet, Milton, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Richardson, Cicero, Sarcey, Paillet, Rousseau, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Carlyle, Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Renan, Taine, Mérimée, Swift, Vergil, Horace, Constant, Michelet, and Amiel. Now it may be only one more of Mr. Walkley's little jokes, but he mentions not a single lady. And he gives the impression of being very serious, even scientific. He classifies the effects of timidity as threefold: an awkwardness of the movements, a bemuddling of the mind, and a stupor or paralysis of the whole being; in short, an inhibition of func-

tion; and, apparently, when he pictured to himself a creature in that condition, he saw a man. The symptoms of timidity, he records, are agoraphobia,[1] blue funk,[2] stage fright, yearning for sympathy, telling lies ("not deliberately, but out of sheer mental confusion"), self-analysis, boastfulness, bookworminess, bearishness, coldness, and hardness. Can we for an instant accept this as a description of a woman? We cannot.

Of men who were not timid he names only three — Fielding, Sheridan, and Johnson. ("I have no great timidity in my own disposition," said Johnson to Wyndham, "and am no encourager of it in others.") Three bold men against twenty-five *timides*, in one short essay! I am reminded of my three men who sat in the front row, and the twenty-seven or more who did not. Can it be possible that the three were just as timid as the rest, but that their timidity expressed itself as boastfulness or a morbid yearning for sympathy? Who shall say? I noticed, however, that when I addressed the group a second time, a week later, the courageous three had changed their seats.

INSECT SOCIOLOGY

By Vernon Kellogg

The human sluggard is told to go to the ant to learn industry. The human sociologist might be told to go to the ant to learn sociology, for the ants have carried one form of social life to a degree not yet nearly ap-

proached by any group of human beings. This is that form called communism. Perhaps we can learn from the ants whether we ever want to go as far as they have in the way of communism.

Ants are insects, but not all insects live social or communal lives. Most of them live, solitary and independent, as individuals, although they may be crowded together in enormous numbers. An entomologist attempted to estimate the number of plant lice living on one little cherry tree. He made it, in round figures, about 12,000,000. But these plant lice were not social; they were just so many individuals crowded together but having no special relations to each other. Some of *us* are inclined to live that way.

There is a beautiful large red-brown butterfly, called the monarch, which is spread all over this country. These butterflies live most of their lives as quite independent individuals, having nothing to do with each other except at mating time. But they show a certain beginning social life, for sometimes tens of thousands of them come together, because of some gregarious instinct, although for what purpose we do not know. I have seen such gatherings in California where, in a few pine trees on the shore of Monterey Bay, there would be thousands of these butterflies, clinging to the branches and to each other, so as to form beautiful, living festoons, hanging from the trees.

There are certain small mining bees, each female of which makes a little nest burrow in a claybank in which it lays an egg and places a store of food for the young

which is to hatch from this egg. But a few kinds of these bees have developed the interesting habit of having several mother bees combine to dig a common main burrow, off from which each mother makes a private short side burrow for her own egg and food; a sort of first step toward apartment-house social life.

Then come the bumblebees, all the species of which live in family communities in rough nests underground, with three kinds of individuals or castes making up the family; a queen, which is the mother of the whole community, some males, which are drones, doing no work, and a large number of workers which are females, incapable, however, of laying eggs. The community is started by a queen or egg-laying female which has passed the winter in solitary hiding under a stone or in a crevice in the ground, and which comes out in the spring, hunts a place for a nest, gathers a little mass of flower pollen and nectar and lays a few eggs on it, from which hatch only workers. These workers enlarge the nest and bring more food, while the queen stays at home and lays more eggs. This process is repeated several times, until late in the summer a brood is hatched in which are males and new queens as well as workers. Then the males and new queens leave the nest, and the workers begin to die. Later the males die, and only a few queens are left to go into hiding for the winter and come out in the next spring to found new families.

The social wasps, such as the yellow jackets and hornets, have the same kind of social life history as the bumblebees, only their nests are usually made above

ground of wood-pulp paper fastened under eaves or attached to the branch of a tree. But both bumblebee and social wasp communities break down each year.

Not so with the honeybees. Their communities go on continuously, only part of the workers dying in the fall, and enough pollen and nectar being stored up in the autumn to provide the community with plenty of food through the winter. The queen may live four or five years, new queens being produced occasionally, each to start a new community by going out of the hive with a swarm of workers, thus providing the beekeeper with the nucleus for a new hive.

In a honeybee community the different kinds of necessary work, such as food-gathering, wax-making, cell-building, nursing the young bees, cleaning and ventilating and guarding the hive, are done by different groups of workers. There is a division of labor among them, which is exactly what forms the basis of human social life.

When we come to the ants we find many varying degrees of communism for, unlike the bees and wasps, many kinds of which live strictly solitary or independent lives, all the different kinds of ants — and we know more than 3000 of them — maintain some form of communal life. The communities of some are small, with only a few dozens of individuals in them, while some are very large, with hundreds of thousands of members. There are often, also, several kinds of individuals among these members, not only queens, drones, and workers, as with the bees and wasps, but also soldiers and differ-

ent sizes of workers. And each kind has its own particular function to perform in the community.

Ants, like human beings, have different ways of getting a living. Some are hunters, capturing and killing other insects; some are agricultural, collecting and storing seeds for food; some are predatory robbers, carrying off the stored food of others. Some have adopted a kind of dairying habit, taking care of herds of plant lice, the "ant cattle," from which they get honeydew, which has been called the national dish of the ants. Some are slave-makers, depending on slave ants to take care of their young and do all the work of the community. Two different kinds may also live together as messmates; or as hosts and parasites.

Now with all the ants and with those kinds of bees and wasps which have adopted a communal life, there is an entire giving up of the life of the individual for the life of the community. Each worker ant or bee or wasp works not for itself but for the community. The worker collects food not for itself but for everybody. It has no children of its own; but it helps take care of the children of the community, which are all produced by the queens. Biologically, the communal insects are very successful. Their communities thrive; their species persist and increase. They live in all the lands of the earth except in extreme arctic and antarctic regions, and on the summits of lofty mountains, and their numbers probably exceed those of all other insects. They have been called the most successful of insect kinds. But are they happy? Nobody knows.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HABIT

By William James

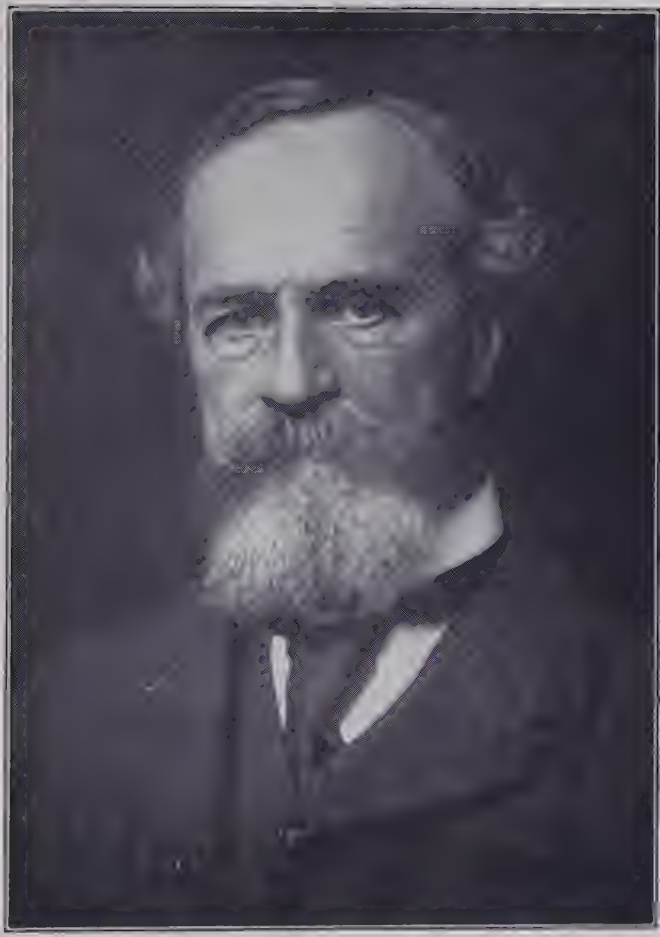
"Habit a second nature! Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one probably can appreciate as well as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and the years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct.

"There is a story," says Professor Huxley, "which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, 'Attention!' whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure."

Riderless cavalry horses, at many a battle, have been seen to come together and go through their customary evolutions at the sound of the bugle call. Most domestic beasts seem machines almost pure and simple, undoubtingly, unhesitatingly doing from minute to minute the duties they have been taught, and giving no sign that the possibility of an alternative ever suggests itself to their mind. Men grown old in prison have asked to be readmitted after being once set free. In a railroad accident a menagerie tiger, whose cage had broken open, is said to have emerged, but presently crept back again, as if too much bewildered by his new

responsibilities, so that he was without difficulty secured.

Habit is thus the enormous flywheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It alone is what keeps us all within the bounds of ordinance, and saves the children of fortune from the envious uprisings of the poor. It alone prevents the hardest and most repulsive walks of life from being deserted by those brought up to tread therein. It keeps the fisherman and the deck hand at sea through the winter; it holds the miner in his darkness, and nails the countryman to his log cabin and his lonely farm through all the months of snow; it protects us from invasion by the natives of the desert and the frozen zone. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already at the age of twenty-five you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, on the young doctor, on the young minister, on the young counselor-at-law. You see the little lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the "shop" in a word, from which the man can by and by no more escape than his coat-sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again.



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WILLIAM JAMES

If the period between twenty and thirty is the critical one in the formation of intellectual and professional habits, the period below twenty is more important still for the fixing of *personal* habits, properly so called, such as vocalization and pronunciation, gesture, motion, and address. Hardly ever is a language learned after twenty spoken without a foreign accent; hardly ever can a youth transferred to the society of his betters unlearn the nasality and other vices of speech bred in him by the associations of his growing years. Hardly ever, indeed, no matter how much money there be in his pocket, can he ever learn to *dress* like a gentleman-born. The merchants offer their wares as eagerly to him as to the veriest "swell," but he simply *cannot* buy the right things. An invisible law, as strong as gravitation, keeps him within his orbit, arrayed this year as he was the last; and how his better-clad acquaintances contrive to get the things they wear will be for him a mystery till his dying day.

The great thing, then, in all education, is to *make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy.* It is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. *For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can,* and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper

work. There is no more miserable human being than one in whom nothing is habitual but indecision, and for whom the lighting of every cigar, the drinking of every cup, the time of rising and going to bed every day, and the beginning of every bit of work, are subjects of express volitional deliberation. Full half the time of such a man goes to the deciding, or regretting, of matters which ought to be so ingrained in him as practically not to exist for his consciousness at all. If there be such daily duties not yet ingrained in any one of my readers, let him begin this very hour to set the matter right.

In Professor Bain's chapter on "The Moral Habits," there are some admirable practical remarks laid down. Two great maxims emerge from his treatment. The first is that in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible.* Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reënforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge, if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it otherwise might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances of its not occurring at all.

The second maxim is: *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life.*

Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right. As Professor Bain says:

> The peculiarity of the moral habits, contradistinguishing them from the intellectual acquisitions, is the presence of two hostile powers, one to be gradually raised into the ascendant over the other. It is necessary, above all things, in such a situation, never to lose a battle. Every gain on the wrong side undoes the effect of many conquests on the right. The essential precaution, therefore, is so to regulate the two opposing powers that the one may have a series of uninterrupted successes, until repetition has fortified it to such a degree as to enable it to cope with the opposition, under any circumstances. This is the theoretically best career of mental progress.

The need of securing success at the *outset* is imperative. Failure at first is apt to damp the energy of all future attempts, whereas past experiences of success nerve one to future vigor. Goethe says to a man who consulted him about an enterprise but mistrusted his own powers: "Ach! you need only blow on your hands!" And the remark illustrates the effect on Goethe's spirits of his own habitually successful career.

The question of "tapering off," in abandoning such habits as drink and opium indulgence comes in here, and is a question about which experts differ within certain limits, and in regard to what may be best for an individual case. In the main, however, all expert opinion would agree that abrupt acquisition of the new habit is the best way, *if there be a real possibility of carrying it*

out. We must be careful not to give the will so stiff a task as to insure its defeat at the very outset; but, *provided one can stand it*, a sharp period of suffering, and then a free time, is the best thing to aim at, whether in giving up a habit like that of opium, or in simply changing one's hours of rising or of work. It is surprising how soon a desire will die of inanition if it be *never* fed.

One must first learn, unmoved, looking neither to the right nor left, to walk firmly on the strait and narrow path, before one can begin "to make oneself over again." He who every day makes a fresh resolve is like one who, arriving at the edge of the ditch he is to leap, forever stops and returns for a fresh run. Without *unbroken* advance there is no such thing as *accumulation* of the ethical forces possible, and to make this possible, and to exercise us and habituate us in it, is the sovereign blessing of regular work.*

A third maxim may be added to the preceding pair: *Seize the very first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.* It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing *motor effects*, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain. As the author last quoted remarks:

The actual presence of the practical opportunity alone furnishes the fulcrum upon which the lever can rest, by means of which the moral will may multiply its strength, and raise itself aloft. He who has no solid ground to press against will never get beyond the stage of empty gesture-making.

* J. Bahnsen, *Beitrage zu Charakterologie* (1867), I, 209.

No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's *sentiments* may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character," as J. S. Mill says, "is a completely fashioned will"; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain "grows" to their use. When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit it is worse than a chance lost; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid "other

particulars" of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this workaday world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel-reading and theater-going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of the Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never to suffer oneself to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in *some* active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world — speaking genially to one's grandmother, or giving up one's seat in a horse car, if nothing more heroic offers — but let it not fail to take place.

These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort,

before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall see later, but two names for the same psychic fact. To what brain-processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain-processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit, which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

The physiological study of mental conditions is thus the most powerful ally of hortatory ethics. The hell

to be endured hereafter, of which theology tells, is no worse than the hell we make for ourselves in this world by habitually fashioning our characters in the wrong way. Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state. We are spinning our own fates, good or evil, and never to be undone. Every smallest stroke of virtue or of vice leaves its never-so-little scar. The drunken Rip Van Winkle, in Jefferson's play, excuses himself for every fresh dereliction by saying, "I won't count this time!" Well, he may not count it, and a kind Heaven may not count it; but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. Nothing we ever do is, in strict scientific literalness, wiped out. Of course this has its good side as well as its bad one. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the practical and scientific spheres, by so many separate acts and hours of work. Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainty count on waking up some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his

business, the *power of judging* in all that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together.

WHY MEN SEEK POWER

By Woodrow Wilson

Surely a man has come to himself only when he has found the best that is in him, and has satisfied his heart with the highest achievement he is fit for. It is only then that he knows of what he is capable and what his heart demands. And, assuredly, no thoughtful man ever came to the end of his life, and had time and a little space of calm from which to look back upon it, who did not know and acknowledge that it was what he had done unselfishly and for others, and nothing else, that satisfied him in the retrospect, and made him feel that he had played the man. That alone seems to him the real measure of himself, the real standard of his manhood. And so men grow by having responsibility laid upon them, the burden of other people's business. Their powers are put out at interest, and they get usury in kind. They are like men multiplied. Each counts manifold. Men who live with an eye only upon what is their own are dwarfed beside them — seem fractions

while they are integers. The trustworthiness of men trusted seems often to grow with the trust.

It is for this reason that men are in love with power and greatness: it affords them so pleasurable an expansion of faculty, so large a run for their minds, an exercise of spirit so various and refreshing; they have the freedom of so wide a tract of the world of affairs. But if they use power only for their own ends, if there be no unselfish service in it, if its object be only their personal aggrandizement, their love to see other men tools in their hands, they go out of the world small, disquieted, beggared, no enlargement of soul vouchsafed them, no usury of satisfaction. They have added nothing to themselves. Mental and physical powers alike grow by use, as every one knows; but labor for oneself alone is like exercise in a gymnasium. No healthy man can remain satisfied with it, or regard it as anything but a preparation for tasks in the open, amid the affairs of the world — not sport, but business — where there is no orderly apparatus, and every man must devise the means by which he is to make the most of himself. To make the most of himself means the multiplication of his activities, and he must turn away from himself for that. He looks about him, studies the face of business or of affairs, catches some intimation of their larger objects, is guided by the intimation, and presently finds himself part of the motive force of communities or of nations. It makes no difference how small a part, how insignificant, how unnoticed. When his powers begin to play outward, and he loves the task at hand, not

because it gains him a livelihood, but because it makes him a life, he has come to himself.

Necessity is no mother to enthusiasm. Necessity carries a whip. Its method is compulsion, not love. It has no thought to make itself attractive; it is content to drive. Enthusiasm comes with the revelation of true and satisfying objects of devotion; and it is enthusiasm that sets the powers free. It is a sort of enlightenment. It shines straight upon ideals, and for those who see it the race and struggle are henceforth toward these. An instance will point the meaning. One of the most distinguished and most justly honored of our great philanthropists spent the major part of his life absolutely absorbed in the making of money — so it seemed to those who did not know him. In fact, he had very early passed the stage at which he looked upon his business as a means of support or of material comfort. Business had become for him an intellectual pursuit, a study in enterprise and increment. The field of commerce lay before him like a chessboard; the moves interested him like the maneuvers of a game. More money was more power, a greater advantage in the game, the means of shaping men and events and markets to his own ends and uses. It was his will that set fleets afloat and determined the havens they were bound for; it was his foresight that brought goods to market at the right time; it was his suggestion that made the industry of unthinking men efficacious; his sagacity saw itself justified at home not only, but at the ends of the earth. And as the

money poured in, his government and mastery increased, and his mind was the more satisfied. It is so that men make little kingdoms for themselves, and an international power undarkened by diplomacy, undirected by parliaments.

It is a mistake to suppose that the great captains of industry, the great organizers and directors of manufacture and commerce and monetary exchange, are engrossed in a vulgar pursuit of wealth. Too often they suffer the vulgarity of wealth to display itself in the idleness and ostentation of their wives and children, who "devote themselves," it may be, "to expense regardless of pleasure"; but we ought not to misunderstand even that, or condemn it unjustly. The masters of industry are often too busy with their own sober and momentous calling to have time or spare thought enough to govern their own households. A king may be too faithful a statesman to be a watchful father. These men are not fascinated by the glitter of gold: the appetite for power has got hold upon them. They are in love with the exercise of their faculties upon a great scale; they are organizing and overseeing a great part of the life of the world. No wonder they are captivated. Business is more interesting than pleasure, as Mr. Bagehot [1] said, and when once the mind has caught its zest, there's no disengaging it. The world has reason to be grateful for the fact.

It was this fascination that had got hold upon the faculties of the man whom the world was afterward to know, not as a prince among merchants — for the world

forgets merchant princes — but as a prince among benefactors; for beneficence breeds gratitude, gratitude admiration, admiration fame, and the world remembers its benefactors. Business, and business alone, interested him, or seemed to him worth while. The first time he was asked to subscribe money for a benevolent object he declined. Why *should* he subscribe? What affair would he set forward, what increase of efficiency would the money buy, what return would it bring in? Was good money to be simply given away, like water poured on a barren soil, to be sucked up and yield nothing? It was not until men who understood benevolence on its sensible, systematic, practical, and really helpful side explained it to him as an investment that his mind took hold of it and turned to it for satisfaction. He began to see that education was a thing of infinite usury; that money devoted to it would yield a singular increase to which there was no calculable end, an increase in perpetuity — increase of knowledge, and therefore of intelligence and efficiency, touching generation after generation with new impulses, adding to the sum total of the world's fitness for affairs — an invisible but intensely real spiritual usury beyond reckoning, because compounded in an unknown ratio from age to age. Henceforward beneficence was as interesting to him as business — was, indeed, a sort of sublimated business in which money moved new forces in a commerce which no man could bind or limit.

He had come to himself — to the full realization of his powers, the true and clear perception of what it was

his mind demanded for its satisfaction. His faculties were consciously stretched to their right measure, were at last exercised at their best. He felt the keen zest, not of success merely, but also of honor, and was raised to a sort of majesty by his fellow-men, who attended him in death like a dead sovereign. He had died dwarfed had he not broken the bonds of mere money-getting; would never have known himself had he not learned how to spend it; and ambition itself could not have shown him a straighter road to fame.

This is the positive side of a man's discovery of the way in which his faculties are to be made to fit into the world's affairs, and released for effort in a way that will bring real satisfaction. There is a negative side also. Men come to themselves by discovering their limitations no less than by discovering their deeper endowments and the mastery that will make them happy. It is the discovery of what they can *not* do, and ought not to attempt, that transforms reformers into statesmen; and great should be the joy of the world over every reformer who comes to himself. The spectacle is not rare; the method is not hidden. The practicability of every reform is determined absolutely and always by "the circumstances of the case," and only those who put themselves into the midst of affairs, either by action or by observation, can know what those circumstances are or perceive what they signify. No statesman dreams of doing whatever he pleases; he knows that it does not follow that because a point of morals or of policy is obvious to him it will be obvious to the nation,

or even to his own friends; and it is the strength of a democratic polity that there are so many minds to be consulted and brought to agreement, and that nothing can be wisely done for which the thought, and a good deal more than the thought, of the country, its sentiment and its purpose, have not been prepared. Social reform is a matter of coöperation, and, if it be of a novel kind, requires an infinite deal of converting to bring the efficient majority to believe in it and support it. Without their agreement and support it is impossible.

THE EFFECT OF SCIENCE ON HISTORY

By Samuel Flagg Bemis

Last December there occurred in the city of Washington one of the most remarkable exhibitions of scientific studies which could be found anywhere on the face of the globe. Back in 1902, through the farsightedness of the late Andrew Carnegie, there was created, with an income now upwards of twenty-two millions of dollars, an institution for advanced research in the realm of pure science. Under this organization have been brought together a band of scientists who ask no more than to be provided with ways and means to carry on their abstruse but epoch-making studies. And so these men are now busy in inquiring into the scientific explanation of such things as magnetic activity, the reason why radio waves hit a "ceiling" in the atmosphere and bound back to the earth; the reasons for earthquakes and volcanic action, with the possibility of

charting earthquake areas in order to prophesy where the next quake will come; the means by which the plants catch solar energy and store it up in the earth for the use of man as fuel and food, with the possibility ahead of capturing solar energy and transmuting it into great fuel and food supplies for human beings. The exhibits which were brought together from the four corners of the earth by the Carnegie Institution of Washington afford a striking illustration of the ways in which scientific discoveries will modify our life in the future even more than they have in the past.

These scientific discoveries, so graphically exhibited by the Carnegie Institution, raise most interesting questions for the historian as he looks back over their history and tries to look forward to the future of science and of man.

Is it possible to measure history in terms of science? Is it possible to discover a scientific interpretation of history which will be as important an addition to the field of knowledge as has been the theory of evolution? There are reasons to believe that some future Newton will hit upon this and that he will give an entirely new interpretation and impetus to the study and to the teaching of history. It will give us a new perspective of our place in the ebb and flow of human affairs and in our relation, not only to each other, and as nation to nation, but in the large sense of our relation to this earth and to the great universe of which this earth is a relatively insignificant and by no means a permanent fixture.

It is easiest to explain the possibility of such an interpretation by casting a historical glance backward and noting the rate at which man since the dawn of history has increased his control over the forces of nature, and then, having noticed this, to compare the rate at which he has secured control over his own nature. In such a comparison the effect of science on human history may be realized.

One of the most unusual things for the student of history to realize is that our age of *so-called* "modern" history, the years since the discovery of America, is but a brief part of the history of mankind, whose life on this globe goes back at least 500,000 years and probably earlier. The present era of modern civilization and modern science is just the frosting on a very deep and very thick cake, none too savory at the bottom. Today we are at the top, in material things, of the long process of civilization. We are in possession of scientific tools undreamed of by the great thinkers of antiquity and by our own grandfathers and even fathers. This is because science, with ever-increasing rapidity, has been giving to man more and more control over the physical forces of nature. In the future even more than in the past, as the Carnegie Institution exhibition forecasts, we are to expect that the contributions of science will give us increased control over these forces, and over new forces which we have not yet discovered, which today we cannot visualize even with imaginations already attuned to the startling scientific developments of our age.

For the greater part of human history man has lived without the benefit of science. . . . One does not have to go back many lifetimes to get beyond the touch of modern life altogether, so far as the achievements of the scientific miracles of recent generations are concerned. The farther back one goes the more static and stationary life is. Let us start at the dawn of history and observe the rate of progress of science since then.

Man's first discoveries were few and far between. It was hundreds of thousands of years before our early progenitors discovered how to make and use fire, the first great invention which profoundly changed habits of human life. Doubtless it was thousands of years after the discovery of fire-making that the bow-and-arrow was invented, again changing stupendously our remote forefathers' way of living. From then to the domestication of animals must have been another long period, but shorter than the distance from the discovery of how to make fire to that of how to make the bow-and-arrow. From domestication of animals to agriculture, to weaving, to other important steps in the control of natural forces were steps far apart, but, it is important to notice here and to remember, ever closer together in time, as civilization advanced. It seems pretty certain that if we knew all the facts we should find that man's control over the forces of nature has proceeded at a constantly accelerating rate — like the steam exhaust of a locomotive getting up speed, at first the puffs are slowly spaced and labored, then they come faster and faster, almost indistinguishable from each other as the

engine approaches full speed. So with our civilization as it has been getting up speed. From the dawn of civilization down to the time of the ancient Greeks, that is to say, for perhaps some three thousand years, the number of epoch-making scientific achievements was very small — that is, from the invention of writing to the days of Aristotle. For the next fifteen hundred years following the discoveries of the Greek scientists, science, relatively speaking, rested on its oars. Men and women in the Roman world lived, worked, traveled, wore the same kind of clothes, ate the same kind of food, used much the same kind of tools, raised much the same kind of crops and went their separate ways in much the same way that they had in the time of Pericles. Some improvements and changes, yes, but none such as to transform very much confirmed habits of living and thinking. Then came the Renaissance and a number of epoch-making scientific inventions and discoveries — the compass, the sphericity of the earth, and with these the new world and the new geography — the discovery of the solar system and with it a new conception of the place of man and his earth in the larger scheme. Only roughly fifteen hundred to two thousand years had now intervened between epoch-making discoveries; whereas previously such things did not occur except three or four thousand years apart, and even before that, in stretches of six or eight thousand years. From 1400, the time of the Renaissance, to 1750, the age of absolute monarchy at its apogee [1] in Europe, the world was profoundly affected by science. It was in the eighteenth

century, for example, that the beginnings of modern chemistry and physics, and with them of medicine, were laid. After a period this time of only three or four hundred years, man, thanks to the increasingly influential aid of science, had again perhaps doubled his control over the forces of nature and in a much shorter time than it had taken him to double his scientific capital in previous ages. Think of the advancements which took place in the next seventy-five years, between 1750 and 1825 — the invention of power machinery, particularly of steam power, and the industrial revolution which was a consequence. If we look on our stock of scientific inventions as one looks on his capital invested in a bank or elsewhere, we see that once it took man, say, three or four thousand years to double his little stock of scientific capital; that later he doubled it in half that time, namely, in about fifteen hundred or two thousand years; and that he continued to double an increasingly large scientific capital in increasingly short periods of time. From 1825 on one can appreciate readily enough the rate at which science has progressed, until now it seems that about every decade or two we double the control which science has gained for us over natural forces. And science is still speeding along. We are only beginning to get up speed. Almost over night the world of material things around us seems transformed.

What I have just said is, of course, to some extent conjectural. But if we knew enough of the facts and of the history of man for, let us say, the last twenty-one

or -two thousand years, we might be able to plot a curve representing the rise of science from, let us say, 20,000 B.C. to 1925 A.D. . . . We might possibly figure out a mathematical measurement of the advance of science, and thus discover a dynamic law of history — once suggested by Henry Adams — which would be as important in thought as the theory of evolution.

It is quite possible that between 1925 and 1940 science will have advanced as much as it has done in hundreds of years in the past. We know we are now going ahead at a stupendous speed. Can we keep this up indefinitely? Are we likely to get going so fast that we are in danger of running off the track? This is what many thinkers today want to know, and they are calling on the historian to tell them.

Remembering this ever-increasing, this dizzy speed of scientific progress in recent times, let us note whether human nature, human physiology, human psychology have been changing. If at all, these factors have changed only very slowly. We are somewhat different now from men in the time of Tutankhamen. Thanks to medical science, we live twice as long. Our social organization and our political organization are somewhat better, but our progress in these directions has been painfully slow. While we have been speeding ahead so fast in getting control of physical and chemical nature we have done woefully little in getting control of human nature. Our human nature, that is, our human body, is not very different now than it was in the time of ancient Egypt. We fight wars, we experience

revolutions and we do them in more deadly and more rapid ways. We have the same human hatreds, fears, hopes, and loves. What if human nature should get out of control in another great war, in let us say 1940? What if in 1940 mankind should loose, for purposes of destruction, the physical forces which science will have harnessed in the next fifteen years? The answer is suggested to me by some words of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, which he is quoted as having used in an Armistice Day address at Los Angeles: "The world has learned many lessons from the war, but none more emphatic than that its increasing terribleness will, if repeated again, destroy civilization itself. The mobilization of a whole people into war, the inventions of science turned to destruction and the killing of men will make any other great war the *cemetery of civilization.*"

This is what interests the historian as he turns his attention to the work of modern science as an ever-increasing and powerful factor in human life — the most powerful material factor there is today. The historian, noting the increasingly potent factor which science is becoming of late years in human affairs, is impelled to ask the questions: Is the control of natural forces we are now achieving in such increasing measure, is this control compatible with our control over human nature? Will our startling and ever more startling scientific inventions get out of hand, through defects of human nature, and end us in a catastrophe that will make us begin all over again? The historian of today

is becoming more concerned with the relation of science to society in recent times. He will be even more concerned in the near future. If the teaching of history can be presented in such a way as to make the student know where civilization is now and whither it is going, it can in this way emphasize the vital necessity of adjusting human nature to scientific progress; then history may come to have a practical value to be measured in the saving of human lives by the millions and in the saving of civilization itself. The lessons of history will be more availed of, as they were in the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments in 1921, which enabled millions of people to avoid a terrible war. Thus does the study of history become as practical and valuable an everyday sort of thing as chemistry. Indeed it is more so, if one realizes that some great cataclysm in the future if not prevented may knock the props out from under science itself.

The study of history, in terms of human relation to science, is the only way we have to throw a beam ahead on an uncertain road. It is as indispensable to civilization, in these days of rapid scientific inventions, as is a headlight to a powerful motor car speeding ahead on an indifferent country road. It is a conception of history as the headlight of civilization which makes the teaching of it one of the noblest tasks of life.

MORAL DISCIPLINE

By Samuel McChord Crothers

How far is it really possible for anyone to prepare for the great crises of life? We go on day after day in an uneventful way, with commonplace duties and simple enjoyments, and then suddenly there comes a time when the whole order of our life is overthrown. Some emergency arises demanding unusual power. The daily routine is broken up, and we are called upon to make some great choice, something which is to determine all our future life. We are called upon to bear some heavy responsibility, to answer some hard question, to endure a great loss.

Now is it possible for one, by taking thought, by any kind of discipline or foreknowledge, to prepare himself for such a time? In one sense I think it is not possible. If you mean to ask whether we are able, by looking forward, really to answer the questions of tomorrow, to know exactly what ought to be done in some unfamiliar crisis, or to give some distinct response to a question which has not yet become urgent to us, I think we must answer that it is not possible. That which makes the crisis is the element of surprise. So it is in every hour of great temptation. When a person is called upon suddenly, he discovers a weakness which had been unsuspected. Jesus stated the experience of mankind when he said, "If the man of the house knew at what watch in the night the thief was coming, then he would have watched, and not suffered his house to be broken

through." But we do not know, we cannot know. In the great emergencies we find ourselves taken by surprise.

And in a different way this is true of those things which we know are inevitable. We know that they are coming sometime, but the time and the occasion are in doubt. We are astonished that that should happen today which we had put off to a vague tomorrow. It is not easy for one generation to transmit its dearly bought wisdom to another. The father tries to teach his son the lessons which he himself has learned through sad experience; but he is speaking in an unknown tongue. The son hears, but he does not understand. How can he? Each generation has to face the same old questions as if they were altogether new.

Now because all this is true, because at unexpected times the great crises come to us and find us not ready for them (in many respects surprised at their appearance), there are those who draw the conclusion that there is no real preparation of soul possible. "All things come alike to all," the author of Ecclesiastes said sorrowfully. There are some things which we have to meet and to bear, some lessons which we have to learn. We get through the hard lessons some way. We endure because we have to endure. There is no escape for us. Why not, then, take each day as it comes, not asking ourselves very much about the future, not seeking very earnestly any preparation?

The answer lies, I think, in this: that, while there can be no preparation for the future, in the sense of

clear foreknowledge and accurate adjustment to a specific situation, there is another kind of preparation which is possible, — a preparation not for the single event, but for every event that comes, — a preparation that goes far deeper into our nature than any single experience.

That which happens to us in the moral and spiritual life is just that which happens to every educated young man. The young man leaves college, having spent years in discipline, and he expects to find some immediate use for that discipline. He imagines that he is prepared for the distinct work that he has to do. Scarcely a month has passed before he is thrown almost into despair. Theory is so different from practice. Questions which he had been asked and had answered in the school are put in such unexpected forms in real life. All the circumstances are so strange to him that he says to himself, "Here is a problem that has not been solved by my preparation in college, and all that work is therefore a failure."

Is it a failure? The very way in which that young man faces his life shows that it has not failed. His education indeed may not have answered the specific questions of practical business life; it may not have solved any problem that is now presented. But he has been taught to face everything that comes to him *as a problem*, not as something to be left as vague as he finds it, but as something to be analyzed, to be studied, to be understood. All these years he has been doing just that thing. One problem after another has come

to him that has at first puzzled him; and there has come the habit of concentrating his thought upon the problem of the day.

When he recovers himself, he faces his new life in that way. Here are practical problems, just as before there had been theoretical problems, and he faces these things with intelligent courage. And after a little he finds that he has been prepared for the successful life, with the preparation of the whole mind, and most of all through the habit of bringing to bear his intelligence upon the matter in hand. The trained soldier may find himself in an unusual position with foes strongly intrenched, with scarcely an idea as to how the battle is to be won. But, just because he is a trained soldier, he has learned some things, — that he must go forward, that he must face the difficulty instead of fleeing from it, that his business is to obey orders, and, "having done all, to stand." An army, however unsuccessful it is, is just because of its discipline superior to any mob.

In every free government we have crises which come from time to time, questions for which there can be no immediate solution; parties are ranged against each other, issues are joined; there is no willingness on either side to compromise. And yet in a nation that has a past, that has been disciplined in the fundamental ideas of freedom and of law, people meet these crises without dismay because they know that there are some fundamental principles common to all parties, that there is a limit to party strife. When this limit is reached, the

minority in some way must yield. The majority must rule according to the ideas and the principles of the nation's constitution. That in itself is a triumph: it is a tribute to the work of preparation for freedom which has gone on.

Is it not in this way that we see the real purpose of moral and spiritual discipline? It is not that the disciplined soul can answer at once the difficult questions that come; that the man whose whole life has been given to the service of God does not sometimes stand at a point where all is dark, where for the moment he does not see God, or truth, or the way of righteousness. Again and again he exclaims, "Out of the depths do I cry unto thee." You read the lives of the greatest believers, and from time to time you hear outcries of a soul in pain. This is the burden of the old Psalms: they were written by men who were lonely and heart-sick, bereaved and despondent. And yet that despondency is not utter despair. We know that there is abiding confidence and peace. We know that, when the man says, "I cannot see, I do not know, I look now upon one side and now upon the other, and I do not see God," he yet believes in God. He has learned to believe in the God who is not seen, and in the peace which passeth all knowledge.

We sometimes misinterpret that beautiful text which tells us that "as our hour, so shall our strength be," as if when the crisis comes, calling for a great faith or a great virtue, the crisis itself creates the power by which it is to be met. I think we do not find that ever to be

the case. When the crisis comes, it calls out whatever heroism may have already existed, just as when a great danger to a nation comes it calls out the great man if the great man be actually there. The great man may have been unknown before, living in some quiet way, unrecognized by his neighbors, but then the call comes, and the man is ready. That doesn't mean that he has suddenly become great. The real saviour of the nation is usually the man who was unknown till the nation called, but he had always had just the qualities which he showed in the time of danger. And we find that these qualities are common qualities. He is "rich in saving common sense, and, as the greatest only are, in his simplicity sublime." He is a man who always has been "to true occasion true." There have been little occasions that have called him heretofore: now the great occasion calls, and he is true to that, — that is all. To face death, to overcome a temptation that tries the temper of the soul, to do in some hour of trial the thing that ought to be done, all this requires a training in everyday faithfulness.

Wordsworth described poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity." Moral strength may be defined conversely. It is a principle discovered in tranquillity, and remembered in time of emotion. The great emotion does not of itself give insight. There are times when things come to us against which we rebel. We are ready to "curse God and die": they seem so contradictory to a divine order of things. And the questions which we ask at such times are many of them

questions which cannot be answered, for the very mood in which we ask prevents the true answer. Then it is that we fall back upon memory and habit. In the hour of trial we resolve simply to be loyal to our own best insight, to what we have felt and thought in hours of tranquillity.

Alas for that soul which has had no hours of tranquillity, and that in those hours has never pondered the solemn miracle of life, has never asked: "What am I? What is my place in this universe? How am I to face my own ignorance, my own limitation? How am I to strengthen an immortal hope that shall be to me a help in the hour of trouble?" Because, when worst comes to worst, we have no help save in our own best. We "rally the good in the depths of ourselves." Every great hope springs from a great memory; every great decision grows out of the habits of the soul. Read the Twenty-third Psalm. How tranquilly it begins: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He leadeth me in the green pastures and beside the still waters."

That is the lesson of experience, that is the argument for whatever of lofty hope and cheer there may be in the darkest hour. He has led me by the still waters. Then the earnestness of struggle comes. The man is no longer by the still waters. There is a choice to make, and it is a difficult one. Still the same power is there. Remembering the still waters, there comes the faith that the same power is to help in the more difficult way. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." The man with all that experience of

the quiet life with God behind him, and the experience of the difficult path of moral choice (God with him in the quietness and God with him in the struggle), faces at last the greatest struggle of all, with its mysterious questioning. It is exactly the same power that must be here, and the same spirit in himself abiding that shall give the comfort. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: thou art with me." That is the way God prepares us for the future, that is the way by which strength comes when most we need it.

Nothing is more painful than to try to speak to an unprepared soul in a time of personal trial. What can one say to one who has lived selfishly, measured all things by a worldly standard, clung selfishly to friends, to life itself, never learned what disinterestedness means, nor the calm which comes through the habitual consciousness of an eternal power? Then, when that which the soul clung to is taken away, there comes the sudden bitter cry: "Why has all this evil come upon me? Why am I singled out for sorrow and for loss? Who shall justify the ways of God to me?" There is no answer, and there can be no answer to that mood. It is the mood of the spoiled child that makes impossible demands. True wisdom is of slow growth. It comes to one who from the beginning has faced steadily the actual, and has interpreted it in the light of the ideal. He has taken account of sorrow and change. He has behind him the experience of trial and of victory. He began with the religion of the child, in quietness and in

joy, with uncontradicted faith, walking with the Eternal, then growing steadily in faith and strength through the battles won, and at last facing the supreme emergency. One who has thus lived is prepared for all that comes. He says: "Ever as I struggled, I found behind me divine power, and to that power I trust myself now." Not as a surprise, but simply as the fulfillment of the whole life, comes that great change through which he enters into the more intimate presence of God.

THE PLACE OF THE IDEAL

By Henry van Dyke

The forces that impel action reside in temperament. The ideals and convictions that guide it are hidden in the mind and heart. A man moves slowly or swiftly, he does his work weakly or strongly, according to the energy that is in him. But the direction of his life, this way or that way, follows the unseen influence of what he admires and loves and believes in.

It is not easy to take stock of these controlling ideals and convictions, and estimate them at their true value. It is harder still to arrange and order them in a system — clear, logical, consistent — a philosophy of life. Few men have the ability to make such a total statement of their spiritual assets. Even for those who might be able to do it after a fashion, it is difficult to find the time, because they are actively engaged in the business of living.

But every now and then, in writing or in speaking, a man who takes his affair seriously has occasion to meet one or another of the problems of life in a way that calls him to get at his inmost convictions and to apply them to the matter in hand. It is not always possible, nor often necessary, to give an elaborate description of his point of view, or to trace the paths of inheritance or reasoning by which he has reached it. These are things that will probably betray themselves, clearly enough, in his work. Whether he be materialist or idealist, radical or conservative, optimist or pessimist or meliorist,[1] what he has to do is just to stand where he belongs, and to put his ideals in application to the question before him.

That which is spoken or written in this way may have some value, proportionate to its lucidity and sincerity, as a partial showing of the practical conclusions to which certain principles lead. And if, as I believe, life is the test of thought, rather than thought the test of life, we should be able to get light on the real worth of a man's theories, ideals, beliefs, by looking at the shape which they would give to human existence if they were faithfully applied.

ON BEING WHERE YOU BELONG

By David Grayson

Sunday Morning, May 20th.

On Friday I began planting my corn. For many days previously I went out every morning at sun-up,

in the clear, sharp air, and thrust my hand deep down in the soil of the field. I do not know that I followed any learned agricultural rule, but somehow I liked to do it. It has seemed reasonable to me, instead of watching for a phase of the moon (for I do not cultivate the moon), to inquire of the earth itself. For many days I had no response; the soil was of an icy, moist coldness, as of death. "I am not ready yet," it said; "I have not rested my time."

Early in the week we had a day or two of soft sunshine, of fecund warmth, to which the earth lay open, willing, passive. On Thursday morning, though a white frost silvered the harrow ridges, when I thrust my hand into the soil I felt, or seemed to feel, a curious response: a strange answering of life to life. The stone had been rolled from the sepulcher!

And I knew then that the destined time had arrived for my planting. That afternoon I marked out my cornfield, driving the mare to my homemade wooden marker, carefully observant of the straightness of the rows; for a crooked corn row is a sort of immorality. I brought down my seed corn from the attic, where it had hung waiting all winter, each ear suspended separately by the white, upturned husks. They were the selected ears of last year's crop, even of size throughout, smooth of kernel, with tips well covered — the perfect ones chosen among many to perpetuate the highest excellencies of the crop. I carried them to the shed next my barn, and shelled them out in my hand machine: as fine a basket of yellow dent seed as a man ever saw.

I have listened to endless discussions as to the relative merits of flint and dent corn.[1] I here cast my vote emphatically for yellow dent: it is the best Nature can do!

I found my seed-bag hanging, dusty, over a rafter in the shed, and Harriet sewed a buckle on the strip that goes around the waist. I cleaned and sharpened my hoe.

"Now," I said to myself, "give me a good day and I am ready to plant."

The sun was just coming up on Friday, looking over the trees into a world of misty and odorous freshness. When I climbed the fence I dropped down in the grass at the far corner of the field. I had looked forward this year with pleasure to the planting of a small field by hand — the adventure of it — after a number of years of horse planting (with Horace's machine) of far larger fields. There is an indescribable satisfaction in answering, "Present!" to the roll call of Nature: to plant when the earth is ready, to cultivate when the soil begins to bake and harden, to harvest when the grain is fully ripe. It is the chief joy of him who lives close to the soil that he comes, in time, to beat in consonance with the pulse of the earth; its seasons become his seasons; its life his life.

Behold me, then, with a full seed-bag suspended before me, buckled both over the shoulders and around the waist, a shiny hoe in my hand (the scepter of my dominion), a comfortable, rested feeling in every muscle of my body, standing at the end of the first long furrow

there in my field on Friday morning — a whole spring day open before me! At that moment I would not have changed my place for the place of any king, prince, or president.

At first I was awkward enough, for it has been a long time since I have done much hand planting; but I soon fell into the rhythmic swing of the sower, the sure, even, accurate step; the turn of the body and the flexing of the wrists as the hoe strikes downward; the deftly hollowed hole; the swing of the hand to the seed-bag; the sure fall of the kernels; the return of the hoe; the final determining pressure of the soil upon the seed. One falls into it and follows it as he would follow the rhythm of a march.

Even the choice of seed becomes automatic, instinctive. At first there is a conscious counting by the fingers — five seeds:

One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
One for the cutworm,
Two to grow.

But after a time one ceases to count five, and *feels* five, instinctively rejecting a monstrous six, or returning to complete an inferior four.

I wonder if you know the feel of the fresh, soft soil, as it answers to your steps, giving a little, responding a little (as life always does) — and is there not something endlessly good and pleasant about it? And the movement of the arms and shoulders, falling easily into that

action and reaction which yields the most service to the least energy! Scientists tell us that the awkward young eagle has a wider wing-stretch than the old, skilled eagle. So the corn planter, at noon, will do his work with half the expended energy of the early morning: he attains the artistry of motion. And quite beyond and above this physical accomplishment is the ever-present, scarcely conscious sense of reward, repayment, which one experiences as he covers each planting of seeds.

As the sun rose higher the mists stole secretly away, first toward the lower brook-hollows, finally disappearing entirely; the morning coolness passed, the tops of the furrows dried out to a lighter brown, and still I followed the long planting. At each return I refilled my seed-bag, and sometimes I drank from the jug of water which I had hidden in the grass. Often I stood a moment by the fence to look up and around me. Through the clear morning air I could hear the roosters crowing vaingloriously from the barnyard, and the robins were singing, and occasionally from the distant road I heard the rumble of a wagon. I noted the slow kitchen smoke from Horace's chimney, the tip of which I could just see over the hill from the margin of my field — and my own pleasant home among its trees — and my barn — all most satisfying to look upon. Then I returned to the sweat and heat of the open field, and to the steady swing of the sowing.

Joy of life seems to me to arise from a sense of being where one belongs, as I feel right here; of being four-

square with the life we have chosen. All the discontented people I know are trying sedulously to be something they are not, to do something they cannot do. In the advertisements of the county paper I find men angling for money by promising to make women beautiful and men learned or rich — overnight — by inspiring good farmers and carpenters to be poor doctors and lawyers. It is curious, is it not, with what skill we will adapt our sandy land to potatoes and grow our beans in clay, and with how little wisdom we farm the soils of our own natures. We try to grow poetry where plumbing would thrive grandly! — not knowing that plumbing is as important and honorable and necessary to this earth as poetry.

I understand it perfectly; I too, followed long after false gods. I thought I must rush forth to see the world, I must forthwith become great, rich, famous; and I hurried hither and thither, seeking I knew not what. Consuming my days with the infinite distractions of travel, I missed, as one who attempts two occupations at once, the sure satisfaction of either. Beholding the exteriors of cities and of men, I was deceived with shadows; my life took no hold upon that which is deep and true. Color I got, and form, and a superficial aptitude in judging by symbols. It was like the study of a science: a hasty review gives one the general rules, but it requires a far profounder insight to know the fertile exceptions.

But as I grow older I remain here on my farm, and wait quietly for the world to pass this way. My oak

and I, we wait, and we are satisfied. Here we stand among our clods; our feet are rooted deep within the soil. The wind blows upon us and delights us, the rain falls and refreshes us, the sun dries and sweetens us. We are become calm, slow, strong; so we measure rectitudes and regard essentials, my oak and I.

I would be a hard person to dislodge or uproot from this spot of earth. I belong here; I grow here. I like to think of the old fable of the wrestler of Irassa.[1] For I am veritably that Anteus who was the wrestler of Irassa and drew his strength from the ground. So long as I tread the long furrows of my planting, with my feet upon the earth, I am invincible and unconquerable. Hercules himself, though he comes upon me in the guise of Riches, or Fame, or Power, cannot overthrow me — save as he takes me away from this soil. For at each step my strength is renewed. I forget weariness, old age has no dread for me.

Some there may be who think I talk dreams; they do not know reality. My friend, did it ever occur to you that you are unhappy because you have lost connection with life? Because your feet are not somewhere firm planted upon the soil of reality? Contentment, and indeed usefulness, comes as the infallible result of great acceptances, great humilities — of not trying to make ourselves this or that (to conform to some dramatized version of ourselves), but of surrendering ourselves to the fullness of life — of letting life flow through us. To be used! — that is the sublimest thing we know.

It is a distinguishing mark of greatness that it has a tremendous hold upon real things. I have seen men who seemed to have behind them, or rather within them, whole societies, states, institutions: how they come at us, like Atlas bearing the world! For they act not with their own feebleness, but with a strength as of the Whole of Life. They speak, and the words are theirs, but the voice is the Voice of Mankind.

I don't know what to call it: being right with God or right with life. It is strangely the same thing; and God is not particular as to the name we know Him by, so long as we know Him. Musing upon these secret things, I seem to understand what the theologians [1] in their darkness have made so obscure. Is it not just this at-one-ment [2] with life which sweetens and saves us all?

In all these writings I have glorified the life of the soil until I am ashamed. I have loved it because it saved me. The farm for me, I decided long ago, is the only place where I can flow strongly and surely. But to you, my friend, life may present a wholly different aspect, variant necessities. Knowing what I have experienced in the city, I have sometimes wondered at the happy (even serene) faces I have seen in crowded streets. There must be, I admit, those who can flow and be at one with that life, too. And let them handle their money, and make shoes, and sew garments, and write in ledgers — if that completes and contents them. I have no quarrel with any one of them. It is, after all, a big and various world, where men can be happy in many ways.

For every man is a magnet, highly and singularly sensitized. Some draw to them fields and woods and hills, and are drawn in return; and some draw swift streets and the riches which are known to cities. It is not of importance what we draw, but that we really draw. And the greatest tragedy in life, as I see it, is that thousands of men and women never have the opportunity to draw with freedom; but they exist in weariness and labor, and are drawn upon like inanimate objects by those who live in unhappy idleness. They do not farm; they are farmed. But that is a question foreign to present considerations. We may be assured, if we draw freely, like the magnet of steel which gathers its iron filings about it in beautiful and symmetrical forms, that the things which we attract will also become symmetrical and harmonious with our lives.

Thus flowing with life, self-surrendering to life, a man becomes indispensable to life; he is absolutely necessary to the conduct of this universe. And it is the feeling of being necessary, of being desired, flowing into a man that produces the satisfaction of contentment. Often and often I think to myself:

These fields have need of me; my horse whinnies when he hears my step; my dog barks a welcome. These, my neighbors, are glad of me. The corn comes up fresh and green to my planting; my buckwheat bears richly. I am indispensable in this place. What is more satisfactory to the human heart than to be needed and to know we are needed? One line in the Book of Chronicles, when I read it, flies up at me out

of the printed page as though it were alive, conveying newly the age-old agony of a misplaced man. After relating the short and evil history of Jehoram,[1] king of Judah, the account ends — with the appalling terseness which often crowns the dramatic climaxes of that matchless writing: "And (he) departed without being desired."

Without being desired! I have wondered if any man was ever cursed with a more terrible epitaph!

And so I planted my corn; and in the evening I felt the dumb weariness of physical toil. Many times in older days I have known the wakeful nerve-weariness of cities. This was not it. It was the weariness which, after supper, seizes upon one's limbs with half-aching numbness. I sat down on my porch with a nameless content. I looked off across the countryside. I saw the evening shadows fall, and the moon come up. And I wanted nothing I had not. And finally sleep swept in resistless waves upon me and I stumbled up to bed — and sank into dreamless slumber.

THE LUXURY OF CONVERSATION

By Agnes Repplier

Of indoor entertainments, the truest and most human is conversation. — Mark Pattison.

In an age when everybody is writing Reminiscences, and when nothing is left untold, we hear a great deal about the wit and brilliancy of former days and former

Wide World Photos

AGNES REPPLIER

conversations. Elderly gentlemen, conscious of an ever-increasing dullness in life, would fain have us believe that its more vivacious characteristics vanished with their youth, and can never be tempted to return. Mournful prophecies anent the gradual decay of social gifts assail us on every side. Mr. Justin McCarthy,[1] recalling with a sigh the group of semi-distinguished men who were wont to grace George Eliot's Sunday afternoons, can "only hope that the art of talking is not destined to die out with the art of letter writing." Mr. George W. E. Russell [2] entertains similar misgivings. He found his ideal talker in Mr. Matthew Arnold, "a man of letters without being pedantic"; and he considers this admirable combination as necessary as it is rare. American chroniclers point back to a little gleaming band of Northern lights, and assure us sadly that if we never heard these men in their prime, we must live and die uncheered by wit or wisdom. We are born in a barren day.

But conversation, the luxury of conversation, as De Quincey happily phrases it, does not depend upon one or two able talkers. It is not, and never has been, a question of stars, but of a good stock company. Neither can it decay like the art — or the habit — of letter writing. The conditions are totally different. Letters form a bypath of literature, a charming, but occasional, retreat for people of cultivated leisure. Conversation in its happiest development is a link, equally exquisite and adequate, between mind and mind, a system by which men approach one another

with sympathy and enjoyment, a field for the finest amenities of civilization, for the keenest and most intelligent display of social activity. It is also our solace, our inspiration, and our most rational pleasure. It is a duty we owe to one another; it is our common debt to humanity. "God has given us tongues," writes Heine,[1] "wherewith we may say pleasant things to our neighbors." To refuse a service so light, so sweet, so fruitful, is to be unworthy of the inheritance of the ages.

It is claimed again, by critics disposed to be pessimistic, that our modern development of "specialism" is prejudicial to good conversation. A man devoted to one subject can seldom talk well upon any other. Unless his companions share his tastes and his knowledge, he must — a sad alternative — either lecture or be still. There are people endowed with such a laudable thirst for information that they relish lectures, — professional and gratuitous. They enjoy themselves most when they are being instructed. They are eager to form an audience. Such were the men and women who experienced constant disappointment because Mr. Browning, a specialist of high standing, declined to discuss his specialty. No side-lights upon "Sordello"[2] could be extracted from him. We realize how far the spirit of the lecture had intruded upon the spirit of conversation forty years ago, when Mr. Bagehot admitted that, with good modern talkers, "the effect seems to be produced by that which is stated, and not by the manner in which it is stated," — a reversal of ancient rules. We are aware of its still further encroachment when we

see a little book by M. Charles Rozan,[1] characteristically christened *Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*, and find it full of odds and ends of information, of phrases, allusions, quotations, facts, — all the minute details which are presumably embodied in the talk of educated men. The world today devoutly believes that everything can be taught and learned. When we have been shown how a thing is done, we can of course do it. There are even little manuals composed with serious simplicity, the object of which is to enable us to meet specialists on their own grounds; to discuss art with artists, literature with authors, politics with politicians, science with scientists, — the last, surely, a dangerous experiment. "Conversation," I read in one of these enchanting primers, "cannot be entirely learned from books," — a generous admission in a day given over to the worship of print.

But in good truth, the contagious ardor, the urbane freedom of the spoken word lift it immeasurably from the regions of pen and ink. Those "shy revelations of affinity," which now and then open to the reader sweet vistas of familiarity and friendship, are frequent, alluring, persuasive, in well-ordered speech. It is not what we learn in conversation that enriches us. It is the elation that comes of swift contact with tingling currents of thought. It is the opening of our mental pores, and the stimulus of marshaling our ideas in words, of setting them forth as gallantly and as graciously as we can. "A language long employed by a delicate and critical society," says Mr. Bagehot, "is a treasure of

dexterous felicities"; and the recognition of these felicities, the grading of terms, the enlarging of a narrow and stupid vocabulary make the charm of civilized social contact. Discussion without asperity, sympathy without fusion, gayety unracked by too abundant jests, mental ease in approaching one another, — these are the things which give a pleasant smoothness to the rough edge of life.

So much has been said about good talkers, — brilliant soloists for the most part, — and so little about good talk! So much has been said about good listeners, and so little about the interchange of thought! "Silent people never spoil company," remarked Lord Chesterfield;[1] but even this negative praise was probably due to the type of silence with which he was best acquainted, — a habit of sparing speech, not the muffled stillness of genuine and hopeless incapacity. A man who listens because he has nothing to say can hardly be a source of inspiration. The only listening that counts is that of the talker who alternately absorbs and expresses ideas. Sainte-Beuve[2] says of Fontenelle[3] that, while he had neither tears nor laughter, he smiled at wit, never interrupted, was never excited, nor ever in a hurry to speak. These are endearing traits. They embody much of the art of conversation. But they are as remote from unadorned silence as from unconsidered loquacity.

The same distinction may be drawn between the amenity which forbids bickering, and the flabbiness which has neither principles to uphold, nor arguments

with which to uphold them. Hazlitt's [1] counsel, "You should prefer the opinion of the company to your own," is good in the main, but it can easily be pushed too far. Proffered by a man who bristled with opinions which he never wearied of defending, it is perhaps more interesting than persuasive. If everybody floated with the tide of talk, placidity would soon end in stagnation. It is the strong backward stroke which stirs the ripples, and gives animation and variety. "Unison is a quality altogether obnoxious in conversation," said Montaigne,[2] who was at least as tolerant as Hazlitt was combative but who dearly loved stout words from honest men. Dr. Johnson, we know, was of a similar way of thinking. He scorned polite tepidity; he hated chatter; he loved that unfeeling logic which drives mercilessly to its goal. No man knew better than he the unconvincing nature of argument. He had too often thrust his friends from the fortress of sound reason which they were not strong enough to hold. But his talk, for all its aggressiveness, and for all its tendency to negation, was real talk; not — as with Coleridge — a monologue, nor — as with Macaulay — a lecture. He did not infringe upon other people's conversational freeholds, and he was not, be it always remembered, anecdotal. The man who lived upon "potted stories" inspired him with righteous antipathy.

Perhaps the saddest proof of intellectual inertia, of our failure to meet one another with ease and understanding, is the tendency to replace conversation by story-telling. It is no uncommon thing to hear a man

praised as a good talker, when he is really a good *raconteur*. People will speak complacently of a "brilliant dinner," at which strings of anecdotes, disconnected and illegitimate, have usurped the field, to the total exclusion of ideas. After an entertainment of this order — like a feast of buns and barley sugar — we retire with mental indigestion for a fortnight. That it should be relished betrays the crudeness of social conditions. "Of all the bores," writes De Quincey with unwonted ill-temper, "whom man in his folly hesitates to hang, and Heaven in its mysterious wisdom suffers to propagate his species, the most insufferable is the teller of good stories." This is a hard saying. The story, like its second cousin the lie, has a sphere of usefulness. It is a help in moments of emergency, and it serves admirably to illustrate a text. But it is not, and never can be, a substitute for conversation. People equipped with reason, sentiment, and a vocabulary should have something to talk about, some common ground on which they can meet, and penetrate into one another's minds. The exquisite pleasure of interchanging ideas, of awakening to suggestions, of finding sympathy and companionship, is as remote from the languid amusement yielded by story-telling as a good play is remote from the bald diversion of the music hall.

Something to talk about appears to be the first consideration. The choice of a topic, or rather the possession of a topic which will bear analysis and support enthusiasm, is essential to the enjoyment of conversation. We cannot go far along a stony track. Diderot [1]

observed that whenever he was in the company of men and women who were reading Richardson's [1] books, either privately or aloud, the talk was sure to be animated and interesting. Some secret springs of emotion were let loose by this great master of sentiment. Our ancestors allowed themselves a wider field of discussion than we are now in the habit of conceding; but after all, as Stevenson reminds us, "it is not over the virtues of a curate-and-tea-party novel that people are abashed into high resolutions." We may not covet Socratic discourses at the dinner table, but neither can we long sustain what has been sadly and significantly called "the burden of conversation" on the lines adopted by William the Fourth, who, when he felt the absolute necessity of saying something, asked the Duke of Devonshire where he meant to be buried.

The most perfect and pitiful pictures of intercourse stripped bare of interest have been given us in Miss Austen's novels. Reading them, we grow sick at heart to think what depths of experience they reflect, what hours of ennui lie back of every page. The conversation of the ladies after Mrs. John Dashwood's dinner must stand forever as a perfect example of sustained stupidity, of that almost miraculous dullness which can be achieved only by "want of sense, want of elegance, want of spirits, and want of temper." Equal to it in its way is the brief description of Lady Middleton's first call upon the Dashwoods.

"Conversation was not lacking, for Sir John was very chatty, and Lady Middleton had taken the wise

precaution of bringing with her their eldest child, a fine little boy about six years old. By this means there was one subject always to be recurred to by the ladies in case of extremity, for they had to inquire his name and age, admire his beauty, and ask him questions which his mother answered for him, while he hung about her and held down his head, to the great surprise of her ladyship, who wondered at his being so shy before company, as he could make noise enough at home. On every formal visit a child ought to be of the party, by way of provision for discourse. In the present case, it took up ten minutes to determine whether the boy were more like his father or mother, and in what particular he resembled either, for of course everybody differed, and everybody was astonished at the opinion of the others."

How real it is! How many of us have lived through similar half-hours, veiling with decent melancholy the impetuous protest of our souls!

Charles Greville [1] is responsible for the rather unusual statement that a dinner at which all the guests are fools is apt to be as agreeable as a dinner at which all the guests are clever men. The fools, he says, are tolerably sure to be gay, and the clever men are perfectly sure to be heavy. How far the gayety of fools is an engaging trait it might be difficult to decide (there is a text [2] which throws some doubt upon the subject), but Greville appears to have suffered a good deal from the ponderous society of the learned. We are struck in the first place by the very serious topics which made the

table-talk of his day. Do people now discuss primogeniture [1] in ancient Rome over their fish and game? It sounds almost as onerous as the Socratic discourses. Then again it was his special hardship to listen to the dissertations of Macaulay, and he resented this infliction with all the ardor of a vain and accomplished man. "Macaulay's astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited," he writes in his Memoirs, "but he is not agreeable. He has none of the graces of conversation, none of the exquisite tact and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition, or of a long acquaintance with good society. . . . *His information is more than society requires.*"

The last line is a master-stroke of criticism. It embodies all that goes before and all that follows, — for Greville airs his grievance at length, — and it is admirably illustrated in his account of that famous evening at Holland House, when Lady Holland, in captious mood, rebelled against a course of instruction. Somebody having chanced to mention Sir Thomas Munro,[2] the hostess rashly admitted that she had never heard of him, whereupon Macaulay "explained all he had said, done, written, or thought, and vindicated his claim to the title of a great man, till Lady Holland, getting bored, said she had had enough of Sir Thomas and would hear no more. This might have dashed and silenced an ordinary talker; but to Macaulay it was not more than replacing a book upon the shelf, and he was just as ready as ever to open on any other topic." The Fathers of the Church were next discussed (it was

not a frivolous company), and Macaulay at once called to mind a sermon of Saint Chrysostom's [1] in praise of the Bishop of Antioch. "He proceeded to give us the substance of this sermon till Lady Holland got tired of the Fathers, and put her extinguisher on Chrysostom as she had done on Munro. Then with a sort of derision, and as if to have the pleasure of puzzling Macaulay, she turned to him and said: 'Pray what was the origin of a doll? When were dolls first mentioned in history?' Macaulay, however, was just as much up in dolls as in the Fathers, and instantly replied that the Roman children had their dolls, which they offered to Venus when they grew older. He quoted Persius,[2] —

Veneri donatae a virgine puppae [3]

and I have not the least doubt that if he had been allowed to proceed, he would have told us who was the Chenevix [4] of ancient Rome, and the name of the first baby that ever handled a doll."

This was indeed more information than society required. It is not surprising that Sydney Smith,[5] perhaps the most charming talker of his day, was quickly silenced by such an avalanche of words, and sat mute and limp in the historian's company. Upon one occasion Greville went to visit the Marquis of Lansdowne [6] at Bowood, and found Macaulay among the guests. "It was wonderful how quiet the house seemed after he had gone," comments the diarist grimly, "and it was not less agreeable."

That a rude invasion of the field is fatal to the enjoy-

ment of intercourse we know from the sentiment of revolt expressed on every side. How little the people who heard Mme de Staël's [1] brilliant conversation appear to have relished the privilege! Mackintosh [2] admitted that she was agreeable in a tête-à-tête, but too much for a general assembly. Heine hated her, as a hurricane in petticoats. "She hears but little, and never the truth, because she is always talking." Byron, who felt a genuine admiration for her cleverness, and was grateful for her steadfast friendship, confessed ruefully that she overwhelmed him with words, buried him beneath glittering snow and nonsense. The art of being amusing in a lovable way was not hers; yet this is essentially the art which lifted French conversation to its highest level, which made it famous three hundred years ago, and which has preserved it ever since as a rational and engaging occupation. A page of history lies revealed and elucidated in Saint-Simon's [3] little sentence anent Mme de Maintenon's [4] fashion of speech. "Her language was gentle, exact, well chosen, and naturally eloquent and brief."

No wonder she reigned long. Eloquent and brief! What a magnificent "blend"! How persuasive the "well-chosen" words, immaculately free from harsh emphasis and the feminine fault of iteration! Who would not be influenced by a woman who talked always well, and never too much; who, knowing the value of flattery, administered it with tact and moderation; and who shrank instinctively from the exaggerated terms which destroy balance and invite defeat? From the

reign of Louis the Fourteenth to the Revolution, conversation was cultivated in France with intelligent assiduity. Its place in the fabric of civilization was clearly understood. No time was begrudged to its development, no labor was spared to its perfecting. Mr. Henry James [1] is of the opinion that it flowered brilliantly in the middle of the eighteenth century. "This was surely," he says, "in France at least, the age of good society, the period when the right people made haste to be born in time. The sixty years that preceded the Revolution were the golden age of fireside talk, and of those amenities that are due to the presence of women in whom the social art is both instinctive and acquired. The women of that period were, above all, good company. The fact is attested in a thousand documents. Chenonceaux [2] offered a perfect setting to free conversation; and infinite joyous discourse must have mingled with the liquid murmur of the Cher." [3]

"Joyous discourse" is a beguiling phrase. It carries with it the echo of laughter long since silenced, — light laughter following the light words, so swiftly spoken, yet so surely placed. The time was coming fast when this smooth graciousness of speech would inspire singular mistrust, and when Rousseau [4] — ardently embracing nature — would write of the "fine and delicate irony called politeness, which gives so much ease and pliability to the intercourse of civilized man, enabling him to assume the appearance of every virtue without the reality of one." Later on, illusions being dispelled, the painful discovery was made that the absence of polite-

ness does not necessarily imply the presence of virtue, and that taciturnity may be wholly disassociated from the truth. We owe to one another all the wit and good humor we can command; and nothing so clears our mental vistas as sympathetic and intelligent conversation. It can never languish in an age like ours, teeming with new interests widely shared, and with new wonders widely known. We must talk, because we have so much to talk about; and we ought to talk well, because our inspirations are of a noble order. Each new discovery made by science, each fresh emotion awakened by contemporaneous history, each successive pleasure yielded by literature or by art is a spur to rational speech. These things are our common heritage, and we share them in common, through the medium of the aptly spoken word.

AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Because I am enthusiastic about good things, and make no attempt to conceal it, I am frequently accused, much to my amusement, of saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise. There could hardly be a more inaccurate indictment. The majority of recent novels, some of which are seriously recommended by respectable reviewers, are in my own mind fairly divisible into two classes — sawdust and poison. It is bad enough to have to inhale these during the brief time they

afflict us; why call public attention to them? I have no wish to advertise rubbish by attacking it.

By this restraint I know that I deprive many readers of real pleasure. For unless you are a family relation of the victim, you heartily enjoy the resounding thwack of the bludgeon — the slapstick in reviews is as popular as the same implement in the motion pictures. It is downright funny to see somebody else hit, and the harder the blow the funnier it is. But I am not sure that by catering to this instinct one performs any valuable service to the art of criticism, or helps to elevate public taste.

And I dislike controversy because it usually leads nowhither. If a wordy quarrel about religion or politics or literature becomes violent, those who listen are generally more interested in the combative skill of the antagonists than in the question discussed — the appeal fundamentally is not to the love of truth, but to the sporting instinct. Being both a lover of sport and a man of peace, I enjoy the violence of strife in games, and the calm of study and contemplation. I do not like to see one usurp the other's place.

Nor is it the best province of criticism to analyze morbidity. Some of our modern novels might better be examined by alienists than by literary critics — some of their readers too. Those who enjoy slime will wallow in it, whether they pretend to be artists or moralists, or profound "students of life." It may be the element itself or the shock of it that pleases these gentry. At all events, they are welcome to it. You

Wide World Photos

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

pay a book a compliment when you say that it is worth criticizing; and the finest criticism, when based on knowledge, springs from admiration and sympathy. I wish that all those who believe that criticism means fault-finding would read a few pages of Mr. Spingarn's [1] excellent arrangement in English of Goethe's Literary Essays. Goethe seemed to think that the truest criticism came out of enthusiasm.

Any reader of a book review has a right to know whether the book is worth buying and why.

The best target for adverse comment is an author whose reputation is higher than the merit of his work. He may be an admirable citizen, hold political views pleasing to the critic, may even be a public benefactor; but if he be commonly called a great writer when he is at his highest only a literary expert, then a candid examination of his productions may be worth while. Standards should be maintained. From this point of view, attacks on Cowley, Pope, Warburton, and Southey were justifiable. Pope was undoubtedly a man of genius and a great satirist; but Joseph Warton [2] was right in pointing out his limitations as an imaginative poet. He made his readers ask themselves what the word poetry meant. Someone ought to examine in similar fashion the works of the present poet laureate [3] of England. Practically all British critics speak of him with awe, as though he were somehow sacrosanct. He is an excellent man, a fine scholar, and an ingenious prosodist; but an inspired poet, whose poetry transports us? Not only is he outside the company of the

immortals, he is inferior to Masefield, Hodgson, De La Mare, and Yeats. . . . In the London *Mercury* for July, there is an appreciative article on the late Sir Walter Raleigh, Professor of English Literature at Oxford. In the last paragraph he is called "this very great man." He was unquestionably an admirable critic and a charming personality; but a very great man? If so, two hundred years from now he will be *the* Walter Raleigh. In the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* for 22 June, D. H. Lawrence is described as "greater than Strindberg [1] — greater in imagination, in perception, in power of thought, and in sensitiveness." It would seem to be almost as easy to become a great man in England nowadays as it was to be "one of the most remarkable men in America" when Dickens visited us.

It will depend somewhat on the quality of a man's temperament whether he prefers to puncture swollen reputations or to increase the circulation of books that deserve it. Works of genius will eventually find their rightful place; but there are many excellent productions that ought to be more widely known. During the last twenty-five years there have appeared a dozen novels that for some reason had no sale commensurate with their merit. As I am always filling prescriptions for eager book-lovers, I am now going to recommend some of these stories. They may be out of print; I hope not; but if they cannot be obtained at bookshops — the last place many look for any book — it is probable that the public libraries have them, and I suspect

they are right now on the shelves and in better condition than they ought to be.

Pierre Vinton: The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband was published in 1914, when everybody was thinking about the war. The author, Edward C. Venable, had recently been graduated from Princeton, and to me was unknown. I read the book with exceeding great joy, and liked it even better the second time. It is an original story, and the conversations therein can truly be called brilliant. It is almost as good as W. J. Locke used to be, the wonderful Locke of *The Beloved Vagabond, Septimus,* and *Simon.* I wrote the publishers for information; they were so certain of the manuscript that they had spent a considerable sum in preliminary advertising, and were both saddened and perplexed by the small sale. It is not too late to read *Pierre Vinton.*

The death of Herman Knickerbocker Vielé was a loss to American literature. He was a versatile man. An engineer by profession, he was a student of the arts, had lived in France, and seemed to have by nature a fineness of touch that lent distinction to everything he undertook. His novel of New York life, *The Last of the Knickerbockers,* displayed so much wit, humor, and charm, and such a keen eye for detail, that it seems incredible it should not be better known. Equally good is his brief novel of a love adventure in France, called *The Inn of the Silver Moon.* When you meet any one who has read it, the conversation brightens. Another of his tales, *Myra of the Pines,* shows the author's

unmistakable talent. I have no hesitation in recommending all three.

Mary Patricia Willcocks is an English woman, living in Devonshire, who learned some things about human nature by teaching school. Her novel, *The Wingless Victory*, which appeared in 1907, impressed me so deeply that I asked the veteran publisher, John Lane, what he thought of it. He said it was the best manuscript that had ever been submitted to him. She followed this with a story equally well done, *A Man of Genius*. Both books are packed with cerebration; there are frequent passages, where, no matter how much you wish to turn the page, you are simply forced to stop and think, her reflections are so full of challenge. She became an ardent feminist, a radical, and a pamphleteer. I have no quarrel with any one who finds it necessary to uphold strong convictions in public, but I think her zeal is not favorable to her art. Her early novels are better than her later ones.

All Americans, and some Englishmen, are familiar with Alfred Ollivant's masterpiece, *Bob, Son of Battle*, the best dog story I ever read. Although written by an Englishman and for Englishmen, it attracted little attention in the land of its birth, while selling by the hundred thousand in America. I have never met an American book-lover who had not read it, but the average Briton looks blank when you mention it, even if you remember to call it by its English title, *Owd Bob*. Mr. Ollivant has written many books since 1898, but the one that comes the nearest to *Bob* is not nearly so

well known here as it deserves to be. This is *Boy Woodburn*, the story of a race horse. Is it possible that John Masefield took a hint from this for *Right Royal?* He follows Mr. Ollivant in printing a map of the course. Alfred Ollivant is certainly more interested in men and women than in animals, and, unlike some novelists, knows the distinction; but his best two books are canine and equine.

Many novels have been written in our country to illustrate the process of Americanization, but the best one I have seen is *Our Natupski Neighbors*, by Edith Miniter, published in 1916. This is the real thing, and came from direct observation. Mrs. Miniter is a New England journalist, and for a time was the only woman city editor of a daily paper in New England. The history of this Polish family ought to be read by every American. When I say that I regard it as superior even to *My Antonia*,[1] you will see how much I admire it.

The thousands who share my pleasure in *Shavings* ought to read *Fondie*, by Edward C. Booth. I know nothing about Mr. Booth, except that he is a British novelist; I have seldom met anyone who ever heard of him. One difference between *Shavings* and *Fondie* is the difference between comedy and tragedy. The Cape Cod story is amusing, entertaining, charming; the other is so painful that perhaps only a minority can enjoy its extraordinary beauty. The hero in both is very much the same kind of man — aggressively harmless. The British story is written with such dignity, such restraint, such purity of style, and such uncom-

promising devotion to art that it should not be allowed to pass into the limbo of forgotten books.

Greylake of Mallerby is another English novel that has apparently made no impression whatever on anyone except me and those whom I have persuaded to read it. The author is W. L. Cribb, who lives in Louth, in Lincolnshire, and I can discover nothing else that he has written. This is the tale of a town by the sea, where every person is so sharply delineated that when you come to the last page you feel that you have been living for years in the village and know the people intimately. A vein of irony that never reaches burlesque illuminates the whole book, and gives an agreeable tang to the style. Those who read only "snappy" stories will not care for this one.

Harold Begbie, who likes to publish anonymously, produced a novel in 1914 called in England *Tributaries*, and in America *The House of Deceit*. It is a story of degeneration. I wrote to the publishers for information about the author, and was informed that he preferred to withhold his name. He did not reveal it until August 1917, when apparently everyone had forgotten the existence of the book. It is, however, as well worth reading as his subsequent anonymous publications, which have had a sensational success.

I can see why some of the above-mentioned novels failed to score; but I am puzzled by the continued neglect of *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, by Charles D. Stewart. The publishers were so enthusiastic over this manuscript that they issued in 1905 a preliminary edi-

tion, in special binding, which was sent out to a few critics. It is my belief that all who read it shared the opinion of the publishers, a most unusual state of affairs; but unfortunately it never had a wide sale, and one hears it only occasionally mentioned. Mr. Stewart was born in Ohio, and has spent most of his life in Wisconsin. He is a creative artist and an independent scholar. His little book, *Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare*, threw light on many dark passages, and he has the honor of being the first to explain lines that had eluded the diligence, scholarship, and insight of professional investigators for three hundred years. It is precisely the kind of book that one would never have expected from our novelist. I am certain of the excellence of *The Fugitive Blacksmith*. It is an original novel of American life, filled with adventure, humor, and poignant tragedy. I shall remember the man under the cow so long as I live. Two years later Mr. Stewart published *Partners of Providence*, a story of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, which is fully as good as *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, so good indeed as to make its author the only legitimate successor to Mark Twain. It is a book successful every way except commercially.

I should like especially to recommend three Russian novels by Serge Aksakoff.[1] Although they were written about seventy-five years ago, they did not appear in a complete translation until 1917. They are autobiographical, and give vivid pictures of farm, school, and college life at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. The first, *A Russian*

Gentleman, is unique in autobiography, since it ends with the day of the author's birth; as a matter of fact, it is chiefly about his grandfather, and he obtained most of the facts from his mother's lips. It is a magnificent portrait of a *Man*, and the country customs are described with extraordinary charm. The second, *Years of Childhood*, was written when the author had become almost totally blind, and was confined to his room with an incurable and painful illness, which he never mentions, and which his calm style never betrays. The third, *A Russian Schoolboy*, written before the second, but dealing with a later period, gives the history of his life at school and at the University of Kazan. The accomplished translator, J. D. Duff, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives some interesting details of the author in his three prefaces, quoting from a letter written by Aksakoff in 1856, after the first part of this narrative had appeared: "The success of my life has surprised me. You know that my vanity was never excessive, and it remains what it was, in spite of all the praise, sometimes extravagant to folly, which has reached me in print or in letters or by word of mouth. . . . To the end of a long life I have preserved warmth and liveliness of imagination; and that is why talents that are not extraordinary have produced an extraordinary effect." The case of Aksakoff is somewhat similar to that of De Morgan; he had scarcely any reputation until he published this family history at the age of sixty-five, and immediately became famous. I suppose one reason why these three books, classics in Russia,

have never before been translated is because they are free from abnormality and sensationalism. But they are just as captivating as Jane Austen; and I wish this passing tribute might send its readers to the books themselves.

This year a miracle happened in Great Britain. Barrie [1] made a speech, and before its echoes had died, he made another, lest you should think he never could recapture the first rapture; which was fine, but not careless. Barrie is the genius of the unexpected; but no sentence from his pen ever surprised me so much as the news of his appearance on the platform. Public speaking, Bernard Shaw's [2] favorite recreation, has been so abhorrent to Barrie's temperament that I should have been willing to guess anything rather than the rôle of orator. Wild horses could not have dragged him to the rostrum, for wild horses cannot drag anything. (The proverb is poor; it is only after they have been broken and tamed that horses drag efficiently.) It was college loyalty that induced Barrie to make what must have been for him the supreme sacrifice. On May 3 he delivered the rectorial address at St. Andrews University, on the theme *Courage;* his speech, as reported all over the world in the newspapers, made such an impression that the publishers have now wisely issued it in the permanent form of a tiny book. We all love to preach, we all love to give advice; I have never known a single exception to the rule. Even our rebels of today believe in preaching, so long as you do not preach morality. Perhaps no preachers are so

dogmatically humorless as they. Barrie gave a baccalaureate sermon to young men, founded on the deep wisdom of human experience. He eschewed paradoxes, and confined himself to the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report; for if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, we must think on these things. His citation from the letter of Captain Scott [1] in the Antarctic thrilled his audience; it is impossible to read it without realizing the sublime courage of the man. Scott and his companions were awaiting death, as slow and painful as it was certain; he wrote: "It would do your heart good to be in our tent, to hear our songs and our cheery conversation. . . . We did intend to finish ourselves when things proved like this, but we have decided to die naturally without." The quality of reverence innate in every one of Barrie's books appears explicitly in this sentence from the address: after quoting Henley's

My head is bloody but unbowed,[2]

he says, "a fine mouthful, but perhaps 'My head is bloody and bowed' is better." Barrie himself has illustrated the quality of courage. He went to London, penniless and unknown, and conquered the city.

We knew that his words on this occasion would survive; but those closest to him must have wondered if he would survive the occasion. After feeling of himself all over, and discovering to his amazement that he was perfectly sound, he exemplified anew the courage he had recommended, and this time made not only a

speech, but an after-dinner speech. Now I am entirely of the opinion expressed by Heywood Broun [1] in his delightful *Pieces of Hate* concerning the general run of after-dinner oratory. I regret that this institution survived the war. It will, I am afraid, survive everything except the treatment recommended by Mr. Broun. It has survived the second act of *To the Ladies!* and, having survived that burlesque, is assuredly ridicule-proof. Most speakers hate it, most audiences hate it: it has no real friends, and yet it goes on its devastating course. I remember having to speak at a public dinner in Chicago; I found my place at that pillory of torment, the speakers' table, and there, seeing a magnificent man in evening dress, I gave him my name and grasped his hand with what cordiality I could command. He replied: "I'm the head waiter, sir." "Shake hands again, old man," I cried; "you don't know how I envy you!"

In after-dinner speaking we put the cart before the horse, or rather before the horse's humble cousin. Instead of having a long, stupefying dinner, followed by long, stupefying speeches, how much better it would be, if we really wished to hear the senator, or the ambassador, or the captain of industry, if we could meet and hear him and, at the conclusion of the oratory, sit down together and enjoy a good dinner! Then during the language, we should all be looking forward to something agreeable, which is the essence of happiness. Furthermore, the speaker would not dare to talk indefinitely. I remember being obliged on one occasion to preside at

a "business men's banquet"; there were five speakers; the third spoke two hours and thirty minutes. I was sorry for the fourth and fifth, but still more sorry for myself, for my post of honor made escape impossible.

Since we have horseless carriages, and smokeless powder, and fireless ovens, and wireless telegraphy, and are exhorted to eatless meat, why may we not have speechless dinners? Friends do not have to talk. Intimacy annihilates formality. Carlyle and Tennyson once spent three hours together, and neither opened his mouth except to expel the friendly tobacco smoke. At the conclusion of the evening, one said, "This has been a most delightful time," and the other replied, "I never enjoyed your company so much."

Well, if we must have after-dinner speeches, I wish they could all be as good as Barrie's. It is oratory, not conversation, that is offensive. There are those whose table-talk sounds like a stump speech; and there are those whose stump speeches sound like intimate conversation. I know which I prefer. Barrie's after-dinner speech was intimate, confidential, confessional; it sounds as if it must have had that best of all accompaniments, an open fire and a brier pipe. He had announced at St. Andrews that he was then making his first and last appearance; but in speaking, it is the first fifty minutes that are the hardest. How easy it is to sin after one has once fallen! In the very same month of May he was, very much like a martyr at the stake, the "guest of honor" at a dinner in the Savoy, given by the dramatic critics; the simile holds admirably, for

many among those present had roasted him. His humor and honesty disarmed his adversaries. The speech has been printed in the newspapers, and I hope it will be preserved in another booklet. I counsel those who do not like Barrie — and many there be who are offended in him — to read his talk to the critics. He gave his reasons for never having replied to hostile criticism — the best of all rules for writers of books. For the most effective reply should be found in the next book.

Barrie's talk abounds in Shandisms,[1] in the humor that cannot be imitated, for it is a part of his personality. He is tired of being called whimsical, and said so; nor does he enjoy the adjective fantastic. In speaking of the chairman's introduction, he said: "I felt he could not be so shabby as to say whimsical, and that he might forget to say elusive. If you knew how dejected those terms have often made me!" Then they must have laughed, for he went on: "I am quite serious. I never believed I was any of those things until you dinned them into me. Few have tried harder to be simple and direct. I have also always thought that I was rather realistic." This illustrates the impossibility that even a writer of genius finds in producing exactly the impression on the public that was in his own mind. With what strange feelings he must read even favorable reviews, and how wide of the mark the best critics must seem to him!

And yet in this speech he displays the qualities that have given his works their unique position. "You may sometimes wonder why I write so much about islands,

and indeed I have noticed a certain restiveness in some of you on the subject. There are more islands in my plays than any of you are aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island."

He gave himself a new name. "None of your adjectives gets to the mark as much as one I have found for myself — 'Inoffensive Barrie.' I see how much it at once strikes you all. A bitter pill; but it looks as if on one subject I were the best critic in the room." Well, no one would think of applying the word to Shaw.

Finally, as showing what bewildering statements creative artists will make when they indulge themselves in literary criticism, Barrie declared that the best play written in his time was — and how sharp must have been the general attention — Pinero's [1] *Iris*. I do not know which of two men shouted the loudest hallelujah when they read that statement; Sir Arthur Pinero or Clayton Hamilton.[2] Barrie's remark must have driven hundreds to re-reading *Iris*. I advise all to read the play in Mr. Hamilton's valuable edition of *The Social Plays of Pinero*, where the text and its history are accompanied with sympathetic comment. I wish our leading modern dramatists might be similarly presented to the public.

Iris is undoubtedly a stirring play. In Springfield, Massachusetts, a serious attempt was made to suppress its performance, which seems odd just now. Every well-informed American who re-reads it must observe certain striking resemblances — perhaps accidental —

between that drama and Eugene Walter's [1] *The Easiest Way*. The divergences are as interesting as the similarities, and in a way indicate the difference between the British and the American manner.

When will Barrie resume the publication of his plays? Seven volumes have appeared, which I advise everyone to buy. They were coming along regularly at decent intervals when, about two years ago, the pause became a silence. He caught writer's cramp, or something, and had to learn to write with his left hand. Even his handwriting is paradoxical, for his right-hand penmanship was so illegible as to be positively sinister, whereas now his sinister penmanship is truly dexterous. We must have his complete plays in print. They belong to literature; and stage-plays are the twentieth century's most notable contribution to English letters. His directions are as good as the dialogue. I am hungry to read *The Legend of Leonora*, to see if it will confirm my theory, and *Dear Brutus* for the same reason; and I must have in my hands and before my eyes that masterpiece *Mary Rose*, to discover more accurately the spiritual geography of the island.

ARE THE BARRIE CHARACTERS UNREAL?

By Patrick Braybrooke

Possibly it may be suggested that the Barrie characters fall into roughly three classes, those which appear in his earlier books, those which appear in his plays,

and those characters which are undoubtedly of the fairy order. In this chapter I propose to apply the test of reality to all three classes, for if there is any criticism which is brought against Barrie, it is that many of his characters are quite unreal. But when critics say this, they do not, I think, mean quite the same as when they accuse Dickens of exaggeration in such a character as Little Nell. What they do seem to mean is that some of the "mortal" characters drawn by Barrie are likely to be confused with his purely fairy beings. And this adverse criticism seems to be given birth to by the fact that it is often lost sight of that the world of fairy is perhaps the most real of all, because it is concerned with the real side of human nature, the childlike point of view that believes in fairies.

But to consider this question of reality with regard to such books as those dealing with Thrums.[1] Little time need be spent in answering the question. The characters in the earlier writings of Barrie seem to fulfill the popular test of what is real, that is they seem to be the portraits of people who are quite ordinary.

In applying the test of reality to the mortals of the principal Barrie plays, I should like to make it quite clear that I am not concerned here with whether if the characters *are* unreal it is a good or bad thing, or whether it is a good or bad thing if they *are* real; all I wish to try and discover is whether taking the real in the ordinary sense, these characters can rightly claim to be under that category.

All through his writings Barrie seems to have a way

of looking at mankind as though the dual nature of it was always apparent to him. He appears to see a man or woman as they would appear if we met them in the street and also he seems to gaze into their souls. From this it may be suggested that in some of his characters Barrie is giving us not the outward person but the soul, and accordingly at a superficial glance we may seem to be dealing with the kind of person that seems to be quite unreal, because it is not the kind of person we are used to meeting. For it must be remembered we never meet the soul of a person, we only meet the outward shell, our own inward soul is but gazed upon by our own self.

But apart from this possibility that Barrie draws very largely the inner nature of mankind, the nature not seen by the casual observer, human nature is so complex that it is unreasonable to set such limits to it, that we can definitely say, such and such a character is quite unreal. It has been very often urged that Crichton [1] is no more a butler than a mosquito is a flea, that he is merely a symbol constructed by Barrie to show that the only proper environment for a butler is the orthodox pantry. Such a criticism which might have been worth consideration fifty years ago, is in this twentieth century not worth any serious notice. For if it was a little marvelous that Crichton should become betrothed to Lady Mary it is not so miraculous as what happens in our public life today, when schoolmasters become Prime Ministers and errand boys attain to the highest government offices. To accuse Barrie of hav-

ing drawn an unreal person in the figure of Crichton is beside the point.

That Crichton was an unusual type of butler is not to be denied but to say that he was unreal is certainly a mistake, for we can never so exactly know what the attributes of a butler are, that we can be quite sure there is a limit beyond which a butler becomes unreal. Barrie made Crichton a unique butler, he made it obvious that butlers were different beings from what we expected, but Crichton was not unreal in the sense that we could never meet his type in life. For though we meet twenty thousand butlers and not find Crichton, the twenty thousand and first butler might easily be more perfect than Barrie's Crichton.

One of the most difficult tendencies that a critic has to attempt to exterminate is that of preconception. Nearly everything that is disappointing is due to preconception, we preconceive God to be just (as a pragmatic value), we are amazed when the government of the world seems to be in the hands of an unjust and tyrannical monster, we preconceive that a horse is naturally a kindly animal and we are surprised when he suddenly bites us on the arm. But more than perhaps any class of person the literary critic suffers from this curse of preconception, he has preconceived ideas of what is good literary style, anything that does not come up to it, he condemns as inferior, he quite forgets that he may have to add a good bit to his already preconceived ideas. It is so when we are dealing with this question of the reality or otherwise of the Barrie char-

acters. We quite easily preconceive what is to our minds real, anything that does not agree with the standard set is put down as unreal. We set an absurd and arbitrary limit to what is real, we have never met anyone like Crichton so we say he is unreal, we have met a woman like Maggie Wylie [1] and quite easily we say here Barrie has drawn a real woman, we cannot judge Barrie's mortals fairly unless we allow that they may be real, although we have never met people like them.

To come to the third class, the fairy beings which are in some ways the most delightful of Barrie's creations; in asking whether they are real we are asking whether they are real not from the point of view of actual personality (for of course fairies are imaginary) but from the point of view that the symbolism they suggest is real. For it would be quite absurd to say that Peter Pan was a real person, for however much we might wish it, were we to sit for fifty years in Kensington Gardens we should never see him in the flesh, but in every child that passed we should see his shape and know as a symbol of childish dreams Peter Pan was indeed a reality.

Of all Barrie's little fairies next to Peter, perhaps the most real and the most unreal is that awful little imp of mischief Tinker Bell, for who is there of us who does not feel just near us some reality (almost personal) which leads us astray or brings us back.

These fairy beings that Barrie has drawn so delightfully really belong to this world, they are almost our

ideals and wishes put into definite shape, they are more than anything symbolic though this does not exclude them from the sphere of realism. They are those ideals that, though as we grow up seem to become more and more put on one side, at the most unexpected moments insist that they are still there, those moments when we see in the faint distance the child that was once ourself, those moments when suddenly in the crowded city we see some act of kindness, those moments when we realize with a horrid shock that it can hardly be that we were ever anything else but hard cold men of the world.

The Barrie fairies are the means of expressing what so many feel and so few can express, the wonder of motherhood, the reality of not wishing to grow up, they are the thoughts of Barrie painted into a concrete shape. In so far as these fairy beings are concerned with ideals which seem to be the possession of the mass of mankind, they may be said to be real. For the real part of humanity is not that which is necessarily seen but that part which is there far beneath the actual surface.

We have then arrived at the conclusion that the Barrie characters are real, though it must be admitted that sometimes the word "real" has to undergo a considerable widening from the popular way in which it is used. But Barrie teaches perhaps more than any other playwright the extraordinary complexity of human nature, the wonderful fact that humanity is not only human but it is also superhuman. In the crowded streets, in the quiet lanes, in the vast expanses of the world we meet in ordinary persons Peter Pans, those

unworldly people who never quite lose their childhood, who never allow themselves to be made hard and cynical.

The Barrie characters far from being unreal are even perchance supernatural and if we are really immortals then that part of us which is supernatural is the most real part of us.

PROBLEMS OF RURAL SOCIAL LIFE

By Thomas Nixon Carver

The rural population. No other problem is even second in importance to that of maintaining the native quality of the rural population. The rural districts are the seed bed from which even the cities are stocked with people. Upon the character of this stock, more than upon anything else, does the greatness of a nation and the quality of its civilization ultimately depend. If the native vigor, physical and mental, of the people should decline, nothing could save its civilization from decay. Not even education itself can permanently arrest such decay when the inborn capacity to be educated is disappearing. Every horseman believes in careful training as a preparation for racing, but no horseman, no matter how excellent his system of training might be, would expect to maintain or improve the speed of his stable if he bred mainly from scrub stock. Nor should any country, however excellent its educational system, expect to maintain the capacity and productive efficiency of its people if the most capable and

efficient of them multiply least rapidly, and the least capable and efficient multiply most rapidly.

But what is really meant by capacity and productive efficiency in a people? There is a story of an aged savage who, having lived most of his life among civilized men, returned in his old age to his native tribe, saying that he had tried civilization for forty years, and that it was not worth the trouble. A great deal of the philosophy of civilization is epitomized in this story. To a savage mind civilization is never worth the trouble, for the reason that taking trouble is distasteful to the savage mind. Only those races which have the capacity for taking trouble, or to whom taking trouble is not painful, are capable of becoming civilized. Civilization consists largely in taking pains. To some people it is too much trouble. They prefer to remain barbarians, even though they live in civilized surroundings. Other people have so much mental energy that they do not mind taking pains; in fact they rather enjoy it. They are the builders of our civilization. Individual genius was once defined as the capacity for taking infinite pains. The genius of a race or of a nation, and its capacity for civilization, may be defined in precisely the same terms.

Efficient agriculture requires forethought, planning for next year, and the year after, and the year after that; putting in a great deal of careful, painstaking work today, with no prospect of seeing a tangible result for years to come; looking after an interminable number of details day by day, week by week, month by

month, and year by year, in expectation of returns so distant in the future as to lie beyond the vision of lesser minds. Only the men or the races which possess this kind of capacity are capable of efficient agriculture or of efficient industry of any kind. Whatever other admirable qualities the savage may possess, — and he may possibly boast superiority over the civilized man in many respects, — lacking these qualities, he will remain a beaten race. Similarly, whatever admirable and amiable qualities an individual of our own race may possess, lacking these he will be a beaten man. It is idle for either a race or an individual to complain, or to say that in some other kind of world it would not have been beaten. This happens to be this kind of world, and in this kind of world it happens that success comes to those races which possess in the highest degree the economic virtues of industry, sobriety, thrift, forethought, reliability, knowledge of natural laws, and mutual helpfulness. These are the qualities which bring success to a race or a nation, and the possession of these qualities constitutes, therefore, what we call capacity and efficiency. We may persuade ourselves that we like other qualities or people who possess them, but nature pays very little attention to our likes and dislikes in such matters. However much we may like other qualities, the peoples who lack these qualities will fail; and however much we may persuade ourselves that we despise the sober, homely, economic virtues, the peoples who possess them will succeed and eventually dominate the world.

The problem of maintaining the capacity of the rural population for civilization will depend upon two questions: (1) Is it the most or the least capable individuals who marry earliest and have the largest families? (2) Is it the most or the least capable individuals who leave the farms and migrate to the cities?

Ideally it would seem as though the most capable young men should arrive first at a position of independence, where it would be possible to marry and settle down to the work of building up an estate and a family. Where social ideals are sound this is doubtless the case; but where they are unsound it is otherwise. Where the social ideals are such that it is regarded as an honorable ambition — as the most honorable ambition, in fact — to found a family, with a family estate to support it, or to perpetuate a family already honorably established, and to maintain its standards and traditions, the capable young men will be guided by this ideal, and the most capable of them will succeed best in realizing it. But where the end and aim of economic life centers in the gratification of the senses or of individual vanity, in attracting public notice because of individual achievement in fashionable society, in art, literature, or scholarship, or in any other of the so-called polite pursuits, the family ideal is lost from sight. Under such circumstances, there is a tendency to look upon achievement in some of these directions as an end in itself, rather than as a means of family building; to assume that an honorable ambition is realized when success along these other lines is attained, regardless of the fate of the

family ideal. Such perverted social ideals are likely to prove disastrous to the race, because they lead the capable young men and women to follow those other ambitions and to abandon that of the family builder.

The family builder. The general abandonment of the ambition of the family builder will prove disastrous to the race for several reasons. In the first place, it leads capable and ambitious young men to choose their wives for other reasons than their capacity as mothers. The man whose ideal of life centers in individual gratification will, if he is successful enough in an economic sense to give him opportunity for choice in the matter, choose a wife on the ground of her capacity to minister to his vanity or to his sensuality; to choose one, for example, who will help him in fashionable society, whose face will please his fancy. The man whose dominant ambition is to found a splendid family, or to achieve immortality by leaving behind him a family of capable children, well trained and disciplined for the battle of life, and dominated by high ideals of morality, patriotism, and so forth, will choose a wife who is capable of helping him to achieve that ambition. She must be sound physically and capable of bearing and nursing healthy children; she must also be possessed of unusual mental power, and therefore capable of transmitting that mental power to her children; and, finally, she must be dominated by high ideals of morality and social service, in order that she may give her time and strength unsparingly to the task of training her children for good citizenship. When the family-building ambition dom-

inates the people, this is the kind of woman who will be most sought after in marriage, who will least frequently remain unmarried and childless, who will marry earliest and therefore have the longest child-bearing period, and who will get the most capable and vigorous husbands, and therefore bear the most capable and vigorous children. Where different ideals prevail, a different type of woman will be most sought after in marriage. Women weaker physically, mentally, and morally may satisfy other desires better than the type just described; consequently the stronger type of women will be more likely to remain unmarried and childless, or to marry later and therefore have a shorter child-bearing period, or to get less capable and vigorous husbands and therefore bear less capable and vigorous children. In addition to all this, where other than the family ideal dominates marriage, there will be more childless marriages.

The country which maintains the soundest ideals and ambitions in the way of family building will be the country peopled with the strongest and most capable citizens. The country with the strongest and most capable citizenship will be the strongest and the most prosperous country. Since the citizenship of the country is, in the end, recruited mainly from the rural districts, it is especially important that sound ideals should predominate there. To fail in this respect is, eventually, to fail in everything. Therefore there need not be the slightest hesitation in saying that the most important ambition which can be cherished in the country is the ambition of every capable man and

woman to found or perpetuate an honorable, capable, and vigorous family. The aim of successful agriculture should be to enable the successful agriculturist to maintain a family estate for the support and perpetuation of such a family. Nothing could be more disastrous than the idea that successful agriculture, or a rich farm, was an end in itself, or that it was a means to any such end as sensual gratification, personal vanity or ostentation, or more luxurious ease.

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What is social service? Much is being said nowadays about social service as the mission of the church. That is, in itself, an excellent thing; but there is a tendency to take too narrow a view of social service, just as there was formerly a tendency to take too narrow a view of spirituality. The result is that as much cant is being preached in the name of social service as ever was preached in the name of spirituality. This is to be expected of those who do not realize that all productive work, such as growing corn, wheat, or cattle, to feed the world, or growing wool or cotton to clothe the world, is social service; and that the best social service which the average man can perform is to do his regular work well, — to grow good crops if he is a farmer, and to bring up his family in habits of industry, sobriety, thrift, reliability, and mutual helpfulness; that anything, in short, is social service which builds up the country and makes it strong, powerful, progressive, and prosperous. The church which preaches and teaches social service in this

broad and constructive sense will become a powerful factor in the progress and prosperity of the country, and is not likely to lack for adequate support.

The dependence of the farmer upon his social surroundings, as previously pointed out, gives the country church a unique opportunity for real service outside the field of agricultural production. The organizations which can supply the farmer and his family with an agreeable social life will supply one of the greatest needs of rural people and will deserve their support. If the church can do this, there need be no rival organization spring up to divide the loyalty and support of the people. If the church does not do it, some other organization will. The need is too great to be left unsatisfied, and will create the means for its own satisfaction.

In order that the country church may contribute its share toward supplying opportunities for a wholesome and agreeable social life, it is not necessary that it undertake an elaborate program of entertainments, concerts, gymnastic classes, and so forth, though all these things are good in their places. One thing, and only one thing, is essential, though it is sometimes difficult to attain and is always capable of infinite variation. It is essential that people with a common interest should occasionally be brought together, that is, within speaking distance of one another. If that can be done, social life will take care of itself. But it is not always easy to find a common interest. In some times and places theological speculation, in others political or scientific speculation, has so occupied men's minds as to

give them an all-absorbing theme of common interest. When they came together their common interests made them agreeable company for one another and gave them ample opportunity for high converse on great themes. Where there is no common and absorbing interest of this kind something must be found or created, otherwise conversation will revolve interminably around such themes as the weather and crops.

But it is not at all necessary that conversation should center in speculative themes, either theological, political, or scientific. Problems of parish or neighborhood economy, of rural beautification, are large enough to occupy the time and attention of several generations. The problems of the beautification of rural roads, bridges, schoolhouses and grounds, church grounds, and so forth, are enough to occupy the spare time and attention of rural America for a hundred years to come. A neighborhood which becomes possessed with a common passion for beautification will never lack for social life. The church which can arouse such an interest as this, or any other equally noble interest, will have gone a long way toward solving the problem of a wholesome and agreeable social life in the country.

But the well-known and regularly established means of social grace must not be overlooked. Most people like to eat and drink, and when they can be brought together around a common table, they have, in a small way at least, every essential of social life; that is, you have your people together with a common interest. From this as a beginning there is possible a vast widen-

ing of the social life. It can scarcely be regarded as profane to suggest that we have, in this common-sense view, the original and real significance of the Holy Communion, before mysticism crept in. Again, there are the common social amusements and recreations. Of particular value for rural communities is choral singing, the highest form of social amusement known to man. Where a group of people sing together for their own delectation, rather than for that of an audience, we have one of the best possible solvents of private differences and idiosyncrasies, and one of the highest possible means of promoting a sense of brotherhood and solidarity, as well as one of the oldest and most primitive forms of social communion. Even dancing is not to be despised as a means of grace, where it can be carried on in the proper spirit.

The example of Denmark. The most remarkable example of agricultural regeneration in modern times is Denmark. In 1864 she was facing national ruin. As the result of a disastrous war, itself a heavy drain upon the country, she had lost some of her best provinces. In addition to this she was obliged to pay a heavy war indemnity. Finally, and worst of all, her German market was cut off by the German tariff wall. But as one result of this accumulation of calamities there was developed an intense feeling of national patriotism and solidarity. Out of this feeling grew a number of coöperative measures for the rebuilding of the country, especially in the field of agriculture. Within fifty years Denmark became the most prosperous country

on the continent of Europe, and stands today as a monument to the efficiency of the spirit of intelligent coöperation. It is a coöperation not forced upon the people by a government, but a spontaneous coöperation growing out of a general spirit of patriotism and mutual helpfulness. Every student who is intimately acquainted with the history of this movement agrees that the popular recreations and festivities have been powerful factors in creating this spirit, and that the popular songs and hymns, and the habit of singing them together on all occasions, have given to these recreations and festivities a patriotic and religious character which is to be found nowhere else today on so large a scale.

Every college student is familiar with the fact that when a body of students unites upon a common interest, like an athletic contest, there is not the slightest difficulty in getting them together, and when they do get together there is not the slightest difficulty in keeping things going. Even singing seems to be a perfectly natural and fitting form of expression. Precisely the same principle has been seen in operation on a larger scale by anyone who has lived through a great national crisis, like war. When the people are intensely interested in the same thing their gatherings are never dull. Singing together is a natural way of expressing the common feeling, and no one questions its propriety.

The Danish people have demonstrated that it is possible for a whole people to become as thoroughly united and as enthusiastic upon the common interest of agricultural production and national upbuilding as it is for

a body of college students to become upon the subject of an athletic contest, or for a nation to become on the subject of war. The church which can give its people or its neighborhood a great and noble enthusiasm like this will have no difficulty in creating a vibrating social life. Then it will not seem out of place, or bad taste, for the people to sing whenever they get together.* The absence of any common enthusiasm means a disunited, egoistic, disintegrating social life, compared with which even war, horrible as it is, may be the lesser evil if it results in uniting the people in a common interest and a common cause. Since Denmark has shown that a people may develop a common enthusiasm for the arts of peace, it ought to furnish a basis for a constructive faith in its possibility elsewhere. If the church is not to be the conservator of that constructive kind of faith, where shall we look for it?

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Rural sports and recreations. Every hard-working student will easily understand how essential a reasonable amount of recreation is to the maintenance of a high state of mental and physical efficiency. He will then appreciate the statement that a rational standard of living must include a reasonable expenditure of time or money on recreations. Just what is a reasonable expenditure for this purpose may not be easy to deter-

* Incidentally it may be mentioned that many of the oldest recorded hymns of the Indo-European branch of the human race, those of the *Rig Veda*, are agricultural hymns.

mine, though there need be no disagreement as to the general principle that too little recreation, which produces dullness of body and mind, is as bad as too much, which is mere dissipation or waste of time, energy, and money. Nor need there be any disagreement as to the principle that the recreations should be such as to appeal to all members of the community. While economists generally approve a division of labor in industry, there are few who will approve a kind of division of labor which is too frequently found in rural communities, where most of the men work all the time and never play, while a few loafers amuse themselves all the time and never work.

Rural sports are the natural adjunct of rural festivals as a means of maintaining a wholesome and agreeable social life in the country. Owing to a natural excitability and tendency to excess, Americans have found it difficult to develop distinctive rural sports as a permanent and dignified institution of rural life, except in a few favored localities. Fox-hunting and horse-racing tend, in this country, to be spoiled as rural sports by their affectation by urban magnates in the one case and livery-stable toughs in the other. Nothing is finer and more dignified than for a group of neighboring, well-to-do farmers to unite for a day's hunting, when the purpose is to rid the country of vermin; but when a group of townsmen, who have learned to ride under a roof in a professional riding school, proceed to the country and advertise their solvency by chasing a timid fox across the fields, the sight is not calculated to

inspire admiration. Nor is there any sport more fitting than for a group of horse-breeding farmers to meet for the purpose of testing the speed of their colts in a fair and open competition. It is only by such open competition that successful horse-breeding is made possible. But when horse-racing degenerates into a mere vaudeville "stunt," or, as is more frequently the case, into a mere opportunity for a group of professional gamblers from the purlieus of the livery stables, who have been initiated into the mysteries of race-track management, to enrich themselves at the expense of the uninitiated, it is not too much to say that it has lost its virtue as the inspirer of a wholesome and agreeable social life in the country.

In view of the well-known excitability of the American temperament, and its tendency to excess, it is important that rural sport in this country should be of a character which does not lend itself readily to extreme specialization; otherwise it will tend to drift into the hands of specialists, who do the playing while the public looks on. This produces a spectacle rather than a sport. It is also important that there should be considerable variety in the forms of sport, in order that as many as possible should be able to participate. Of particular importance, however, is the requirement that these sports should fit into the seasonal character of rural work. City work is so uniform that the time for recreation can be evenly distributed throughout the year. Short hours with regular weekly, biweekly, or monthly half holidays give the city worker ample time

for wholesome recreation. But since in every farming country there are rush seasons, when short hours and half holidays would mean a loss of crops, it is obvious that recreation time cannot be so evenly diffused. To make up for this, it is desirable that during the seasons when work is slack there should be regular periods of recreation, and games which need not be crowded into a single afternoon.

This suggests the need also of regular annual festival occasions, suited to each section of the country and its type of agriculture, when there can be a general relaxation from the strenuous toil of the rush seasons. In anticipation of such a period of jollity, the grinding fatigue of the busy season is borne with more patience, particularly by the young people, and the work is done more vigorously because more cheerfully. Again, there is the possibility of uniting social pleasure with rural work to a somewhat greater degree than is now done. If the spirit which showed itself among our ancestors in the barn-raisings, logrollings, and similar occasions could be restored, it is possible that the present generation could get a great deal of social pleasure out of the threshing season and other occasions of a similar character. This would seem to be the natural time for the harvest home celebration, which has been so important an event in all old rural civilizations. In former days, however, as the writer can testify, threshing was such prodigiously hard work, and a great deal of it was so dusty and disagreeable, as to stifle any spirit of jollification which might otherwise

have arisen. But with more powerful engines and more highly improved machinery of the present, the hardest and most disagreeable part of the work of threshing has been eliminated. Under such conditions it is at least a theoretical possibility that the threshing season in any neighborhood might be made a festival occasion, to be participated in by women as well as by men — by priest, parson, and schoolma'am as well as by the farmers themselves.

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS *

By Christopher Morley

There are a great many people who really believe in answering letters the day they are received, just as there are people who go to the movies at nine o'clock in the morning; but these people are stunted and queer.

It is a great mistake. Such crass and breathless promptness takes away a great deal of the pleasure of correspondence.

The psychological didoes involved in receiving letters and making up one's mind to answer them are very complex. If the tangled process could be clearly analyzed and its component involutions isolated for inspection we might reach a clearer comprehension of that curious bag of tricks, the efficient Masculine Mind.

* From *Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley. Copyright 1919, George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Take Bill F., for instance, a man so delightful that even to contemplate his existence puts us in good humor and makes us think well of a world that can exhibit an individual equally comely in mind, body and estate. Every now and then we get a letter from Bill, and immediately we pass into a kind of trance, in which our mind rapidly enunciates the ideas, thoughts, surmises and contradictions that we would like to write to him in reply. We think what fun it would be to sit right down and churn the inkwell, spreading speculation and cynicism over a number of sheets of foolscap to be wafted Billward.

Sternly we repress the impulse for we know that the shock to Bill of getting so immediate a retort would surely unhinge the well-fitted panels of his intellect.

We add his letter to the large delta of unanswered mail on our desk, taking occasion to turn the mass over once or twice and run through it in a brisk, smiling mood, thinking of all the jolly letters we shall write some day.

After Bill's letter has lain on the pile for a fortnight or so it has been gently silted over by about twenty other pleasantly postponed manuscripts. Coming upon it by chance, we reflect that any specific problems raised by Bill in that manifesto will by this time have settled themselves. And his random speculations upon household management and human destiny will probably have taken a new slant by now, so that to answer his letter in its own tune will not be congruent with his present fevers. We had better bide a wee

until we really have something of circumstance to impart.

We wait a week.

By this time a certain sense of shame has begun to invade the privacy of our brain. We feel that to answer that letter would be an indelicacy. Better to pretend that we never got it. By and by Bill will write again and then we will answer promptly. We put the letter back in the middle of the heap and think what a fine chap Bill is. But he knows we love him, so it doesn't really matter whether we write or not.

Another week passes by, and no further communication from Bill. We wonder whether he does love us as much as we thought. Still — we are too proud to write and ask.

A few days later a new thought strikes us. Perhaps Bill thinks we have died and he is annoyed because he wasn't invited to the funeral. Ought we to wire him? No, because after all we are not dead, and even if he thinks we are, his subsequent relief at hearing the good news of our survival will outweigh his bitterness during the interval. One of these days we will write him a letter that will really express our heart, filled with all the grindings and gear-work of our mind, rich in affection and fallacy. But we had better let it ripen and mellow for a while. Letters, like wines, accumulate bright fumes and bubblings if kept under cork.

Presently we turn over that pile of letters again. We find in the lees of the heap two or three that have gone for six months and can safely be destroyed. Bill is

still on our mind, but in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way. He does not ache or twinge us as he did a month ago. It is fine to have old friends like that and keep in touch with them. We wonder how he is and whether he has two children or three. Splendid old Bill!

By this time we have written Bill several letters in imagination and enjoyed doing so, but the matter of sending him an actual letter has begun to pall. The thought no longer has the savor and vivid sparkle it had once. When one feels like that it is unwise to write. Letters should be spontaneous outpourings: they should never be undertaken merely from a sense of duty. We know that Bill wouldn't want to get a letter that was dictated by a feeling of obligation.

Another fortnight or so elapsing, it occurs to us that we have entirely forgotten what Bill said to us in that letter. We take it out and con it over. Delightful fellow! It is full of his own felicitous kinks of whim, though some of it sounds a little old-fashioned by now. It seems a bit stale, has lost some of its freshness and surprise. Better not answer it just yet, for Christmas will soon be here and we shall have to write then anyway. We wonder, can Bill hold out until Christmas without a letter?

We have been re-reading some of those imaginary letters to Bill that have been dancing in our head. They are full of all sorts of fine stuff. If Bill ever gets them he will know how we love him. To use O. Henry's immortal joke, we have days of Damon and Knights of Pythias writing those uninked letters to Bill. A curi-

ous thought has come to us. Perhaps it would be better if we never saw Bill again. It is very difficult to talk to a man when you like him so much. It is much easier to write in the sweet fantastic strain. We are so inarticulate when face to face. If Bill comes to town we will leave word that we have gone away. Good old Bill! He will always be a precious memory.

A few days later a sudden frenzy sweeps over us, and though we have many pressing matters on hand, we mobilize pen and paper and literary shock troops and prepare to hurl several battalions at Bill. But, strangely enough, our utterance seems stilted and stiff. We have nothing to say. *My dear Bill,* we begin, *it seems a long time since we heard from you. Why don't you write? We still love you, in spite of all your shortcomings.*

That doesn't sound very cordial. We muse over the pen and nothing comes. Bursting with affection, we are unable to say a word.

Just then the phone rings. "Hello?" we say.

It is Bill, come to town unexpectedly.

"Good old fish!" we cry, ecstatic. "Meet you at the corner of Tenth and Chestnut in five minutes."

We tear up the unfinished letter. Bill will never know how much we love him. Perhaps it is just as well. It is very embarrassing to have your friends know how you feel about them. When we meet him we will be a little bit on our guard. It would not be well to be betrayed into any extravagance of cordiality.

And perhaps a not altogether false little story could be written about a man who never visited those most dear to him, because it panged him so to say good-by when he had to leave.

AMERICANS AND SPORT

By Georges Lechartier

The passionate interest with which Americans followed the Dempsey-Carpentier fight is but another illustration of the importance which they attach to sport. We shall never understand their national character fully until we comprehend this passion.

It is based upon love of "fair play," though the game may be killing a man — a sport governed by its own frontier code. The very stage-robber roughs, and the bullies who pioneered the Far West, obeyed certain laws of their trade, designed to give every man a fair chance. That once granted, individual initiative, courage, shrewdness, and daring had free rein. The dead were buried where they fell, and the sheriff's jurisdiction ceased.

Americans inherit from their heroic frontier traditions, which all admire and many still regret, both reverence for fair play and passion for sport. Though this nation did enter the war in the service of a great ideal, — for the Yankees are incorrigible idealists, — another important motive, a controlling motive, was their love of sport.

I recall what a San Francisco journalist said to me in 1915, when I remarked upon the number of pro-Germans in the West: "When we see Germany, with all the world against her, holding her own and even driving back the Russians, we feel that she plays the game well and applaud her skill. If the man on the street is pro-German, it is because of his sporting instinct." It was sporting sentiment, again, that made the Americans almost unanimous for war as soon as they saw Germany breaking the rules of the game with her submarines.

An American street lad cannot insult another worse than by calling him no sport. A boy who will meekly tolerate almost any other charge will instantly resent this one with his fists.

So the taste for sport, acquired at a tender age, continues throughout life. Everywhere in America you see athletic fields, tennis courts, and golf links. They are attached to factories, and occupy public parks. Operatives flock to them as soon as their work is over, and generally spend Saturday afternoons at such games. About a quarter of the forty square miles of park around Chicago is used for baseball fields, golf links, tennis courts, and other athletic objects. Matches between towns, factories, schools, and cities always draw great crowds, who follow them with passionate interest.

One day I chanced to see the following incident in Chicago. A baseball game was being played in a field surrounded by a high fence. At one place a board was missing. A gigantic policeman — all policemen in Chicago are giants — had been stationed at the last

moment to keep small boys from crawling through, or watching the game from this opening. However, this policeman was an American, and naturally himself a sport lover. Probably he had performed his duties conscientiously at first; but who can resist the temptation of the national sport? When I saw him, the guardian of the law presented but an enormous back to the outer world. He stood motionless, gazing through the aperture which he was stationed to protect, utterly absorbed in the game. His corpulence encouraged him to straddle a little as he leaned against the fence. A young lad had profited by the situation to establish himself directly behind the officer of the law. So there were the two, both wrapped in the game, both howling enthusiastically at every good play — the policeman apparently quite oblivious of the youngster between his legs.

An even more significant incident, pointing the same moral, lately occurred at a country town where the "Yankees" of New York were training. A local nine defeated the distinguished visitors by a score of one to nothing, and the little village went wild over the achievement. Its citizens swept across the diamond, a cheering, shrieking mob, and, forming an impromptu procession, continued the celebration into the town itself.

While neighbor was congratulating neighbor upon the glorious victory, a little group of men was discovered anxiously inquiring for the whereabouts of Albert T. Lyons, the town constable. Now Albert T. Lyons had

been prominently visible only a few moments before, in the front row on the grandstand. He had shouted and howled as loudly as the most patriotic of his fellow-townsmen. But no one knew where he went when the game was over. Those best informed, or pretending to be so, assured the solicitous inquirers that he had gone with the crowd to celebrate down town. The truth was he had been completely lost in the shuffle.

Soon the ball field was deserted except for the little group of distracted men hunting for Albert T. Lyons. These persistent seekers were no others than the prisoners from the county jail, eighteen in all, who had been among the most interested spectators of the game. It later developed that these prisoners had no intention originally of leaving their involuntary domicile for the afternoon. But fate had disposed otherwise. Sheriff Wilson, who was in charge of the jail, noticing that schools, stores, and factories had closed to let every good townsman see the local champions measure their prowess against the famous visitors, left Albert T. Lyons, the local constable, to guard the prisoners for the remainder of the day. Then, donning his best uniform, he joined his fellow-citizens at the ball field.

However, Lyons, after watching the long procession of his neighbors and acquaintances pass the gates of his bastille, could not master his intense interest in the coming contest. First he was melancholy, then restless, then impatient. Finally, he made up his mind. He decided that it was his duty also to be present at that game; and, since he could not leave his prisoners,

he would take them with him. Lining them up in a column of fours, he gave the order: "Forward — march!" and thus they appeared at the historic contest.

However, in the excitement that followed, Albert T. Lyons completely forgot his charges. The prisoners, in their turn, forgot Albert T. Lyons. Neither the one nor the other had eyes or voice except for the great event before them. The constable found himself, without knowing just how, at the sheriff's side. The two men greeted each other, two souls with but a single thought, two pairs of lungs that howled as one. When the game was over, both the sheriff and the constable forgot entirely their prisoners. Beside themselves with enthusiasm and civic pride, they hastened to town with the rest.

Now, when the eighteen prisoners found that they had been deserted, they took counsel among themselves. After some deliberation they decided to march down town and seek their guardian, Albert T. Lyons, or, if he could not be found, the sheriff.

But the town was thronged with excited people. The prisoners marched up and down the main street in file. In vain they questioned passers-by. Breaking up into detachments, they even hunted through the side streets. Albert T. Lyons was not to be found. Supper hour was drawing near. Their unwonted exercise had sharpened their appetites. They deliberated anew, and decided unanimously what their next move should be. Doubling their pace, they hastened back

to the jail, with the hope of finding supper ready, whether the constable was there or not.

But here a new disappointment awaited them. The jail was locked. They rang the bell, they pounded, they investigated. No reply. They took counsel anew. Two expert lock-pickers were invited to exhibit their talents. Without waiting to be asked a second time, they took off their coats and proceeded to attack the lock. Did they lack proper tools? Had they lost their skill in jail? Whatever the cause, the door resisted. Finally, the professional lock-pickers, humiliated and defeated, and scoffed at by their hungry fellow-prisoners, gave up the job. Then a veteran second-story man volunteered to climb a waterspout and enter by an upper window. But the window resisted as obstinately as the door, so he, too, returned defeated.

All this time the savory odors of broiling beefsteak and boiling coffee were wafted to their nostrils from inside, whetting their appetites and deepening despair. Happily, just at that moment the door opened. Mrs. Draper, the cook, summoned from the kitchen by the noise and prudently armed with the poker, stood in the opening. Her famished boarders swept past her like a single man, eager to make up for lost time. Scarcely had a second helping been served all-round, when Constable Albert T. Lyons and Sheriff Wilson arrived, out of breath, worried, and apologetic. However, apologies were unnecessary. They were joyously welcomed, and everyone talked at once of the glorious victory.

Are you waiting for a moral? Do you fancy that the negligent constable was dismissed? Was the careless sheriff replaced, or even reprimanded? Not at all. It was a question of sport, so no explanations were needed. In fact, the town rather prided itself on having such patriotic guardians of the law.

Naturally, the automobile has added another new sporting element to American life. Arrests and fines for speeding dó not have the slightest effect upon the mania for taking risks. People are as proud of their mounting lists of fines, as they are of their speed records.

A couple of years ago the Long Island Railway Company conceived the idea of substituting light, artistic gates for the heavy barriers previously used at grade crossings. The next year, however, it had to replace the old ponderous contrivances. The official reason for this backward step was that automobilists would run through the light gates as a sport, in order to cross the track just ahead of trains. The reports specified six cases in one week where people had voluntarily taken this risk.

Where such sports are the vogue, it is not strange that horse-racing should seem dull. Aëroplane races will doubtless become popular as soon as means are devised for following them throughout their course. During the interval, the most popular races are perhaps those between the crews of the great universities. The most largely attended is the Harvard-Yale boat race, which is rowed on a pretty river at New London.

On the day of the contest this little port is almost lost

in a cloud of white sails, gay banners, and pennants. It is the center of a pandemonium of whistles, sirens, music, and cheering crowds. Slender racing shells, motor boats, and yachts dart hither and thither. The whole course is a focus of intense activity. Two trains, exactly alike, are waiting on the opposite banks of the river. Each consists of sixty cars, provided with awning-covered seats for spectators. The one on the right bank is for Yale supporters; the one on the left for those of Harvard. Each ticket indicates the seat reserved for its possessor. Everything is arranged beforehand. In spite of the immense throng, there is no confusion. The organization is perfect.

Just before the start the waterside is a rendezvous of elegance and beauty. Rarely does one see in such short time and limited space so many gracious, graceful, pretty girls, with admirable — and apparently natural — complexions. Each wears the color of her favorite university: blue for Yale, and crimson for Harvard. Old graduates meet each other for the first time in ten or twenty years. There is a hurly-burly of glad greetings. But they refrain from personal remarks and inquiries. They are glad to see each other; but their only thought is of the race. Here are two elderly gentlemen, each remarkably well groomed, who perceive each other from a distance. They run up, clasp hands, and circle round in a sort of joyous war dance. Are they crazy men? By no means. They are simply two old Harvard alumni who have just discovered each other.

Hucksters' carts and boys with baskets circulate through the crowd, selling peanuts, cigars, chewing-gum, and a multitude of strange refreshments of every hue of the rainbow. Add to all this color and movement the dazzling American sunlight, and you have an incomparable picture of life and gayety.

The starting hour approaches. The bells of the two locomotives begin to ring. Conductors shout, "All aboard!" The whole world hastens to its allotted place.

Slowly we begin to move. Hundreds of cinema cameras are trained on us. They are posted everywhere: on moving automobiles, on high scaffoldings, on lamp-posts, and on a lofty tank.

At last we leave the city, thread the suburbs, and come to the open country. At this point an immense steel bridge joins the opposite banks. We halt in the middle. Below us, as far as the eye can reach, the river reveals two long avenues of masts. Vessels of every size and form, yachts, steamers, schooners, countless motor boats, yawls, and barges, each loaded to the limit with bright-faced people, mostly dressed in white, are ranged along the course. Soon we detect the slender racing shells deliberately taking their positions beneath the bridge. The banks on either side are not black, but white, with spectators. The course is directly up-stream from this point.

Now the shells are in position, each held at its proper point by the outstretched arms of the trainers. There is a moment's pause, an impressive silence. The sharp crack of a revolver, and then, with a single impulse,

with a perfectly even sweep of the oars, the two shells shoot away.

Yale speedily takes the lead. The Harvard crew rows with long "classic" strokes. Yale, on the other hand, has adopted this year a short, quick stroke, which comes, according to rumor, from Australia. It certainly proves the better at the start.

From the moment the race begins, a constant roar follows the contesting crews from either shore. On the right, everyone is shouting: "Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!" in deafening unison. Sometimes the noise dies down for a moment, only to rise higher than ever. From the other side we hear the rival shouters with their constant staccato: "Yale! Yale! Yale!" Then there ascends for a moment, above the other clamor, a weird sort of chant; apparently the battle hymn of the rival university, to which Harvard replies with its own university song.

The train keeps just abreast of the rowers. We see on the opposite bank the apparently endless train bearing the Yale crowd. The rival shell is decidedly in the lead. The bodies of its crew bend back and forth in quick unison, like the threads on a spindle; while the Harvard men, with their more deliberate rhythm, seem a little surer of themselves. They give the impression of greater ease. Nevertheless, at the end of the quarter, Yale is three lengths in the lead.

The Harvard men redouble their cheering. It is as if they would force their shell ahead by mere will-power. For a moment we lose sight of the contestants behind

some yacht or three-decked river steamer, whose dense crowd of passengers is likewise shouting and cheering on the contestants by waving handkerchiefs, umbrellas, hats, and arms. These thousands of spectators are like one person with a single thought, and that thought expressed in noise.

During the next quarter the distance between the two shells increases. Yale keeps well in the lead. The moment comes when there seems no hope for Harvard. Just then, when the cheering from our side begins to die away, we detect a lessening in the distance between the contesting crews. At first we hesitate, lest we have been deceived. Then our impression is confirmed. The boats are closer together. Harvard is picking up. There are only two lengths between them — only one and a half.

It is beyond my powers of description to give any idea of the roars of enthusiasm, the shouts, the howls, the hurrahs, the open mouths, dilated eyes, contorted forms, clenched fists rising and falling in cadence with the "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of the wild Indians who surround us. It would take a Dostoievski [1] or a Dante [2] to portray that — and he would fail.

By this time only three-quarters of a length separates the two shells. Whistles toot and bellow in every pitch, sirens roar in agonizing shrieks. The white surf of human beings on either bank rolls and sways in one great climax of noise and movement. The sharp reports of revolvers and the booming of cannon punctuate the din.

We are drawing near the end of the course. The double row of vessels becomes more compact. The train makes a half circle round the little bay, and stops. Here the boats are so close together that they form a solid mass. A perfect thicket of spars, awnings, smoke-stacks entirely cuts off our view of the water. We lose sight of the contestants for a moment at this point. When we next see them, the distance between them has increased. On our side there is a moment's hesitation, an instant of hope. We imagine we see the Harvard colors in the leading boat. But it is only the illusion of an instant. Yale leads! They are now separated by seven lengths. The race is over. Yale wins.

While the crews, exhausted by their last spasmodic effort, sink back in the bottoms of their shells, a thunder of cheers, punctuated by revolver shots, cannon shots, and other detonations, surpassing even the pandemonium along the course, rolls over to us from the opposite bank, as if to crush us under an avalanche of sound.

Meanwhile on our side the enthusiasm of a moment before has given place to blank despair. Our whole train is silent as the grave. Even the conductors, the engineer, and the fireman were eager partisans of Harvard. We did not expect Yale to win. While the rival train remains in its position, celebrating its victory, our train draws away in almost tragic silence, hastening back to our point of departure.

Sport is an element in the games of the United States. But it is found not only there. You discover it in

education, in business, in politics, and in manners. It is everywhere.

In business as well as boxing and baseball, Americans figure chances. Instead of shirking risks, they seek them as a sport. They thus acquire quickness of conception, sureness in action, promptness in decision, a disciplined spirit of adventure, and great energy in execution. When the rules of a game are once agreed upon, rarely does either party violate them. If he does, then it is each one for himself, and any stratagem becomes fair play. The American's motive is not solely to make money, but also to win. So the sporting spirit expresses itself in every phase of national life.

EFFICIENCY

By Luther H. Gulick

It is the kind of work in which a man is engaged which determines for him the special meaning of the term *efficiency*. The success of his efforts may depend wholly upon the quantity of his output, or it may depend upon its quality. Quantity! Quality! Upon these two hang all the laws of efficiency.

Mere quantity is the measure of success for the man who shovels coal or digs in a ditch. Even the best of us have a considerable amount of pure hack-work to do: but as we go up the scale of human activity, quality counts more and more. The conditions of life when one can do work of the highest quality, demanding

imagination, insight, vision, and creative power, are higher than the conditions when merely the maximum in quantity is demanded. The higher the quality of the work, the greater the nervous cost of it, and the more highly perfected must be the machine that does it.

The conditions for efficiency in the case of the ordinary day laborer are not complex. His work is that of a coarse machine, turning out, like a grain thresher, a great amount of production relatively low in grade. His efficiency is but little disturbed by constant feeding upon indigestible victuals, by frequent carousals, by a dirty skin and bad air. Low-grade production does not need a high-grade organism.

But if under conditions of special stringency you press the day laborer to the utmost of his strength, one of two things happens. Either he goes to pieces and becomes useless; or his machinery alters, developing into something more highly organized, which requires more delicate care and which rebels more certainly under abuse. The conditions of health for him — that is to say, of "wholeness," or normal power — are more complex, more exacting. The coarser the machine, the more easily it maintains its balance. There is a criterion of efficiency for the threshing machine, but it is not that of a high-grade watch.

Men have in a few days developed ideas, formulated plans, written poems that were worth more to mankind than a lifetime of work whose value was estimated in terms of quantity. The health of the thinker, of the financier, of the executive genius, demands a momen-

tary alertness of all the faculties, an ability to grasp, to originate, to carry out, a trained perception and an intelligent discrimination. He must be the master of a delicate, high-grade machine calculated to carry on high-grade work. His health is upon an absolutely different level from that of the farmhand or the coal shoveler.

Nothing could be more misleading than the familiar phrase, "healthy as a savage." The health of the savage is nothing to boast of. He has only a moderate control over his purely physical faculties. His power of endurance is limited, he is helpless in an emergency, he has no power of continued attention. Health such as his is a low-grade achievement.

For the larger number of city men and women, the conditions of efficiency are related more to the quality than to the quantity of their output. It pays for us to learn how to run our machines on the higher levels of quality-efficiency. "Live at your best," is a safe motto for everyone whose work calls for brain rather than brawn. The world rewards the man of brains. Through an excess of hack-work a man of native power may stand in the way of his own greatest success, for he is keeping his blood so full of the products of over-work and his nerve batteries so depleted that their best discharge is impossible. Big work demands high pressure, reserve power. Any engineer can pull his throttle wide open and soon lower the steam pressure to such an extent that great work is impossible till steam is raised again. People are constantly doing this. They do not keep up the supply of nervous energy to that point

where big ideas or great execution are possible. They let themselves be so ground down by the deadly details of daily work that the real things, the great opportunities, slip by through lack of power to act at the critical moment.

To give oneself the best chance possible for insight, largeness of view, and inspiration, is clearly the part of wisdom. It may be true, to be sure, that for a man who has never known any moments of larger life, who has never had any idea of value, the effort necessary to keep the machine on those high levels of power would not be worth while. A draught horse does not need for its kind of efficiency the same care that the race horse demands. The steam shovel does not need the special care bestowed upon a watch.

It is my conviction, however, that capabilities of a peculiar character exist in almost everyone; and that a man's value to society depends, to a large extent, upon his discovering and developing his special talent. The number of those who have a right to live complacently upon any other level than that of maximum efficiency is certainly small, for to do so implies that no further growth is possible for them.

It is not our intention to provide an easy recipe for the development of genius. What we seek is to enable each man to discover and secure for himself the best attainable conditions for his own daily life, to apply to the various details of that life our present knowledge of physiology and psychology in a common-sense and practical way.

For each of us it is possible to increase the duration of his best moments and to render them more frequent. It is also possible for us to reduce the number and the length of those periods of depression and low vitality when our work miscarries and our lives lack snap and enthusiasm. If we succeed in bringing about such a change, we shall have raised the whole plane of our living to something higher and more admirable. Our work will be productive of results that would otherwise have been quite beyond our reach.

There are conditions for each individual under which he can do the most and the best work. It is his business to ascertain those conditions and to comply with them.

"LEND YOUR MIND"

By William Rose Benét

It is strange what we lend of our minds. There is a phrase, "lend your mind to this." And people lend their minds to the consideration of business problems, of household detail, of plans of organization and of budgets. We lend our minds to the appreciation of amusing anecdotes and smart sayings, to the passing of conventionally courteous remarks. What we lend *of* our minds in common daily intercourse is another matter entirely.

Sometimes it seems as though most minds atrophied for the lack of lending. Ideas are exchanged, — yes. Points of view meet and clash. But two intelligences

meeting and gradually beating a rising fire of imagination out of a chance spark of utterance constitute a rare enough spectacle. Most of us move through life in a half-vacant dream, so far as the imagination is concerned, rendering lip-service to a conventional litany. When some irritation at opinions sets us to rummaging our minds for an answer the chances are that we turn up mere dusty shibboleths or paw the scant heap of our ideas finding little to lend, little enough even to brandish in defiance.

Books do not seem to teach us to lend of our minds, truly to lend. We bandy pronouncements concerning the current volumes, but the man or woman who can clearly diagnose the exact ailment of a novel or saliently describe its true inwardness, relating it cogently to the life about us, is rare enough to command merely our silent respect. We have catch-words, we are stuffed with quotation marks, — but we ourselves have little to lend.

. . . . .

Folk are suspicious. It is not an easy matter, at that, to borrow of another person's mind. The real treasure is usually distrustfully guarded. All the surface remarks are but a shield. Conversation is a fencing with buttoned foils. The endeavor to appear completely intelligent in regard to every topic, the hurried cloaking of ignorance, the evasion of direct question, all this is merely fundamental in the school of fence of

polite society. The chatter about literature and art is but so much passaging at arms. Hence the mere artist is often out of patience and feels all-elbows in such a fellowship, and his occasional remarks fall like brickbats or strike through sham congeniality like unwelcome steel.

What the artist really endeavors to do is to lend of his mind. In the past, and indeed sometimes in the present, this was and is regarded as an immodest disclosure. As if human beings were really modest! The most truly immodest disclosures one hears, as a matter of fact, are the smug mouthings of prejudice persuading itself that it is valiant opinion. We say "the artist endeavors" rather than "the writer" because many writers who believe that they are lending of their minds — for large sums — are merely debasing an excellent idea. They too pander to public prejudice, without truly giving of themselves.

True lending of the mind is no easy matter. It cannot, certainly, be achieved by constantly taking thought. It can only be cultivated through the growth in the temperament of what one might term generous curiosity. The more curious we become about the world the more we find in it; it can never grow dull. Censoriousness we may discard as an arid negative attitude. Healthy curiosity lends as freely as it listens. People about one emerge from shapes of flat pasteboard, labeled with easy labels, and are perceived in the round, rich in human virtues and vices. The reality of a very mixed world becomes exhilarating, not

depressing. Lay figures of human society with their phonograph speech excite amused pity.

Certainly an earnest attempt on the part of many people attentively to lend of their minds would result in terrible things! As we say, it is a difficult art in itself. Nevertheless we commend its judicious cultivation. The brusque and wayward, rude and mannerless artist who occasionally breaks into a modern polite conversation has more of the right of it than his outraged listeners would by any means allow. If he lends suddenly, startlingly, and with both unwelcome hands, it might be remembered that his indecorum has doubtless been stimulated by listening to a deal of banality. And perhaps the atmosphere of gentility is cleared to a certain extent and certain lungs are grateful for a draught of fresher air.

ADDRESSES

INDOLENCE

By James Bryce

Dr. Samuel Johnson, being once asked how he came to have made a blunder in his famous English Dictionary, is reported to have answered, "Ignorance, Sir, sheer ignorance." Whoever has grown old enough to look back over the wasted opportunities of life — and we all of us waste more opportunities than we use — will be apt to ascribe most of his blunders to sheer indolence. Sometimes one has omitted to learn what it was needful to learn in order to proceed to action; sometimes one has shrunk from the painful effort required to reflect and decide on one's course, leaving it to Fortune to settle what Will ought to have settled; sometimes one has, from mere self-indulgent sluggishness, let the happy moment slip.

The difference between men who succeed and men who fail is not so much as we commonly suppose, due to differences in intellectual capacity. The difference which counts for most is that between activity and slackness; between the man who, observing alertly and reflecting incessantly, anticipates contingencies before they occur, and the lazy, easy-going, slowly moving

man who is roused with difficulty, will not trouble himself to look ahead, and so being taken unprepared loses or misuses the opportunities that lead to fortune. If it be true that everywhere, though perhaps less here than in European countries, energy is the exception rather than the rule, we need not wonder that men show in the discharge of civic duty the defects which they show in their own affairs. No doubt public affairs demand only a small part of their time. But the spring of self-interest is not strong where public affairs are concerned. The need for activity is not continuously present. A duty shared with many others seems less of a personal duty. If a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand other citizens are as much bound to speak, vote, or act as each one of us is, the sense of obligation becomes to each of us weak. Still weaker does it become when one perceives the neglect of others to do their duty. The need for the good citizen's action, no doubt, becomes then all the greater. But it is only the best sort of citizen that feels it to be greater. The Average Man judges himself by the average standard and does not see why he should take more trouble than his neighbors. Thus we arrive at a result summed up in the terrible dictum, which reveals the basic fault of democracy, "What is Everybody's business is Nobody's business."

Of indolence, indifference, apathy, in general, no more need be said. It is a sin that easily besets us all. We might suppose that where public affairs are concerned it would decrease under the influence of educa-

tion and the press. But several general causes have tended to increase it in our own generation despite the increasing strength of the appeal which civic duty makes to men who are, or if they cared might be, better informed about public affairs than were their fathers.

The first of these causes is that manners have grown gentler and passions less angry. A chief duty of the good citizen is to be angry when anger is called for, and to express his anger by deeds, to attack the bad citizen in office, or otherwise in power, to expose his dishonesty, to eject him from office, to brand him with an ignominy which will prevent his returning to any post of trust. In former days indignation flamed higher, and there was little tenderness for offenders. Jehu smote the prophets of Baal. Bad ministers — and no doubt sometimes good ministers also — were in England beheaded on Tower Hill. Everywhere punishment came quicker and was more severe, though to be sure it was often too harsh. Nowadays the arm of justice is often arrested by an indulgence which forgets that the true aim of punishment is the protection of the community. The very safeguards with which our slower and more careful procedure has surrounded trials and investigations, proper as such safeguards are for the security of the innocent, have often so delayed the march of justice that when a conviction has at last been obtained, the offense has begun to be forgotten and the offender escapes with a trifling penalty, or with none. This is an illustration of the principle that as righteous indignation is a valuable motive power in

politics, the decline in it means a decline either in the standard of virtue or in the standard of zeal, possibly in both.

Another cause may be found in the fact that the enormous growth of modern states has made the share in government of the individual citizen seem infinitesimally small. In an average Greek republic, he was one of from two to ten thousand voters. In England or France today he is one of many millions. The chance that his vote will make any difference to the result is so slender that it appears to him negligible. We are proud, and justly proud, of having adapted free government to areas far vaster than were formerly thought capable of receiving free institutions. It was hoped that the patriotism of the citizen would expand with the magnitude of the State. But this did not happen in Rome, the greatest of ancient republics. Can we say that it has happened in the modern world? Few of us realize that though our own share may be smaller our responsibility increases with the power our State exerts. The late Professor Henry Sidgwick[1] once traveled from Davos in the easternmost corner of Switzerland to the town of Cambridge in England and back again to deliver his vote against Home Rule at the general election of 1886, though he knew that his own side would have a majority in the constituency. Those who knew applauded, his opponents included, but I fear that few of us followed this shining example of civic virtue.

Thirdly, the highest, because the most difficult, duty

of a citizen is to fight valiantly for his convictions when he is in a minority. The smaller the minority, and the more unpopular it is, and the more violent are the attacks upon it, so much the louder is the call of duty to defend one's opinions. To withstand the *ardor civium prava iubentium* — to face "the multitude hasting to do evil" — this is the note and the test of genuine virtue and courage. Now this is, or seems to be, a more formidable task the vaster the community becomes. It is harder to make your voice heard against the roar of ocean than against the whistling squall that sweeps down over a mountain lake.

Lastly, there has been within the last century a great accession to our knowledge of nature, a more widely diffused and developed interest in literature and art as well as in science. This development, in itself fraught with laudable means of enjoyment, has had the unforeseen yet natural result of reducing the interest in public affairs among the educated classes, while the ardor with which competitions in physical strength and skill are followed has in like manner diverted the thoughts and attention of the less educated — and indeed, not of them alone but of many also in a class from whom better things might have been expected. Politics, in fact, have nowadays to strive against more rival subjects attracting men's eyes and minds than they had before scientific discovery and art, and above all, athletic sports, came to fill newspapers and magazines.

But so far from being less important than they were, politics are growing in every country more important

the wider the sphere of governmental action becomes. Nevertheless, even in England, which is perhaps slightly less addicted to this new passion for looking on at and reading about athletic competitions than are North America and Australia, a cricket or football match or a horse race seems, if one may judge by the eager throngs that snatch the evening newspapers, to excite more interest in the middle as well as in the richer and in the upper section of the poorer classes than does any political event.

(In the paragraphs here omitted, Mr. Bryce discusses the various forms in which the indifference to civic duty appears: neglect to fight; neglect to vote; neglect to seek or to serve in office; neglect to study and reflect upon public questions; failure of the more competent citizens to help the less competent. He then calls attention to the newspapers as guides to political thought, noting their limitations, and explaining the evils of the "reading habit" that results from too much devotion to newspapers.)

The habit of mind that is formed by hasty reading, and especially by the reading of newspapers and magazines in which the matter, excellent as parts of it often are, is so multifarious that one topic diverts attention from the others, tends to a general dissipation and distraction of thought. It is a habit which tells upon us all and makes continuous reflection and a critical or logical treatment of the subjects deserving reflection more irksome to us in the full sunlight of today than it was to those whom we call our benighted ancestors.

This is only one form of that supersession of the practice of thinking by the vice commonly called "the read-

ing habit" which is profoundly affecting the intellectual life of our time. Yet as steady thinking was never really common even among the educated, the difference from earlier days is not so correctly described by saying that people think less than formerly, as by noting that while people read more, and while far more people read, the ratio of thinking to reading does not increase either in the individual or in the mass, and may possibly be decreasing. Intelligence and independence of thought have not grown in proportion to the diffusion of knowledge. The number of persons who both read and vote is in England and France more than twenty times as great as it was seventy years ago. The percentage of those who reflect before they vote has not kept pace either with popular education or with the extension of the suffrage.

The persons who constitute that percentage are, and must for the reasons already given continue for some time to be, only a fraction, in some countries a small fraction, of the voting population. But the fraction might be made much larger than it is. The citizens who stand above their fellows in knowledge and mental power ought to set an example, not only by themselves thinking more and thinking harder about public affairs than most of them do, but also by exerting themselves to stimulate and aid their less instructed or more listless neighbors. The voter, it is said, should be independent. Yes. But independence does not mean isolation. He must not commit his personal responsibility to the keeping of another. Yes. But personal responsibility

does not mean the vain conceit of knowledge and judgment where knowledge is wanting and judgment is untrained.

Just as his religion throws upon every Christian the duty of loving his neighbor and giving practical expression to his love by helping his neighbor, succoring him in the hour of need, trying to rescue him from sin, seeking to guide his steps into the way of peace, so civic duty requires each of us to raise the level of citizenship not merely by ourselves voting and bearing a share in political agitation, but by trying to diffuse among our fellow-citizens whose opportunities have been less favorable, the knowledge and the fairness of mind and the habit of grappling with political questions which a democratic government must demand even from the Average Man. Democracy, they say, is based on Equality. But in no form of government is leadership so essential. A multitude without intelligent, responsible leaders whom it respects and follows is a crowd ready to become the prey of any self-seeking knave. Nor is it true that because men value equality they reject eminence. They are always glad to be led if some one, eschewing pretension and condescension, speaking to them with respect, but also with that authority which knowledge and capacity imply, will point out the path and give them the lead for which they are looking. To do this has now, in our great cities, become more difficult than it used to be, because men of different classes and different occupations do not know one another as well as they once did, and

economic conflicts have made workingmen suspicious. But there are those in our English and Scottish cities who do it successfully, and I have never heard that it is resented. It is largely a matter of tact, and of knowing how to express that genuine sense of human fellowship which is commoner in the richer class than the constraint and shyness that are supposed to beset Englishmen sometimes allow to appear.

If you and we, both here and in Britain, are less active than we should be in this and other forms of civic work, the fault lies in our not caring enough for our country. It is easy to wave a flag, to cheer an eminent statesman, to exult in some achievement by land or sea. But our imaginations are too dull to realize either the grandeur of the State in its splendid opportunities for promoting the welfare of the masses, or the fact that the nobility of the State lies in its being the true child, the true exponent, of the enlightened will of a right-minded and law-abiding people. Absorbed in business or pleasure, we think too little of what our membership in a free nation means for the happiness of our poorer fellow-citizens. The eloquent voice of a patriotic reformer sometimes breaks our slumber. But the daily round of business and pleasure soon again fills the mind, and public duty fades into the background of life. This dullness of imagination and the mere indolence which makes us neglect to stop and think, are a chief cause of that indifference which chokes the growth of civic duty. It is because a great University like this is the place where the imagination of young men may best be

quickened by the divine fire, because the sons of a great University are those who may best carry with them into after life the inspiration which history and philosophy and poetry have kindled within its venerable walls, that I have ventured to dwell here on the special duty which those who enjoy these privileges owe to their brethren, partners in the citizenship of a great republic.

THE SOLID SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE

By Charles William Eliot

For educated men what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life? I hope you are all aiming at the solid, durable satisfactions of life, not primarily the gratifications of this moment or of to-morrow, but the satisfactions that are going to last and grow. So far as I have seen, there is one indispensable foundation for the satisfactions of life — health. A young man ought to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else, and I hope you will all be that, if you are nothing more. We have to build everything in this world of domestic joy and professional success, everything of a useful, honorable career, on bodily wholesomeness and vitality.

This being a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal involves a good deal. It involves not condescending to the ordinary barbaric vices. One must avoid drunkenness, gluttony, licentiousness, and getting into dirt of any kind, in order to be a clean, wholesome, vigorous

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CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

animal. Still, none of you would be content with this achievement as the total outcome of your lives. It is a happy thing to have in youth what are called animal spirits — a very descriptive phrase; but animal spirits do not last even in animals; they belong to the kitten or puppy stage. It is a wholesome thing to enjoy for a time, or for a time each day all through life, sports and active bodily exercise. These are legitimate enjoyments, but, if made the main object of life, they tire. They cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. Play must be incidental in a satisfactory life.

What is the next thing, then, that we want in order to make sure of durable satisfactions in life? We need a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. It is intellectual power and aims that we need. In all the professions — learned, scientific, or industrial — large mental enjoyments should come to educated men. The great distinction between the privileged class to which you belong, the class that has opportunity for prolonged education, and the much larger class that has not that opportunity, is that the educated class lives mainly by the exercise of intellectual powers and gets therefore much greater enjoyment out of life than the much larger class that earns a livelihood chiefly by the exercise of bodily powers. You ought to obtain here, therefore, the trained capacity for mental labor, rapid, intense, and sustained. That is the great thing to get in college, long before the professional school is entered. Get it now. Get it in the years of college life. It is the main achievement of college life to win

this mental force, this capacity for keen observation, just inference, and sustained thought, for everything that we mean by the reasoning power of man. That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life.

But there is something more, something beyond this acquired power of intellectual labor. As Shakespeare puts it, "the purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." How is that treasure won? It comes by living with honor, on honor. Most of you have begun already to live honorably, and honored, for the life of honor begins early. Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a trust. He is honest, sincere, candid, and generous. It is not enough to be honest. An honorable man must be generous, and I do not mean generous with money only. I mean generous in his judgments of men and women, and of the nature and prospects of mankind. Such generosity is a beautiful attribute of the man of honor.

How does honor come to a man? What is the evidence of the honorable life? What is the tribunal which declares at last, "This was an honorable man"? You look now for the favorable judgment of your elders — of parents and teachers and older students; but these elders will not be your final judges, and you had better get ready now in college to appear before the ultimate tribunal, the tribunal of your contemporaries

and the younger generations. It is the judgment of your contemporaries that is most important to you; and you will find that the judgment of your contemporaries is made up alarmingly early, — it may be made up this year in a way that sometimes lasts for life and beyond. It is made up in part by persons to whom you have never spoken, by persons who in your view do not know you, and who get only a general impression of you; but always it is contemporaries whose judgment is formidable and unavoidable. Live now in the fear of that tribunal, — not an abject fear, because independence is an indispensable quality in the honorable man. There is an admirable phrase in the Declaration of Independence, a document which it was the good fashion of my time for boys to commit to memory. I doubt if that fashion still obtains. Some of our public action looks as if it did not. "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." That phrase — "a decent respect" — is a very happy one. Cherish "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," but never let that interfere with your personal declaration of independence. Begin now to prepare for the judgment of the ultimate human tribunal.

Look forward to the important crises of your life. They are nearer than you are apt to imagine. It is a very safe protective rule to live today as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for worthy living. It is a good rule to endeavor hour by hour and week after week to learn to work hard. It is not well to take four minutes to do what you can accomplish in three. It is not well to take four years to do what you can perfectly accomplish in three. It is well to learn to work intensely. You will hear a good deal of advice about letting your soul grow and breathing in without effort the atmosphere of a learned society or place of learning. Well, you cannot help breathing and you cannot help growing; those processes will take care of themselves. The question for you from day to day is how to learn to work to advantage, and college is the place and now is the time to win mental power. And, lastly, live today and every day like a man of honor.

TRUTH AND POLITICS

By Stanley Baldwin

The ideal character is a harmony of many virtues, and it is a tradition among us to give to truthfulness the position of the cardinal virtue. Hence, for example, the curious power of Lord Althorp,[1] who was known to have said to the House of Commons, "I know this to be right. I cannot remember why — but you may take it

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STANLEY BALDWIN

that it is so"; and they believed him. And if the noblest exercise of freedom is the pursuit of truth, the best equipment for the search is to be truthful. The inculcation of the practice of truthfulness, no less than the acquisition of knowledge, is the motive force of our educational system. The student is here to learn habits of accuracy in measurement, precision in statement, honesty in handling evidence, fairness in presenting a cause — in a word, to be true in word and deed. That is the goal of British education, because it is recognized that no man can be a worthy citizen whose word cannot be trusted and whose deed is compounded of deceit.

Men think by means of words and communicate with each other through their medium. This "most noble and profitable invention of speech is man's proudest triumph over nature, without which there had been among men neither commonwealth nor society, nor contract nor peace, no more than among lions, bears, and wolves."[1] Words are the currency of love and friendship, of making and marketing, of peace and war. Nations are bound and loosed by them. Three or four simple words can move waves of emotion through the hearts of multitudes like great tides of the sea: "Lest we forget"; "Patriotism is not enough."

There is a well-known passage in the writings of John Stuart Mill[2] where he doubts whether all the inventions of machinery have, on balance, added to human happiness. I am always reminded by that passage of another in John Locke,[3] where he is so impressed with the defects of language as to affirm that if anyone "shall well con-

sider the errors and obscurity, the mistakes and confusion, that are spread in the world by an ill-use of words, he will find some reason to doubt whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind."

The Scottish are cautious, it has been said, because they have lived with one another for so long. You are capable of practicing great restraint and economy in the use of words, but I do not think that even you will go as far as Locke, and wish to put us all into a Trappist monastery.[1] Such knowledge as there is in the world has been built up by the help of words. A civilization without words is perhaps conceivable, but under it the life of man would be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."

But if we cannot go all the way with Locke, we can agree with his successor, Bentham,[2] that "error is never so difficult to be destroyed as when it has its roots in language." "Improper terms are the chains which bind men to unreasonable practices. Every improper term contains the germ of fallacious propositions; it forms a cloud, which conceals the nature of the thing, and presents a frequently invincible obstacle to the discovery of truth."[3] It is in a similar mood that Mr. Wells[4] complains of the fluidity of thought and the fixity of language. Master of English as he is, he finds its terms solid, opaque, and stable, and therefore "incurably inaccurate." That is not merely a defense of philosophic doubt, but a conclusion of despair which, if

we accepted it literally, would close all universities tomorrow and destroy all foundations of belief.

No small part of education lies in learning the right use of words, in tracing their birth and behavior, in fitting them closely to facts and ideas. That is why you are here invited to study the humanities,[1] not only for their own fair sake, but for the discipline which is experienced in the manipulation of two of the finest instruments ever devised to express the minds of men. Through the humanities you should not only learn something of the polity and law, the poetry and eloquence, of the ancient world, but you should learn the value of the words of your own native tongue. No man who can do good Greek and Latin prose can deceive people with words except he sin against the light. He can no longer be deceived himself. He will know that to use words equivocally is prostitution. Nor does he need to use italics in speech or writing. Headlines cannot hypnotize him, and the latest sensation is already stale.

Through mathematics we learn on the very threshold a lesson which, if universally known and applied, would prevent most of the ills to which the world is heir. To know and realize that two and two make four, and can in no circumstances make anything else, is to be equipped with knowledge that will save us daily from mistakes, unpleasant to ourselves, and possibly disastrous to others. I know that some of Euclid's axioms, which appear to common sense to be necessary, are now declared by mathematicians "to derive their appearance

of necessity from our mere familiarity with actual space, and not from any a priori logical foundation. By imagining worlds in which these axioms are false, the mathematicians have used logic to show the possibility of spaces differing from that in which we live." [1] But even these daring speculators assure us that in any possible world they feel that two and two would be four, and that this is not a mere fact, but a necessity to which everything actual and possible must conform.[2]

Whatever be the case in a world of Einsteins, or in Russia, over most parts of the world two and two are still believed to make four. Without that knowledge or in the belief that two and two may in a certain environment make five, you may indeed upset a Constitution, but you will never make an engine, nor, if you were in possession of a ship, could you bring it into any port in the world. Those, therefore, who would navigate the ship of State, if they would avoid shipwreck, had better base their sailing orders on this platitudinous verity.

Through all your studies of the physical sciences you are being taught a similar lesson. Principles are constantly being subjected to the test of fact, purified in the furnace of experiment. Working hypotheses are being confronted with masses of detail, and as a result are discarded, revised, or quickened. You strive to compel the material facts of the world to reveal their nature, you watch and record their behavior, and truth is the accurate statement of the facts observed. By means of this discipline you learn that things are what

they are, and the consequences will be what they will be. In other words, that as you sow you will reap, and a wrong combination of elements will send you through the roof when your desire is to remain with your feet firmly planted on the earth.

Lastly, there is the study of the ultimate science, the science of sciences, of moral philosophy, for which this University has been so justly famous. There was a time when it might be said that the chief export of Scotland, measured in values, was metaphysics.[1] It was to this University that more than one prime minister came from England to sit at the feet of Dugald Stewart.[2] The penetration of English practice by Scottish reflection was one of the most fruitful results of the Union, and is still happily proceeding in the person of our distinguished chairman.

Philosophy forces the student to examine the assumptions on which all the other sciences rest, the hypotheses by which they all work. You ask not only *How?* but *Why?* You challenge all appearance; you doubt science itself in your search for reality. Magic, myth, ritual, religion; the mysterious and emotional story of human belief; the theological speculations of mankind; the very instrument by which man knows anything at all — all are cross-examined as facts of experience, and an attempt is made to interpret them and fit them into some coherent explanation of our life and destiny. You cannot go any distance on this road without arriving at the distinction between true assertions and false ones, and you will not need to travel much farther

before reaching the distinction between right and wrong.

Throughout all these activities in which you are engaged in this University there is the double motive of acquiring knowledge and learning to think truly. The latter is the more important task. The greatest service this or any university can render the modern world is to discharge well this duty which is laid upon it, and to send forth year after year generations of young men and women who have not only a stock of ideas, but minds which turn on the poles of truth. Ability to read is not synonymous with ability to reflect on what is read. Better to doubt methodically than to think capriciously. Education that has merely taught people to follow a syllogism, without enabling them to detect a fallacy, has left them in constant peril. And as with the fallacy, so with its near relation, the half-truth.[1] For, though it has been accepted through the ages that half a loaf is better than no bread, half a truth is not only not better than no truth, it is worse than many lies, and the slave of lies and half-truths is ignorance. Ignorance, static and inert, is bad, but ignorance in motion, as Goethe [2] once observed, is the most terrible force in nature, for it may destroy in its passage the accumulated mental and material capital of generations.

You will need this habit of truth when you leave this home of learning and reflection. It is our greatest national asset. The industries and commerce of this country, its enormous foreign trade, involving innumerable transactions with known and unknown custom-

ers, have been made possible, not only by the enterprise of our merchants, but by their integrity. There is nowhere in the world, I believe, a higher standard of commercial honor than that which prevails in this country. And the same is true of our courts of law, which enjoy a world-wide prestige, nowhere better exemplified than in the Admiralty Court,[1] to which shipowners from all over the world resort, even in cases where no British ship is in the collision or salvage operation.

Why is it then that, when we turn to politics, a lower standard of habitual truthfulness is alleged to prevail than in the world of science or of business? I am not now talking of this country more than another. I think our reputation is at least as good as that of any other country in this regard, and it has grown in the last hundred years, and is growing. The scientist is assumed to be a truth-lover; honesty is proverbially the best policy in business; but politicians have been despised for hypocrisy and dishonesty in all the literatures of the Old World and the New. I open the work of a brilliant Cambridge scholar and theologian and this is what I read on the first page: "In regard to truth, the more one reads of man's notions about the meaning and method of civil society, the more often is one inclined in despair to say that truth has as little to do with politics as it has with most politicians."[2] And this is the verdict of a learned foreign observer at the end of an immense treatise on the pathology of party government: "To the low types which the human race

has produced, from Cain down to Tartuffe,[1] the age of democracy has added a new one — the politician."

What is the explanation of this evil reputation which attaches, not to politicians of one Party, but to the whole race? Primarily, I suppose, it is due to the fact that ever since States began to be they have been in peril and have trusted to force for their safety. War has been their normal history. Savagery has never been far away from the realm of law. How long is it since that ceased to be true of Scotland? With war and the preparation for war go the stratagems of diplomacy, the dropping of the ordinary code of morals, a holiday for truth, and an aftermath of cynicism. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues, wrote the author of *Leviathan*. The statesman's goal is the preservation of the State, and reasons of State have been held to justify all policies whatsoever. In the arena of international rivalry and conflict men have placed patriotism above truthfulness as the indispensable virtue of statesmen. "When the entire safety of a country is at stake, no consideration of what is just or unjust, merciful or cruel, praiseworthy or shameful, must intervene,"[2] is a copy-book maxim from the pages of a well-known exponent of the art of government. And it was a statesman much nearer our own time who said to a group of friends: "If we had done for ourselves the things which we are doing for Italy, we should be great rascals."[3] That sounds less shocking to our ears today than it would have done a dozen years ago. Machiavelli's conception of mankind has not been dis-

pelled or disproved. He is, as Lord Acton [1] said, a constant and contemporary influence. He is in all our hearts.

We have recently been celebrating the tercentenary of the publication of the work of Grotius [2] on international law. Dr. Figgis, the Cambridge historian and divine, whom I quoted a moment ago, points out that the fundamental difference between Machiavelli and Grotius is concerned with the question before us. The contention of Grotius, which is denied by Machiavelli, is that human life is essentially a society, and that certain laws, of which fidelity to plighted word is the most important, are therefore as immutable as human nature. These two thinkers represent two tendencies in our public life. The principles of Machiavelli were accepted in Europe at any rate as late as the days of Cavour [3] and Bismarck.[4]

I wish to avoid the twentieth century and examples from among the living. It was the prevailing view for centuries, openly avowed and defended, that you could have one code of morals among nations and another and much more exacting one among individuals, that you could be a Machiavellian abroad and a Christian at home. Whatever may have been our lapses, we have never in this country accepted this view in the bald and summary form in which I am putting it. It was nevertheless a British prime minister who said that "no great country was ever saved by good men," which is perhaps why Lord Acton said that great men were nearly always bad men. But the shifts to which states-

men and diplomatists have resorted in the field of foreign affairs, especially in time of strain or open conflict, have helped to give all politicians a bad name.

The party system is perhaps a contributory cause. The system has its advantages, its teamwork, its loyalties, and others which I need not stop to describe. To our sporting countrymen it appears as a game, and as such it has its rules, and these for the most part are honorably obeyed and are an important help to probity in our public life. But the Party system does put a certain embargo on complete frankness of speech in the arena of debate.

But it is to a third explanation that I want to direct your attention for a few minutes more. There is a profound difference in the study of the physical and the human sciences, between the study of particles of matter and of men in society. You cannot measure and weigh, combine and distribute, men as you do chemical elements. Spinoza [1] tried something of the sort, but he did not succeed. You remember a famous passage where he says how he had made it his especial care neither to mock, to bewail, nor to denounce men's actions, but to understand them; how he had tried to consider the emotions and agitations of men's minds, love and hatred, anger and envy, honor and pity, just as a scientist would regard heat and cold, storms and thunder. But though we sometimes speak of rhetoric as "hot air," the State is not a cloud, nor, I fear, do we politicians often return in scientific showers the popular vapor which we are said to absorb.[2]

The material of politics is human nature, its motives honorable and base, its appetites for power and for service, its passions, its prejudices, its memories and aspirations. But the politician cannot work with scales and forceps, with test tube and mortar. His instruments are the written and spoken word. Politics can never be an exact science. Democracy is government by discussion, by talk. Politicians must talk, and they cannot today, like Pitt, confine their speeches to the House of Commons. The perils of the platform orator have been pointed out from the days of Cleon.[1] Words have lost none of their equivocal character since his day. The difference between the Greek sophist and the modern demagogue, it is said, consists in this: the one displayed his ingenuity by appearing to prove that which his hearers knew to be false; the other displays it by appearing to prove that which his hearers wish to be true.[2] It is the business of the universities to change all this, and they are doing it.

The politician is much nearer in type to the barrister and advocate than to the scientist. The latter has no case to prove; he sits humbly before the facts and lets them speak. The advocate and the politician are more interested in persuasion than in proof. They have a client or a policy to defend The political audience is not dishonest in itself, nor does it desire or approve dishonesty or misrepresentation in others, but it is an audience only imperfectly prepared to follow a close argument, and the speaker wishes to make a favorable impression, to secure support for a policy.

It is easy to see how this may lead to the depreciation of the verbal currency and to the circulation of promises which cannot be cashed.

Closely allied with this is the pressure laid upon the politician in a democratic State to speak while important negotiations are in process, however inconvenient the moment. The result once more is inevitably to place a veto on complete frankness and to tempt recourse to words that are nebulous, hesitating, ambiguous, or misleading. Some of us have become as adept as the Prague poet who went to see Beranger [1] in 1847, and had to answer a few questions. Was Prague in Hungary or in Poland? In neither one nor the other. Was Bohemia in Austria or in Germany? In both. Was the Prussian monarchy absolute or constitutional? Partly one, partly the other. At last Beranger lost patience. "Frenchmen," he cried, "like things to be clear. What is not clear is not French." [2] If the subject is one of high foreign policy the wrong words may raise issues not settled by dropping pieces of paper in a ballot box, but by dropping bombs on cities. That is the essential difference between the methods of politics and of business. In these directions we may discover some mitigation of the harsh epithets used of the politician.

I come back to where I began. False words, said the dying Socrates,[3] are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Although the use of words may be abused and the fight for their honor may at times seem hopeless, we must never give up the

struggle to use them solely in the service of truth. Let us aim at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean. The price man has to pay for the good things he enjoys is constant watchfulness lest they be employed for evil. Has not this been the case from the dawn of history with drink, language, and liberty?

Let us, in the language of *Leviathan*, use perspicuous words, having first snuffed and purged them from ambiguity and made them luminous. Let us take our stand on public right and a law of nations with Grotius rather than with Machiavelli; let us seek to moralize our public intercourse and reduce the area of casuistry and duplicity. That is not only the accepted principle of the best among us, but it is, I am sure, in harmony with a widespread instinct in the British people. It asserted itself in August, 1914, when it was made plain that ethics [1] was not a branch of politics, but the reverse. It is at the root of our support of the League of Nations at Geneva — a city with which Scotland has had spiritual ties for centuries and from which your churches derive their system of regulated freedom.

It is truth alone that will "destroy the face of the covering cast over all people and the veil that is spread over all nations." [2] There is much that is profoundly wrong and remediable in our civilization; but let us not lightly discard the gains so hardly won from the savagery which so readily besets us. In stretching forth our hands to the farther shore let us realize that civilization itself is but the ice formed in process of ages on the turbulent stream of unbridled human passions,

and, while this ice seemed to our fathers secure and permanent, it has rotted and cracked during the agony of the Great War, and in places the submerged torrent has broken through, leaving fragments in constant collision, threatening by their attrition to diminish and ultimately disappear. The more need for you, the lamp-bearers of your generation, to guide your own steps by the truth and to light the way for the wandering people of the world.

EDUCATION FOR LEADERSHIP

By Henry Suzzallo

Mr. President of the Board of Regents, Members of the University, and Citizens of the State: I gladly pledge my personal energies to the educational services of this state. I accept the obligation to make this a true and a strong university, one which will be of service to nation and humanity.

I conceive the special trust that I here receive to be the training of men and women for the higher responsibilities of American life. That mission of universities is a long-established tradition. For many centuries they have trained picked men for leadership. The world finds their sons and daughters everywhere exercising large powers in high places. Of the men who have achieved eminence in American life, two-thirds have been students in American colleges. Where the open opportunities of life have permitted one non-

collegian to rise to influence and high station, two collegians have shouldered a similar load of responsibility. It is the destiny of the university system to provide America with a body of rational leaders. Always, men will rise from the ranks, without special training, through the sheer force of native ability, but, more and more, their sons will pass through the university to take their places.

The problem of leadership in a democratic society is one that ought to claim our deepest reflections. Republics in sheltered places may exist in Arcadian simplicity, content to preserve the liberties of their citizens without much regard for high national efficiency. The liberal government that supervises the life of a democratic society, located in the middle of the world's affairs, cannot, however, long carry such an easy state of mind. In commerce and in war, it must be able to compete successfully with social organizations more cohesive than democracies are wont to be. That problem confronts America now.

Nations, like other spiritual institutions, are built down from the top. In the strengthening of our country we must put our reliance in strong moral leadership. We should choose our statesmen with at least as much care as we pick our surgeons. The disasters of bad judgment are always certain if they are not always obvious. We ought to remember that a fool can do as much damage as a villain. This fostering and choosing of leaders is, therefore, more important under our form of government than under others. It is a func-

tion which is prior to the choice of political platforms. If our politicians are not sound, no promises they make will ever be good. For this reason, personalities frequently become more important than political issues. If we are a wise people we shall look twice at the moral character of the leaders we follow, and thrice at our own reasons for choosing them.

I have assumed, of course, that leaders are as necessary in a democracy as elsewhere. There are some few doctrinaires who think we ought to fear strong men. But strong men are not more to be feared than ignorant ones. What the former are in size, the latter will make up in mass. One may be done to death as readily by a mob as by a highwayman. It is the nature of our political past that has given us a traditional fear of large personalities. Enough has happened in our present life to give us a very rational fear of uncontrolled crowds.

The fact is that the people are always led. No discredit attaches to that truth. Praise and blame attach only to the quality of the leadership and the followership. There never was a time when men were so nearly alike in their brain power and practical experience that one man could not lean profitably on another in arriving at his decisions. Leaving aside the unescapable differences in human nature, the complex life of the civilization in which we find ourselves compels us to accept leadership. No man has mind, time or strength enough to know the constructive solutions to the thousand problems which arise in his affairs. If a person

has common sense he consults a specialist; if he has uncommon sense, he consults two.

It will be a considerable comfort to many persons to know that the best-educated people are the most led people in the world. They rely on expert service as the less intelligent never do. Cultivated people do not nowadays have more direct productive power than other people. One profession or trade is as much as a single individual knows, whether he has been to college or not. The difference between a cultured and an uncultured man is to be found in the fact that the educated person can appreciate many more problems and skills than his own. He cannot actually produce in more fields of effort with his own mind and hands, but he can choose more widely and more wisely. Because he has cultivated the power to appreciate the contributions of leadership, he has widened his sovereignty, not diminished it.

The leadership upon which we must rely in America will be that of specialized expert service. It will not be that of a generally dominant ruling class; nothing approaching the old aristocratic caste will finally be acceptable to us. Our hostility is not based upon a modern prejudice, for it has sound reason behind it. When conditions were simple, a ruling caste was effective enough for all the worthy work that had to be done. Now, there are too many kinds of respectable service for one group of people to perform them all. Every day a bit of the old ruling class disappears. You can no longer draw a distinct line between leaders and

followers in America. The line would cross human beings rather than separate them from each other. Each of us is alternately an initiator and a conformist. Today the problem before us makes an engineer supreme among his neighbors; tomorrow, he is subordinate to the lawyer; the day after to the banker, the day following to the plumber, and so on through all the days of life. It is not good form in society for one to do all the talking. Neither is it efficient. The leadership which is fitted to the new order of things is an alternating leadership, based on what men may contribute.

If the first step in adding efficiency to our social life involves the development of expert service, the second requires its utilization. We realize that we already have more expert service than we are using in our large public affairs. Private enterprise is far in advance of government in this respect. We must campaign to develop men's abilities to appreciate and utilize specialized wisdom. If our attention were not dominated by obvious things, we should know that followership is a fine art, worthy to rank with leadership; sometimes it is so closely akin that we find great executives who do most of their work through other men. If we would not waste the best brain power of the nation, we must quicken each man's sensitiveness to his own limitations, give him an open mind to truth, from whatever angle it comes, and, finally, develop his active loyalty to the man that is right.

This will not be an easy task. In the way stands much wrong tradition. I refer to the rampant individ-

ualism of America, that product of the long war against the exclusive prerogative of kings. The democratic movement laid its emphasis on the extension of rights and privileges. Down through the population the prerogatives of kingliness have been distributed until America consists of millions of little kings, many of whom are puffed with prerogative and determined to execute their own wills. These fear a loss of rights if they appear to be bending to the intellect of some other man. To fortify themselves they shout loudly that they are as good as other men. That condition of mind, bred by the accident of history, is the pathetic thing which has destroyed men's modesty of mind and blocked coöperation among those who really have a common aspiration.

As we Americans look out upon a troubled world, our tasks seem infinitely greater than they did three years ago. We have seen nations, with varying ideals of political and social organization, put to the test of unified efficiency. We have seen both weak and strong monarchies, both weak and strong democracies. Our faith in republican ideals is not yet shaken, but we are asking ourselves whether the particular methods which we employ here will finally prove our forms of liberty to be sources of strength. We cannot wait that sure decision of time which will be made at some hour of national crisis. The cost of the knowledge would be too disastrous. We are bound to look ourselves over now with eyes which are open to every weakness in our national life, that we may at once set our house in order.

We wish the people of these United States to be sovereign. Sovereignty, however, must be real rather than fictitious. It must be a concrete achievement rather than a constitutional abstraction. We must have in addition leaders to express our will. The relations of men must be organized. Behind organization we always find the coöperative spirit, the willingness to give and take, to labor according to our strength, and to accept service to the full extent of our opportunity.

We cannot be blind to the good side of our individualism. Our tender consideration for the person has liberated the suppressed power of thousands whose talents might otherwise remain caste-hidden. The equalization of opportunity among individuals is not a mere bit of personal mercy; it is an advantage to society. The forcefulness of a people consists of two things; the strength of its individuals and the strength of their coöperations. As long as we rest on the first of these, we remain a half-grown nation.

The evidences that we are only half made as a nation are so plentiful that we cannot ignore them. The last few years have cast many doubts upon our solidarity. All who call themselves Americans do not belong devotedly to this country. We have seen men put the cause of foreign kings above the reverence of our constitutions. Law has again and again been defied because class consciousness was stronger than patriotic feeling. The good of the whole people has often suffered grievously at the hands of some part. How can we be satisfied with ourselves so long as we perceive the daily

spectacle of men in high governmental station trading out the public welfare for personal patronage, local advantage, and party success?

Let those of us who behold our immaturity unite our numbers to achieve the strength of this nation. The human values that we hold are precious, not for ourselves alone but for humanity. We must think particularly of our country's part in all the history that is yet to be made. As we look back upon our past and realize how much America has cared about humanity at large, we cannot quite think of a nationality for ourselves which shall be achieved at the cost of other peoples. We have made this land a refuge for the oppressed. We have sent the brown people of an archipelago to school. On the whole, we have been kindly in our diplomacy with the weaker nations we have touched. It is not in us to turn back from that idealism which makes our patriotism broad enough to include the good of the world.

If, nevertheless, we are to hold and perpetuate these fine humanistic qualities within our nation, we must protect the integrity of that state which fosters them. America must not risk its survival. It must be loyal, coöperative, and solid enough to endure. Without any temptation to aggress, it must be ready to defend the perpetuity of its institutions. For this nation to go down in the competitions of commerce or war would be the saddest tragedy that history could record.

The future of this structure that we call America is safe to the degree that we can put the public mind in the

mood to invest in serviceable men, men of full power who are willing to give to the common weal. It has no aristocratic caste whose traditions will train men to the expectation of large responsibility, but it has substituted a public school system where men may be dedicated to high standards of civic workmanship and trained for initiative and coöperation. At its top is the university, beckoning to the strongest talent of the nation, whose function is to train the bearers of heavy burdens. That obligation this university accepts.

We propose to train every man and woman to expert service. To that end we shall have as many broad and practical professional courses as the commonwealth needs. We propose to protect these men from the dangers of highly specialized service by giving them a broad cultural training, one which will moralize their outlook, point their responsibilities, make them flexible rather than mechanical in workmanship, give them that imagination, sympathy and tolerance which are requisite to working with, under, and above men.

Where tradition serves our ends, we shall abide by tradition; where it falls short of function, we shall change it. Our one object is to make the university virile, to make it a forceful and dependable instrument in the efficient and democratic America which is coming. The obligation requires leadership. I grant my part. It also requires coöperation. I ask that part of you that are here. A great university is always the product of great loyalties. Every human factor must do its part with devotion. The public must sustain its

freedom and support its efficiency. The regents must translate our social need into its educational plan. The faculty must teach with the courage and the caution of science. The students must be eager to attain the higher strength of its wise disciplines. The alumni must render that affectionate reverence which gives consecutiveness and weight to college traditions. Together we are a university; apart we are an intellectual scrap-heap. United in purpose, we build against the need of centuries; separated in aim, we drift along the current of tradition and transient passion.

The true university is never a mere child of time; it is a foster-mother to things eternal. With the calm precise eye of science it examines human experience and fastens on the enduring. Its mission is to stabilize progress. It must know which of men's dreams have been vagaries and which have been helpful aspirations. It searches the soul of history for the values which have urged us unceasingly toward a finer civilization. In all the trial, error and success, which make up the gross fact of human action, it points the truths which give life a sure technique for worthy achievement. These truths and values are its disciplines. It knots them into the minds of its youthful students until they become the working codes of honor of university men.

I enter your service with this conception of a university. I trust I may have the strength to fulfill its aspirations.

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

By Theodore Roosevelt

This Conference on the conservation of natural resources is in effect a meeting of the representatives of all the people of the United States called to consider the weightiest problem now before the Nation; and the occasion for the meeting lies in the fact that the natural resources of our country are in danger of exhaustion if we permit the old wasteful methods of exploiting them longer to continue.

Savages, and very primitive peoples generally, concern themselves only with superficial natural resources; with those which they obtain from the actual surface of the ground. As peoples become a little less primitive, their industries, although in a rude manner, are extended to resources below the surface; then, with what we call civilization and the extension of knowledge, more resources come into use, industries are multiplied, and foresight becomes a necessary and prominent factor in life. Crops are cultivated; animals are domesticated; and metals are mastered. Without progressive knowledge and utilization of natural resources population could not grow, nor industries multiply, nor the hidden wealth of the earth be developed for the benefit of mankind.

But of late the rapidity of the process has increased at such a rate that more space has been actually covered during the century and a quarter occupied by our na-

tional life than during the preceding six thousand years that take us back to the earliest monuments of Egypt, to the earliest cities of the Babylonian plain.

When the founders of this nation met at Independence Hall in Philadelphia the conditions of commerce had not fundamentally changed from what they were when the Phoenician keels first furrowed the lonely waters of the Mediterranean. The differences were those of degree, not of kind, and they were not in all cases even those of degree. Mining was carried on fundamentally as it had been carried on by the Pharaohs in the countries adjacent to the Red Sea. Explorers nowadays by the shores of the Red Sea strike countries that they call new, but they find in them mines, with sculptures of the Pharaohs, showing that those mines were worked out and exhausted thousands of years before the Christian era. In Washington's time anthracite coal was known only as a useless black stone; and the great fields of bituminous coal were undiscovered. As steam was unknown, the use of coal for power production was undreamed of. Water was practically the only source of power, save the labor of men and animals; and this power was used only in the most primitive fashion. But a few small iron deposits had been found in this country, and the use of iron by our countrymen was very small. Wood was practically the only fuel, and what lumber was sawed was consumed locally, while the forests were regarded chiefly as obstructions to settlement and cultivation. The man who cut down a tree was held to have conferred a service upon his fellows.

Yet our fathers, though they knew so little of the resources of the country, exercised a wise forethought in reference thereto. Washington clearly saw that the perpetuity of the States could be secured only by union, and that the only feasible basis of union was an economic one; in other words, that it must be based on the development and use of their natural resources. Accordingly he helped to outline a scheme of commercial development, and by his influence an interstate waterways commission was appointed by Virginia and Maryland. It met near where we are now meeting, in Alexandria, adjourned to Mount Vernon, and took up the consideration of interstate commerce by the only means then available, that of water; and the trouble we have since had with the railways has been mainly due to the fact that naturally our forefathers could not divine that the iron road would become the interstate and international highway, instead of the old route by water. Further conferences were arranged, first at Annapolis, and then at Philadelphia. It was in Philadelphia that the representatives of all the States met for what was in its original conception merely a waterways conference; but when they had closed their deliberations the outcome was the Constitution which made the States into a Nation. The Constitution of the United States thus grew in large part out of the necessity for united action in the wise use of one of our natural resources.

The wise use of all of our natural resources, which are our national resources as well, is the great material

question of today. Steam and electricity have revolutionized the industrial world. Nowhere has the revolution been so great as in our own country. The discovery and utilization of mineral fuels and alloys have given us the lead over all other nations in the production of steel. The discovery and utilization of coal and iron have given us our railways, and have led to such industrial development as has never before been seen. The steadily increasing drain on these natural resources has promoted to an extraordinary degree the complexity of our industrial and social life. Moreover, this unexampled development has had a determining effect upon the character and opinions of our people. The demand for efficiency in the great task has given us vigor, effectiveness, decision, and power, and a capacity for achievement which in its own lines has never yet been matched.

Disregarding for the moment the question of moral purpose, it is safe to say that the prosperity of our people depends directly on the energy and intelligence with which our natural resources are used. It is equally clear that these resources are the final basis of national power and perpetuity. Finally, it is ominously evident that these resources are in the course of rapid exhaustion. The Nation began with the belief that its landed possessions were illimitable and capable of supporting all the people who might care to make our country their home; but already the limit of unsettled land is in sight, and indeed but little land fitted for agriculture now remains unoccupied save what can be reclaimed by

irrigation and drainage. We began with an unapproached heritage of forests; more than half of the timber is gone. We began with coal fields more extensive than those of any other nation and with iron ores regarded as inexhaustible, and many experts now declare that the end of both iron and coal is in sight.

The natural resources I have enumerated can be divided into two sharply distinguished classes accordingly as they are or are not capable of renewal. Mines if used must necessarily be exhausted. The minerals do not and cannot renew themselves. Therefore in dealing with the coal, the oil, the gas, the iron, the metals generally, all that we can do is to try to see that they are wisely used. The exhaustion is certain to come in time. We can trust that it will be deferred long enough to enable the extraordinarily inventive genius of our people to devise means and methods for more or less adequately replacing what is lost; but the exhaustion is sure to come.

The second class of resources consists of those which can not only be used in such manner as to leave them undiminished for our children, but can actually be improved by wise use. The soil, the forests, the waterways come in this category. Everyone knows that a really good farmer leaves his farm more valuable at the end of his life than it was when he first took hold of it. When the American settler felled the forests, he felt that there was plenty of forest left for the sons who came after him. When he exhausted the soil of his farm, he felt that his son could go West and take up

another. On the average the son of the farmer of today must make his living on his father's farm. There is no difficulty in doing this if the father will exercise wisdom. No wise use of a farm exhausts its fertility. So with the forests. We are over the verge of a timber famine in this country, and it is unpardonable for the Nation or the States to permit any further cutting of our timber save in accordance with a system which will provide that the next generation shall see the timber increased instead of diminished.

We can, moreover, add enormous tracts of the most valuable possible agricultural land to the national domain by irrigation in the arid and semi-arid regions, and by drainage of great tracts of swamp land in the humid regions. We can enormously increase our transportation facilities by the canalization of our rivers so as to complete a great system of waterways on the Pacific, Atlantic, and Gulf coasts and in the Mississippi Valley, from the Great Plains to the Alleghenies, and from the northern lakes to the mouth of the mighty Father of Waters. But all these various uses of our natural resources are so closely connected that they should be coördinated, and should be treated as part of one coherent plan and not in haphazard and piecemeal fashion.

We are coming to recognize as never before the right of the Nation to guard its own future in the essential matter of natural resources. In the past we have admitted the right of the individual to injure the future of the Republic for his own present profit. In fact

there has been a good deal of demand for unrestricted individualism, for the right of the individual to injure the future of all of us for his own temporary and immediate profit. The time has come for a change. There are signs that both the Nation and the States are waking to a realization of this great truth. On March 10, 1908, the Supreme Court of Maine rendered an exceedingly important decision. The opinion of the Maine Supreme Bench sets forth unequivocally the principle that the property rights of the individual are subordinate to the rights of the community, and especially that the waste of wild timber land derived originally from the State, involving as it would the impoverishment of the State and its People and thereby defeating a great purpose of government, may properly be prevented by State restrictions. The Court says that there are two reasons why the right of the public to control and limit the use of private property is peculiarly applicable to property in land:

> First, such property is not the result of productive labor, but is derived solely from the State itself, the original owner; second, the amount of land being incapable of increase, if the owners of large tracts can waste them at will without State restriction, the State and its people may be helplessly impoverished and one great purpose of government defeated. We do not think that the proposed legislation would operate to "take" private property within the inhibition of the Constitution.

The Court of Errors and Appeals of New Jersey has adopted a similar view, which has recently been sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. In

delivering the opinion of the Court on April 6, 1908, Mr. Justice Holmes said:

> The State as quasi sovereign and representative of the interests of the public has a standing in court to protect the atmosphere, the water, and the forests within its territory, irrespective of the assent or dissent of the private owners of the land most immediately concerned. It appears to us that few public interests are more obvious, indisputable and independent of particular theory than the interest of the public of a State to maintain the rivers that are wholly within it substantially undiminished, except by such drafts upon them as the guardian of the public welfare may permit for the purpose of turning them to a more perfect use. The public interest is omnipresent wherever there is a State, and grows more pressing as population grows.
>
> We are of opinion, further, that the constitutional power of the State to insist that its natural advantages shall remain unimpaired by its citizens is not dependent upon any nice estimate of the extent of present use or speculation as to future needs. The legal conception of the necessary is apt to be confined to somewhat rudimentary wants, and there are benefits from a great river that might escape a lawyer's view. But the State is not required to submit even to an æsthetic analysis. Any analysis may be inadequate. It finds itself in possession of what all admit to be a great public good, and what it has it may keep and give no one a reason for its will.

These decisions reach the root of the idea of conservation of our resources in the interests of our people.

Finally, let us remember that the conservation of our natural resources, though the gravest problem of today, is yet but part of another and great problem to which this Nation is not yet awake, but to which it will awake in time, and with which it must hereafter grapple if it is to live — the problem of national efficiency, the

patriotic duty of insuring the safety and continuance of the Nation. When the People of the United States consciously undertake to raise themselves as citizens, and the Nation and the States in their several spheres, to the highest pitch of excellence in private, State, and national life, and to do this because it is the first of all the duties of true patriotism, then and not till then the future of this Nation, in quality and in time, will be assured.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BUTTERFLIES ON A PIN

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

To me autobiographies have always been the most interesting type of fiction. I believe it is humanly impossible for a man to tell the real truth about himself. Let him fasten some other human being on his pin and he will quite ruthlessly tear off the wings and let you see how the poor creature is constructed. But himself — well, you are asking a good deal to expect a man to take off his wings for you! I do not suggest that he tells you he is a saint. He is shrewd enough to know that is not the way to interest you. There have been people who have confessed to murders they didn't commit in order to make themselves interesting. The only time a man dares to say, "But there is nothing at all interesting about ME!" is when he is sure that your interest is absolutely sincere — not merely courteous.

Naturally the subject of a published autobiography has been or done something worth recording. People want to know how he achieved his success, made his money, won his battle, or got to be President. I doubt whether their interest is often entirely altruistic. It looks so simple, once it's done, and the results seem so pleasant to the doer! They cannot help a thought of

themselves as the center of the spotlight, saying to a breathless audience, "I could a tale unfold —."

Autobiographies disappoint. Rarely do they tell the right things. Margot Asquith[1] in her precoroneted days came near satisfying the popular taste. Her audacity was sufficient to enable people to get at how she achieved some of her particular sort of prestige. It is not so easy, however, to arrive at a means of becoming the most celebrated beauty of one's period like Lillie Langtry,[2] or so beauty-invoking an artist as Joseph Pennell.[3] There we touch on mysteries.

Most autobiographies remind one of a formal reception. A great deal of talk goes on and some interesting facts are circulated, but one leaves as completely a stranger as when one entered the room. Human beings interest because they baffle us. Generally they are unable to utter the revealing word.

I LOSE SOME OF MY INNOCENCE *

By Herbert Quick

By the time I was twelve or fourteen years of age I began to feel that I must find some way out of the intellectual dark tower in which I was confined. To be sure, my friends Lincoln, Franklin, Elihu Burritt[4] — who remembers him now — and some others were self-educated; but so many of my heroes knew Greek, Latin

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and the higher mathematics; so many of them had passed through that strange life which people led in schools, that I imbibed the idea that I should have it too. And my little excursions into natural philosophy, botany and other regions on the frontiers of learning led me to think that the exploration of these realms was my real vocation. And how I yearned to be somebody!

But the exit from the dark tower was hidden. To go to school, except in the little country schoolhouse across the slough, took money; and we had none. Someone seemed to be waiting beforehand for every cent which dribbled into the family till. We were a family prone to illnesses. Physicians lived in towns remote and their bills were only a little less fearful than death — underpaid as they were. No family was ever more industrious; and what with cows and other live stock and poultry, we gradually attained a little better system of farming; but our surplus always went for debt. My mother favored selling out and moving to a college town, where she said she could have done something to help and father could have found some sort of work to support us while the children went to school; but father could not see himself making a living in town. It was something new, and his nature turned instinctively to the known. The way out for me seemed nonexistent.

The summer before I was sixteen, however, I heard that our county superintendent of schools, Mr. W. S. Larmon, would hold at Grundy Center a new sort of school called a teachers' institute. All the teachers in

the county, all who wished to be teachers and any others who chose were invited to attend. It cost only a dollar to enroll, and there would be a corps of instructors; great people, learned people, who would teach us things — I had no idea what. I had really mastered the curriculum of our school. There was traditionally nothing in our society for a boy who was so good a scholar but to become a county teacher. Hence there seemed a sound economic reason for my attending this institute; so I might go, it was decided. And thus I suddenly found myself out in the great world.

The transition from the life in Colfax Township to the little village of Grundy Center, the plunge into the classes meeting for lectures in that old wooden schoolhouse, was the most astounding leap of my whole life. I found myself a member of a body of young people who seemed to me to have been marvelously favored by fortune. They were all so well dressed, so much like the young people in my romances, so self-possessed, so able to flirt with one another in the light of open day, walking brazenly along the streets, girls and boys together without the slightest look of consciousness! It was a new world.

I doubt if I had white shirts to wear. I had paper collars, though, which came in boxes costing twenty-five cents a box and were thrown away when sufficiently soiled; but no cuffs. There was nothing obscene about the human wrist. This was fine for me, I showed so much of it. My cravats were bows which fastened to my collar button with rubber loops. My suit was

bought ready-made, as a matter of course, at the village store; and must have been far too short, for I was six feet tall and weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. My shoes were the newest new that I had, and were blacked by myself.

I had not yet overcome the maiden modesty which forbade me to shave; and my face was downy along the jowls and on the upper lip, with a beard almost as heavy as that of one or two of the elderly spinsters in the A Class at the institute; but mine was a nice yellow down like that of the gosling, and the skin under it was quite as fair as any girl's. My hair, however, was my humiliation. My brother had cut it for me the Sunday before the beginning of the institute; and I had gone out into my great world ignorant of the fact that what with a dull pair of shears and what with a basic departure of his barber's ideals from those prevailing in the county seat, he had sent me forth as marked a man as though he had branded me with a hot iron, or as if I had been a Nazarite from birth with never a hair-cut to my name.

Among the boys attending the institute was a chap named Herbert Bigelow — he is in the mercantile business now, out in California, where all the good Hawkeyes[1] go, and within the past year I have had a letter from him — who made my hair-cut a matter of comment for the amusement of himself and others, and of misery, heartburnings and torture to me.

"I guess," said he, speaking to a group of boys, "that the rats must have gnawed it off." And then, when I

refused to recognize the application, he added, "You'll have to have it cut now, won't you?"

But as a matter of fact, such a stratagem as having it cut never occurred to me. To have done so would have been a weakening in the face of criticism. I tossed my ragged locks from my forehead, pursued the even tenor of my way and never told my grief, but suffered. I did — I really suffered.

There were about one hundred of us at the institute, which continued six weeks. We were divided into three classes. The A Class was composed of teachers holding first grade certificates. Those with second grade certificates went into the B Class, and there was a C Class for those with no previous experience as teachers. We had no third grade certificates in those days. I should be sorry for the educational system which allowed any grade lower than most of our second grade teachers. I went into the C Class; where, in the atmosphere of intense intellectuality, I soon forgot about my hair and Herbert Bigelow's caustic remarks upon it.

Superintendent Larmon was a farmer and had the good sense not to conduct his own institute. He was afflicted with a selective deafness which enabled him, in his political meetings as a candidate of the Anti-Monopoly Party, to hear whatever he wished to hear and to be deaf to all else. When the Anti-Monopoly agitation was new, Mr. Larmon was opposed to it. After seeing the light, he left the Republican Party and addressed Anti-Monopoly meetings. At one of these he made a name for himself through that selective deaf-

ness of his. After his address, he expressed a willingness to answer questions. An opponent in the audience asked him something like this:

"Did you, or did you not, last year say that the Anti-Monopoly Party is composed of disappointed office-seekers and irresponsible agitators, and that every patriot ought to remain loyal to the party that saved the Union? And if that was so then, isn't it so now?"

"I didn't quite get that," said Mr. Larmon, leaning forward with his hand back of his ear. "Will the gentleman kindly repeat it?"

The question was repeated. Still Mr. Larmon couldn't quite get it. The questioner came closer to the platform and shouted it. Mr. Larmon nodded his head and smiled. Clearly he now got it, and was about to answer. His hearers strained forward in anticipation.

"I was born," said Mr. Larmon, smiling benignly on his red-faced interrogator, "in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. And now are there any other questions?"

After that, any one among us who answered a question by saying that he was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was held to be within his rights as an evader.

In Class C, I was soon, all unknown to myself, a source of great annoyance to my instructors. There were about half a dozen of us who pursued a policy which tended to turn the class into a debating school. At every opportunity we started debates on points involved in every one of the common branches of study.

It was a new and delightful experience to me to rise to my feet with questions, to have them answered by Herbert Bigelow or someone else in the room, and to hold my own in my reply. I was like a racing colt just from the pasture out for the first time in trial heats on the track. I forgot all about my hair, and I believe I made the others forget it too.

There was one girl who looked at me so admiringly that I was disgusted. I was disgusted because she was not the girl for whom I was fighting. The wonderful creature who governed the beating of my heart was a placid, plump lass of fourteen or so, the daughter of a family long prominent in the county. She had great black eyes, while mine were blue. Her hair and brows were black and her complexion was of the purest olive. I was her slave — or would have been if she had only indicated that she was willing to have me serve her. She was the queen of my dreams by day and by night. It was the most severe attack I had ever suffered. She never looked at me. I might in the most triumphant manner prove my position as to the correct mode of diagramming a sentence; but Lizzie — that was her name — never gave the slightest sign that she was interested, while that homely girl with the pimply face smiled at me from her seat over in the next row. Alas, how easily things go wrong!

I had not yet plumbed the nethermost depths of despair, when the word was given out at general assembly that I, with two or more other debaters, was promoted to Class B; where I had scarcely had time to

feel at home and free to enlighten the class on various things, when two of us were lifted bodily into the rare atmosphere of the A Class, among the first grade teachers, and right under the eye of Professor S. D. Gaylord, the conductor of the institute. It took me a long time to fathom the mystery of my elevation. The fact is, however, that in the irrepressible ebullience of our youthful conceit we were a source of annoyance to the instructors in the lower classes, and Professor Gaylord had us brought into his own class, where he could sit on us whenever necessary, and where there were young women and men able to assist in the operation. As for me, I was very happy in the A Class, notwithstanding the fact that Lizzie was lost to me — if one may be said to have lost what he never had.

In Professor Gaylord I had an instructor who, it still seems to me, after a lifetime of more or less intimate acquaintance with teachers, was a wonderful one. He was from New England; Boston, I believe. I have never seen him or heard of him since he left Grundy Center, where he was principal of the village schools. He did far more for me than may seem possible when it is considered that I was under him for a total of not more than two or three months, when I was nearing sixteen, and the following autumn. We saw no more of him after Mr. Larmon ceased to be our county superintendent. He was a man of something like sixty, with gray hair, a florid face and a manner of exquisite courtesy. To hear him speak was an education for me. He may have been a very ordinary specimen of teacher,

but I believe he was something superior. He dominated that gathering of the best teachers in the county, reënforced by a group from adjoining counties, by the force of his personality, his judgment and his learning.

We also had an instructor named Tyndale Palmer, who gave one or two elocutionary entertainments. He was a hearty, energetic, attractive young man who could almost make it necessary to send out a flood alarm after he had rendered *The Death of Poor Little Joe*. He did more for me than any of the instructors except only Professor Gaylord.

The A Class too did me a great deal of good. I was now one of a group of the most intelligent people in the county; for school-teaching was then a calling in which most of the energetic, thinking, developing personalities engaged — for a while at least. The teacher then stood in this respect far higher than now. All my classmates were years older than I. Many of them were college people. One was a Dartmouth man. His full beard and gold-rimmed eyeglasses hanging by their cord gave him a look so scholarly and distinguished that I was uplifted when he deigned to talk with me as a fellow human being. I was shocked when I discovered at the next institute that he had failed as a teacher, while I had scored a success, so far at least as having been able to secure the same school again.

I wonder what ever became of John Addington, Tom Fitzgerald and August Neumann, who came over from Ackley. They easily stood at the head of the men in the class, in my opinion at least — big men, men of the

world, it seemed to me. John Driscoll was more like me — an active young representative of the Irish. He is the only one of the Ackley crowd I have ever met since; and I ran into him as he stood, sore-footed and hoarse, among the ineffectual demonstrators for Governor Johnson of Minnesota in the Democratic National Convention at Denver.

I took the examination at the close of this six weeks of emergence into the great world; and though I was not yet sixteen, I was given a certificate. Then I went out to apply for a school, as we called it. The certificated teacher went forth like a man looking for a job in the harvest field, until he found a school director willing to give him a trial. My victim was a German over in the northwest part of Shiloh township. His name was John Mennenga. I rode in my search for a location on one of our farm horses, and was directed to a farmhouse some two or three miles northwest of where the town of Wellsburg now stands. Nothing was there then but the great house, barns and yards of George Wells, whose great estate was always in my mind as I created the environment of J. Buckner Gowdy in my Iowa trilogy. I was not, however, in the character of Buckner Gowdy, creating in the least that of Mr. George Wells.

A farmer pulled out into the road with a load of wheat as I approached the home of my director. I halted the driver to inquire as to where I could find Mr. Mennenga.

"Dot's me," said he.

"Have you a teacher for your school for the winter term?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"I came to apply for the school," said I quaveringly. "My name is Quick. I live over in Colfax Township. I'd like to teach your school this winter."

"You ain't very oldt yet," said he.

"No," said I; "but I've a pretty good percentage in my certificate."

He looked at the certificate, showing very little indication of understanding it.

"Vell," said he, "I guess you'll do." And as soon as I had signed the written contract which he produced, the deed was done. A man would have given the matter of choosing a wife scarcely less thought.

My salary was twenty-five dollars a month. Every child in the school was German; and no English was spoken on the playground or in the school, except in class or in remarks addressed to me. I suppose that German is the language of everyday life in that neighborhood still; but even then, children ten years old and over could read English with a fair degree of understanding; and the fact that the activities of the county, the township and the school district had to be carried on in English was slowly giving, even to the people who had come from Germany as adults, a smattering of our language; and these same factors were making them over into Americans. The process, however, was much more rapid and effectual along the edge of the German zone in localities like that of my father's farm.

There the neighbors of the old stock Americanized our German friends.

I had now, all unassisted so far as advice was concerned, laid out my course for a while at least. I would teach both summer and winter, and thus have more time for study than I could have if I made a hand on the farm and taught only in the winter. My wages as a teacher would enable my father to hire such help as he needed in the early summer, and my summer terms always ended so that I could work at home in haying and harvest, and thereafter until most of the fall's work was done, except for a portion of the corn husking and the time when I should be at the teachers' institute. I had no idea that my wages belonged to me or that there was anything unjust in my turning them over to my father after my small personal needs were taken care of. Neither did he; nor was there.

IN LONDON WITH WHISTLER

By Katharine Metcalf Roof

A rich American, sojourning in London, asked me [Merritt Chase] what he should purchase and take back with him from the metropolis in the way of art.

"By all means get a set of Whistler's etchings. Unquestionably he will make for you a selection. I'll speak to him," I told him and hurried back with the good news.

Whistler was delighted, and for a day, worked busily,

overhauling and sorting his proofs. The selection was a splendid one, and called for a substantial payment. It was arranged that Whistler should meet the purchaser at a bank in Queen Street the following morning and receive his check.

Most men, under the circumstances, would have thought of little else; but by the next morning Whistler had wholly forgotten his engagement. He had begun a new canvas, and was completely absorbed in it. For a while I expostulated in vain.

"Come, Whistler," I said finally, "you have been away from America so long that you don't appreciate the value of time to the traveler, particularly the American traveler. You must not keep the man waiting."

"Very well," he said, laying down his brushes with a sigh. "Now we'll go."

"Why *we?*" I replied. "I don't want to go," I protested firmly. To tell the truth, I was looking forward with a great deal of comfort to a morning all to myself.

"Oh, but you must," he said calmly, bringing my coat and hat; and presently we stood in front of the house signaling a cab.

One came up readily enough, but, after one scrutinizing look upon the "cabby's" part, drove swiftly by; another went through the same strange proceeding. I looked questioningly at Whistler — this odd circumstance had happened before when we were together — but Whistler was calmly signaling. At length a cabby took us in.

Whistler always carried as a walking stick a long,

slender wand, a sort of a mahlstick,[1] nearly three-quarters his own height. We were no sooner seated than he began poking his stick at the horse's hind-quarters. The animal reared, plunged wildly, and started down the street at a breakneck gallop, while the astonished cabby swore freely and tugged desperately at the reins. Whistler looked calmly ahead, and kept poking.

Butcher-boys and grocer-boys made wild leaps for safety; outraged cabbies whipped their horses out of the way just in time, burly draymen bawled curses after us, and still we went merrily on. Little wonder, thought I, in the midst of my amazement and resentment, that Whistler never gets the same cab twice.

Suddenly he began waving his cane and screaming "Whoa!" He took the astonished cabby severely to task for driving so fast upon the public highway, and ordered him back to a corner we had just passed.

Here a greengrocer's shop, with its orderly and colorful array of fruits and vegetables, had caught Whistler's eye as we twirled by. He surveyed it critically now from two different positions, the cabby meekly obeying his orders, under the belief, I presume, that it was policy to humor an insane person.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Whistler. He pointed his long cane at one corner. "I believe I'll have that crate of oranges moved over there — against that background of green. Yes, that's better," he added contentedly.

We drove on to the bank, where we found the American pacing up and down in no pleasant frame of mind;

but Whistler soon had him pacified, and we left him waving and smiling adieus at us.

The incident at the greengrocer's shop reads like an arrant affectation. It was not, however. Whistler, as usual, was merely most natural. The following morning he posted his easel at the corner and painted the shop.

Whistler's unconventionality was consistently maintained. It was part of his pose, of course. He knew that it puzzled people and made him talked about. Once at a dinner-party at which I was present he appeared without a tie. As soon as I noticed the omission I hurried up to him. "Oh, Whistler," I exclaimed in a warning undertone, "you've forgotten something — your tie, man, your tie!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he retorted. "Would you spoil fine linen — these lines," — he pointed to his collar and shirt-front, — "this harmony, with a flimsy bit of lawn?"

It was his custom when drowsy to go deliberately to sleep, no matter where or what the circumstances might be. At one dinner-party his gentle snore suddenly aroused his neighbor, who nudged him violently with his elbow. "I say, Whistler," he protested excitedly, "you must not sleep here!"

"Leave me alone!" snapped Whistler. "I've said all I wanted to. I've no interest at all in what you and your friends have to say."

One evening he was my guest at dinner at a hotel; Edwin A. Abbey[1] was also there. Right after dinner

Whistler went calmly to sleep; on the way to the theater he enjoyed another nap in the cab, and he slumbered peacefully through the greater part of the play. The next morning he blandly asked me: "What did Abbey have to say last night? Anything worth while?"

There were two distinct sides to Whistler, each one of which he made famous. He succeeded as few ever have in creating two distinct and striking personalities, almost as unlike as the storied Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One was Whistler in public — the fop, the cynic, the brilliant, flippant, vain, and careless idler; the other was Whistler of the studio — the earnest, tireless, somber worker, a very slave to his art, a bitter foe to all pretense and sham, an embodiment of simplicity almost to the point of diffidence, an incarnation of earnestness and sincerity of purpose.

THE DAY'S WORK

By Don C. Seitz

The opportunity to perform a great public service and at the same time aid in erecting a monument to the dearest longing of his soul — Liberty — arrived for Mr. Pulitzer in 1885. Commissioned by the people of France, who raised more than 1,000,000 francs for the purpose, August Bartholdi,[1] the sculptor, had executed a gigantic figure of the goddess, wonderful in art and magnificent in conception, designed to stand on Bed-

loe's Island in New York Harbor, holding a torch of freedom to welcome the oppressed of all the world. A committee had been formed, of which William M. Evarts[1] was Chairman and Richard Butler Secretary, to secure funds for the construction of a proper pedestal. The work lagged until the statue, boxed and ready in France for shipment to America, bade fair to remain there. Enough money had been gathered to lay a concrete base, but not a cent was in sight to pay for the construction of the great pedestal designed to lift the statue a hundred feet above the level of the sea. The committee had vainly sought aid from Congress to avert the shame. This failing, it announced its inability to proceed further and in effect threw up its hands. It was then Mr. Pulitzer made his first great appeal to the American public. On March 16th, he published in the *World* this effective editorial:

Money must be raised to complete the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue. It would be an irrevocable disgrace to New York City and the American Republic to have France send us this splendid gift without our having provided even so much as a landing place for it.

Nearly ten years ago the French people set about making the Bartholdi statue. It was to be a gift emblematical of our attainment of the first century of independence. It was also the seal of a more serviceable gift they made to us in 1776, when, but for their timely aid, the ragged sufferers of Valley Forge would have been disbanded and the colonies would have continued a part of the British dominion. Can we fail to respond to the spirit that actuated this generous testimonial?

The statue is now completed and ready to be brought to our shores in a vessel especially commissioned for the purpose by the

French Government. Congress, by a refusal to appropriate the necessary money to complete preparations for its proper reception and erection, has thrown the responsibility back to the American people.

There is but one thing that can be done. We must raise the money.

The *World* is the people's paper, and it now appeals to the people to come forward and raise this money. The $250,000 that the making of the statue cost was paid in by the masses of the French people — by the workingmen, the tradesmen, the shop girls, the artisans — by all, irrespective of class or condition. Let us respond in like manner. Let us not wait for the millionaires to give this money. It is not a gift from the millionaires of France to the millionaires of America but a gift of the whole people of France to the whole people of America.

Take this appeal to yourself personally. It is meant for every reader of the *World*. Give something, however little. Send it to us. We will receive it and see that it is properly applied. We will also publish the name of every giver, however small the sum given.

Let us hear from the people. Send in your suggestions. We will consider them all. If we all go to work together with a firm resolve and a patriotic will we can raise the needed money before the French vessel bearing the Bartholdi statue shall have passed the unsightly mass on Bedloe's Island that is now but a humiliating evidence of our indifference and ingratitude.

The response was instant and popular, as these excerpts from the daily files of the paper show:

Please receive from two little boys one dollar for the pedestal. It is our savings. We give it freely.

Inclosed please find five cents as a poor office boy's mite toward the pedestal fund. As being loyal to the Stars and Stripes, I thought even five cents would be acceptable.

The inclosed dollar comes from a party of poor artists who dined in University Place this evening.

A lonely and very aged woman with very limited means wishes to add her mite to the Bartholdi fund. Hoping that the inclosed dollar may induce multitudes all over the country to respond and that the enterprise may be very speedily accomplished is the earnest wish of the writer.

A few poor fellows whose pockets are not as deep as a well but whose love of liberty is wider than a church door, hand you the inclosed $7.25 as their mite toward the Bartholdi fund. May Heaven help your good work; it seems that New York's rich men do not.

I am a young man of foreign birth and have seen enough of monarchical governments to appreciate the blessing of this Republic. Inclosed please find $2 for the Bartholdi fund.

I am a cash boy with a salary of $5 per month, and I contribute 50 cents to the Bartholdi fund.

I am a wee bit of a girl, yet I am ever so glad I was born in time to contribute my mite to the pedestal fund. When I am old enough I will ask my papa and mamma to take me to see the statue, and I will always be proud that I began my career by sending you $1 to aid in so good a cause.

On August 11th, following, the *World* was able to announce in triumph the success of its undertaking. The $100,000 was in hand. Work had not been delayed. The money was turned over, first in a $25,000 check and later as needed, while the work went on.

General Charles P. Stone, late of the American and later of the Egyptian Khedive's army, was the engineer. When the French transport *Isere* brought the statue to New York the pedestal was ready and, as Mr. Pulitzer wrote, the nation had been "saved from disgrace."

The statue was dedicated October 28, 1886, with a great naval and civic demonstration. The sculptor was present to witness the crowning of the work. "It is as I wished," he said. "The dream of my life is accomplished. In this work I see the symbol of unity and friendship between two nations — two great republics."

How that symbol endures the world learned in 1917 and 1918, when America stepped across the sea and paid her debt to France, principal and interest, compounded a thousandfold!

President Cleveland, in accepting the statue, used these notable words:

> We are not here today to bow before the representation of a fierce and warlike god, filled with wrath and vengeance, but we joyously contemplate instead our own deity, keeping watch and ward before the open gates of America, and greater than all that have been celebrated in ancient song.
>
> We will not forget that Liberty has here made her home; nor shall her chosen altar be neglected.

As the paper prospered so famously Mr. Pulitzer wished all who had to do with it to prosper accordingly. He was always giving rewards to bright reporters and enterprising editors. Each new press as it came in was the warrant for some sort of celebration. Christmas and Thanksgiving brought turkeys for all. When the *World* passed 100,000 in circulation 100 guns were fired in City Hall Park and every employee received a tall silk hat.

He was anxious that the men should enjoy themselves and actually bought a section of the old Elysian Fields

in Hoboken as a playground. It was too far off and there was little time to play, so the experiment was no great success. He then sought to use the ground as a site for a *World* village, offering to aid the men in building houses. They preferred to select their own abiding places, so the project came to nothing. He was disappointed but took some small consolation in taking shares in the *World* Building and Loan Association, keeping up his payments until everybody else had "bought out" their shares. Then he caused it to be wound up with no record of having provided a home for anybody. He evolved a number of mutual benefit plans, none of which was welcomed by the unions, who in time controlled all departments, and so gave up his efforts to uplift beyond providing a good workshop, plenty of employment and decent pay.

. . . . .

In founding the School of Journalism at Columbia University, Mr. Pulitzer was moved by an impulse to educate newspaper writers and editors up to a standard of ideals. He had long had the project in mind. In the winter of 1903, journeying to Jekyl Island, he took me along as far as Washington. As the train left Jersey City, Dr. G. W. Hosmer, chief secretary, handed me the outline of the scheme to read over and be prepared for an opinion when called upon. I was isolated in a stateroom and read the document. Before it was well digested, Mr. Pulitzer appeared, having groped his way down the car corridor. Without asking for my

view, he observed by way of opening: "You don't think much of it."

"I do not," I said.

"Well, what shall I do?" he asked. "I want to do something."

"Endow the *World*," I replied. "Make it fool-proof."

"I am going to do something for it," he replied, "in giving it a new building."

There was some further talk, all quite inconclusive. The plan underwent much modification. The authorities at Columbia were inclined to look rather doubtfully upon the proposition. Mr. Pulitzer himself had some fears as to how the suggestion would be received, coming as it did from the head and front of journalistic aggressiveness. He expected severe criticism and was quite overwhelmed at the cordial greeting that met the announcement. Of course, there were carpers. These he answered in the *North American Review* for May, 1904, replying, as he remarked introductorily, to "criticisms and misgivings, many honest, some shallow, some based on misunderstandings, but the most representing only prejudice and ignorance." He added: "If any comment . . . shall seem to be diffuse and perhaps repetitious, my apology is that — alas! I am compelled to write by voice, not pen, and to revise proofs by ear, not eye — a somewhat difficult task."

"Some of my critics," he continued, "have called my scheme 'visionary.' If it be so I can at least plead that it is a vision I have cherished long, thought upon deeply

and followed persistently. Twelve years ago I submitted the idea to President Low of Columbia, but it was not accepted by the trustees. I have ever since continued to perfect and organize the scheme in my mind, and now it is adopted. In examining the criticisms and misgivings I have been anxious only to find the truth. I admit that the difficulties are many, but after weighing them all impartially I am more firmly convinced than ever of the ultimate success of the idea. Before the century closes schools of journalism will be generally accepted as a feature of specialized higher education, like schools of law or of medicine."

This prophecy came quite true. Few colleges of consequence in America are now without their departments of journalism.

The first contention he met was that a newspaper man must be born; he could not be made. This he dismissed with scorn. "Perhaps," he said, "the critics can name some great editor, born full-winged like Mercury, the messenger of the gods? I know none. The only position that occurs to me which a man in our Republic can successfully fill by the simple fact of birth, is that of an idiot. Is there any other position for which a man does not demand and receive training — training at home, training in schools and colleges, training by master craftsmen, or training through bitter experience — through the burns that make the child dread the fire, through blunders costly to the aspirant? . . . I seem to remember that Lincoln, whose academy was a borrowed book read by the light of a pine knot on the

hearth, studied Euclid in Congress when near forty. But would it not have been better if the work had been done at fourteen? . . . Shakespeare's best play, *Hamlet*, was not his first, but his nineteenth, written after growth and maturity, after hard work, the experience, the exercise of faculties and the accumulation of knowledge gained by writing eighteen plays. As Shakespeare was a 'born' genius, why did he not write *Hamlet* first?"

He argued further that the brain, like Sandow's[1] muscles, had to be developed by hard work, though admitting that in every field natural aptitude was the key to success. "When the experiment was tried of turning Whistler into a disciplined soldier," he went on in illustrating his assertion, "even West Point had to lay down its arms. Your sawmill may have all modern improvements, but it will not make a pine board out of a basswood log. No college can create a good lawyer without a legal mind to work on, nor make a successful doctor of a young man whom nature designed to sell tape. Talleyrand[2] took holy orders, but they did not turn him into a holy man."

Sometimes in the course of his contention Mr. Pulitzer almost proved the other fellow's point, a defect that comes from breadth of view when matched in argument. Using a military analogy he went on: "The brilliant general is simply a man who has learned to apply skillfully the natural laws of force, and has the nerve to act on his knowledge. Hannibal, the greatest of all in my opinion, is called a typical example of native

military genius. But can we forget that he was the son and pupil of Hamilcar, the ablest soldier of his generation, born in the camp, never outside of military atmosphere, sworn in earliest boyhood to war and hatred of Rome and endowed by his father with all the military knowledge that the experience of antiquity could give? He was educated. In his father he had a military college to himself. Can we think of Napoleon without remembering that he had the best military education of his time at Brienne,[1] and that he was always an eager student of the great campaigns of history? Frederick the Great lost his head in his first battle. It took him years to learn his trade and finally to surpass his instructors. There is not a cadet at any military school who is not expected as a necessary part of his professional preparation to study every important battle on record — to learn how it was fought, what mistakes were committed on each side and how it was won.

"Every issue of a newspaper represents a battle — a battle for excellence. When the editor reads it and compares it with its rivals he knows that he has scored a victory or suffered a defeat. Might not a study of the most notable of these battles of the press be as useful to the student of journalism as is the study of military battles to the student of war?"

Of the need of "born" news instinct, he observed: "Certainly. But however great a gift, if news instinct as born were turned loose in any newspaper office in New York without the control of sound judgment bred by considerable experience and training, the results

would be much more pleasing to the lawyer than to the editor. One of the chief difficulties of journalism is to keep the news instinct from running rampant over the restraints of accuracy and conscience."

At an historic moment in the career of the *World* he had caused great placards reading

ACCURACY
TERSENESS
ACCURACY

to be posted in its editorial rooms; he was forever insisting on these points. Compelled to be diffuse in expressing himself, as noted, he wished no such excuse for others. As he said in continuing his homily: "If a 'nose for news' is born in the cradle, does not the instinct, like other great qualities, need development by teaching, by training, by practical object lessons illustrating the good and the bad, the Right, the Wrong, the popular and the unpopular, the things that succeed and the things that do not — not the things only that make circulation for today, but the things that make character and influence public confidence?"

This last was a perpetual study which carried insistence to all his executives. "Why did the circulation go up?" he once asked me during an unexplained rise in the number of readers. I did not know. "Find out," he ordered. "It is just as important to know why circulation goes up as why it goes down." This also applied to fluctuations in advertising. On one

occasion during the Russo-Japan War the "Want" advertising moved upward.

"Why?" he asked. I said I did not know unless it was due to "The virtue of the Emperor," a phrase that had come from Japan anent the cause of victories.

"What virtue?" he asked sharply. "What Emperor?"

The joke was lost. To his mind the question was, as indeed it needed to be, one of basic importance. Turning again to his critics he observed:

They object that moral courage cannot be taught. Very true. I admit that it is the hardest thing in the world to teach. But may we not be encouraged by the reflection that physical courage is taught? It is not to be supposed that every young man who enters West Point or Annapolis, Brienne, St. Cyr[1] or Sandhurst[2] is a born hero. Yet the student at any of these schools is so drilled, hammered and braced in the direction of courage that by the time he graduates it is morally certain that when he takes his men under fire for the first time he will not flinch. Pride and the spirit of emulation can make masses of men do what even a hero would not venture to do alone. Is it likely that Napoleon himself would have charged in solitary grandeur across the bridge at Lodi if there had been no one to see him do it? Or would Pickett's brigade at Gettysburg have gone forward to destruction if every man in it had not been lifted out of himself by the feeling that he and his comrades were all doing a heroic thing together — a thing in which he simply could not do less than the rest?

If such things can be done for physical courage, why not for moral courage? If the mind can be taught to expose the body fearlessly to wounds and death, cannot the soul be taught to cling to its convictions against temptation, prejudice, obloquy and persecution? Moral courage is developed by experience and by teaching. Every successful exercise of it makes the next easier.

The editor is often confronted by an apparent dilemma — either to yield to a popular passion that he feels to be wrong or to risk the consequences of unpopularity. Adherence to convictions can and should be taught by precept and example as not only high principle but sound policy. Might not a hundred concrete examples of inflexible devotion to the right serve as a moral tonic to the student?

Answering the point that much that it was proposed to teach in his school was already taught in colleges, he agreed. But, he thought, they were overtaught for the purpose he had in mind. Things in professions were specialized, even in newspapers. "The object of the College of Journalism," he commented, "will be to dig through this general scheme intended to cover every possible career of work in life, every profession, to select and concentrate only upon the things the journalist wants and not to waste time on things he does not want."

Yet he had a broad perspective: "Historians like McMaster, [Woodrow] Wilson, and Rhodes; college presidents like Eliot, Hadley, and Angell; judges like Fuller, Brewer, and Gray — could help the work with lectures and suggestions. It is nothing new for a justice of the Supreme Court to lecture in college. Justice Story did it at Harvard, Justice Field did it at the University of California, Justices Harlan and Brewer do it now at the Columbian University at Washington. Even ex-Presidents have not thought such work belittling. Harrison lectured at Stanford and Cleveland at Princeton."

He remarked in conclusion: "Our Republic and its press will rise or fall together. An able, disinterested, public-spirited press, with trained intelligence to know the right and courage to do it, can preserve that public virtue without which popular government is a sham and a mockery. A cynical, mercenary, demagogic, corrupt press will produce in time a people as base as itself. The power to mold the future of the Republic will be in the hands of the journalists of future generations. This is why I urge my colleagues to aid this important experiment. Upon their generous aid and coöperation the ultimate success of the project must depend."

. . . . .

Besides establishing the School of Journalism at Columbia, Mr. Pulitzer in his will provided a series of prizes in the interest of letters, the drama, music, and good newspaper work, to wit:

1. For the most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by any American newspaper during the year — $500 gold medal.

2. For the best example of a reporter's work during the year; the test being strict accuracy, terseness, the accomplishment of some public good, commanding public attention and respect — $1000.

3. For the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood — $1000.

4. For the best book of the year upon the history of the United States — $2000.

5. For the best American biography, teaching patriotic and unselfish service to the people illustrated by an eminent example — $1000.

6. For the best cartoon published during the year — $500.

7. For the best book of verse published during the year — $1000.

Three traveling scholarships of $1500 each were established for the graduates of the School of Journalism who passed their examinations with the highest honor, to enable each of them to spend a year in Europe for the study of social, moral, and political conditions and the character and principles of the European press.

An annual scholarship of $1500 was also established for the student of music in America who may be deemed most promising to continue study in Europe; also another annual scholarship of $1500, under the same conditions, to be awarded by the National Academy of Design for the most promising and deserving art student. The awards are under the control of the University authorities.[1]

BOOK REVIEWS

MY GARDEN OF MEMORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

Reviewed by HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

I OPENED the book with a feeling of sadness, of reverence and of tenderness. How else could one feel toward the posthumous autobiography of the mother of Rebecca, of Patsy, of Timothy and Lady Gwen, of Penelope, of the Ruggles family? And having opened the volume in this mood I read it as one always has read and always will read Kate Douglas Wiggin; with laughter and with tears and with a conviction no less firm because it was intangible that life after all might be a thing of beauty and rightness. For so this brilliant and lovable woman found life and so she made her readers see it.

The biography is intrinsically interesting. I mean that had I never read Mrs. Riggs's books, had I never known her personally, still this story of her life would have delighted me. It is filled with more adventure than is contained in all her other books put together. She herself led a life more varied, more poignant, more replete with romance than did any of her heroes or heroines. The story of her kindergarten experience in

San Francisco alone would have made a wonderful novel. I wish she had written it! The account of her first tour of Europe is more exciting than any of her stories about Penelope's travels. The description she gives of the crushing of her finger in the door of a train in which she was traveling from Gratz to Innsbruck has all the makings of a melodramatic motion picture scenario. No, more than that. Of another novel with Dr. Ben's history as the central theme and the Hungarian countess as her heroine!

But there is far more than mere adventure in this book. There is the account, all unconscious, of the emergence of a clean-cut New England philosophy from a many-sided frame of mind that might otherwise easily have developed into a mere habit of giving out wit and sympathy because people so loved these qualities in her. But delicate as was her talent, there was a curious quality of rugged morality in all that Kate Douglas Wiggin wrote; and after reading her autobiography one understands how this came to be.

Adventure, romance, work, and philosophy in this book, but more than all these, an accounting of friendships by a woman who had genius for making friends. She began, characteristically, by scraping up an acquaintance with Charles Dickens when she was about ten years old. The English novelist was on a train going from Portland to Boston. The small girl was taking the same trip with her mother. Even at this age saturated with Dickens lore, Kate crept shyly to the great man's seat, told him how she loved *David*

Copperfield, and the deed was done. The two talked together for hours.

From Charles Dickens, her friendships spread as the years went on until literally they encircled the earth. Kindergartners, slum mothers, actors and actresses, teachers, philosophers, poets, statesmen, novelists; the great, the wise, the foolish, the brilliant, the eccentric, the beginner, the finished success. She gave to them all of her wit and sympathy and they returned the gift to her in love.

Yes, above all else this is a book of friendships. Extraordinary! How could one person in a life all too short compass so much of that greatest of all gifts to a world too devoid of gifts! "Friendship" — as that friend of her youth, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said — "that select and sacred relationship which is a kind of absolute and which leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer and nothing is so much divine."

The answer is not far to find. It is clear to read between the lines of this book. Partly were her friendships due to the world-wide popularity of her stories. But only partly. The greatest of them were made by personal contacts, and that is where the extraordinary aspect of the matter appears. For one of the saddest things about meeting most authors is that one wishes one hadn't met them! Poor things! They put all the interesting and beautiful parts of themselves into their books. There is little left to make human intercourse with them thrilling or even interesting! Mrs.

Riggs's stories were the spontaneous outpourings of an artist with great wit and a great love for her fellow-beings. She might easily have stopped with the friendships made by her books and have accounted herself unusually successful. But she did not stop here. Choice as are her books, Mrs. Riggs was far more choice, herself.

Loveliness, kindliness, a power of brilliant conversation, yes; but also she had — Pshaw! Why hesitate to use an overworked word? She had the kind of charm that goes only with lovely character, and people when they met her never forgot her and wished to be with her again and yet again.

I recall vividly my own meeting with her six or seven years ago. I was editor of *The Delineator* and I wanted a Christmas story from Kate Douglas Wiggin. As a young girl, I had read and loved everything she had written. A few years before I should have been glad of any excuse that would have made it possible for me to meet a writer whose work I so loved and admired. But my editorial experience had made me wary. I wanted to keep a few of my old illusions, therefore I avoided meeting if I could authors whose works I particularly admired! And so I didn't care to meet Kate Douglas Wiggin.

But if I wanted the story I knew I'd have to make the getting of it a personal matter. Mrs. Riggs was not well, was writing little fiction, and was giving all the time and strength that she could to her biography. So I went to her New York home to see her.

I have a vague recollection of spacious rooms filled with books, flowers and sunlight. And a vivid remembrance of a woman crossing the room to meet me; a woman whose trailing dress made her seem tall, a woman with a delicate, tender face in which there were lines of pain and of laughter and of — of liking! I was a stranger and she was going to give me my chance and begin by liking me.

We talked for a long time, for the most part about story writing — the art of it. She was modest about her work. She might have been at the very bottom of the literary ladder. She spoke of her "little trickle of talent," of her weariness, of her desire to get on with her work, of her admiration for authors without a third of her ability. I cared for her immediately. I wanted to stay with her. I wanted to chuckle on and on at her inimitable flavor. I wanted to tell her the story of my life from the moment I cut my first teeth. But most of all I just wanted to be with her.

Charm! That uttermost gift of the gods to a human being.

And into this biography she has managed with entire modesty to weave a staccato history of her contacts with an endless number of human beings who obviously felt toward her as I did. It is remarkable that she could be so unassuming and that a simple biography could give so much of her subtle attractiveness.

She was too soon withdrawn. In a literary world full of sex and sordid details, such books as hers are like a ray of sunshine that lights one corner of an otherwise

somewhat damp and sour smelling cellar. She should have been allowed to stay with us for many years, if only as a delicate and ennobling light toward which strange bleached sprouts in the literary basement might lean all unconsciously, and from which they might imbibe warmth and health. But she had toiled tremendously. She suffered much pain. Perhaps for her it is better so. And for her the paragraph with which she ended her autobiography has come true:

"I am at one with the little invisible beings in the air — they who had begun as blue Flax flowers. The song is more joyous in youth, fuller and stronger in middle age; it quavers a little as the years go on and on; but the song itself is never ended."

MUSICAL PROGRESS

By Henry T. Finck

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SHUMAN

SHOULD musical critics — to say nothing of literary critics — be abolished? Mr. Henry T. Finck, the dean of American musical critics, devotes a semi-humorous chapter of his new book, *Musical Progress*, to contending that his tribe should be allowed to live a little longer, at least in Manhattan Island. His plea is based on the assertion that nine out of every ten concerts in New York City are given, not only without the least expectation of profit, but with the absolute certainty of several hundred dollars' loss. Why, then, are

they given? "Because the poor things who sing and play always hope and believe that the critics will write flattering notices about them, which can be reprinted in circulars and used to pave the way in other cities and towns in which there is not such a glut of music as in the metropolis." The "poor things," he says, are doomed to disappointment in most cases, because there are not half enough critics to go around. You see the point. "Instead of wanting to abolish musical critics, the performers should only hope and pray for more of them."

Certainly any student, teacher or lover of music who reads Mr. Finck's book will be thankful that this veteran critic has not yet been abolished. The title *Musical Progress*, sounds dry and technical, like the "sewing-machine method" of piano playing, which Mr. Finck denounces in picturesque language; but anyone who lets the title fool him into leaving the book unread will miss some of the season's most engaging and stimulating essays. There are thirty-three of them, and they all point the way to success in music. They range over pretty much the whole field, from "How to Begin with Children" to "Save Beethoven from His Friends," and from "Richard Wagner as a Teacher" to "Futurism and the Noble Contempt for Melody." Because Mr. Finck ironically offers a hundred dollars for "a third ear so constructed that it would enable us to get pleasure from the hideous dissonances perpetrated by the futurist composers," it does not follow that he is an old fogy, or even old-fashioned, except in the sense that a

love of the beautiful and a profound faith in hard work as a key to success are old-fashioned. Indeed, the very pith and point of his book is its effort to abolish outworn ideas and soulless methods of playing and singing.

"Brains, emotion and genius are the only things worth while in music." That is Mr. Finck's text. And work, long, patient, grilling labor, even where there is genius! When visiting Paderewski in Switzerland he heard the pianist play a single phrase a hundred times, with brain and ear intent on getting the right shade of tone. Why is Paderewski the greatest of living pianists? Mr. Finck answers: "Because, more than any other, he lingers lovingly on beautiful details in the music he is playing. There are other reasons, but that is the principal one. Lingering lovingly on ravishing details is the climax, the last word, the perfection of pianoforte playing." Later he adds that no other pianist can quite equal Paderewski in evoking from the piano, with the aid of the pedal, exquisite tints — tints as new as the colors with which Luther Burbank has painted his poppies and gladioli. But the bewitching way he lingers over beautiful passages is Paderewski's most personal trait, the trait that lifts him above all contemporary masters of piano technique.

This whole matter of tempo is of such supreme importance that Mr. Finck devotes a special chapter to it. That his treatment of the subject is not dull may be gathered from this anecdote:

I shall never get over my indignation at a joke played on me many years ago by a music teacher. I used to play the violon-

cello, and once at a concert this woman unfortunately played the accompaniments. My principal number was a Bach air. When we rehearsed, she started to play it at double the proper speed, but, on being remonstrated with, she slowed down. At the public performance, however, either from nervousness or because she thought she knew better than I, she again put on full steam and I simply had to follow, the result being that this piece, which always was encored when I had an intelligent pianist, got a mere scattering of applause. The audience evidently was a better judge of tempo than that teacher, who is now, I generously hope, in a better world.

Here is another from the same chapter:

One of the saddest tragedies in musical history was the death of the great Spanish composer, Enrique Granados, who was one of the victims of the *Sussex* disaster. His life had been a hard struggle to support his six children, and the production of his "Goyescas" at the Metropolitan Opera House had been his first great opportunity. Even this was marred by a faulty production of his opera. For the last repetition, which he hoped would be better than the others, he invited Paderewski, Schelling and myself, with our wives, to his box. It proved to be the worst of the five performances, and I shall never forget the look of annoyance and almost anguish in his face whenever the conductor made a blunder in the choice of his tempo. The composer's hands nervously indicated the right tempo, but I was the only one who could see those distressed hands.

"The Disgraceful Tempo Rubato Muddle" is another essay in which the author delves into this subject and brings up some illuminating facts. It makes plain, among other things, why no German pianist has ever been a great Chopin interpreter. But it is time to glance at another article of Mr. Finck's

creed — the supreme value of emotion in music, both in the composer and in the player. When Beethoven wrote his greatest work, the Ninth Symphony, he put his whole soul into it; yet for his contemporaries it was only "art-music" and did not arouse their enthusiasm. Then came Richard Wagner to interpret it. He understood it. For him it was heart-music of the most soulful sort. "Had any one," he wrote, "surprised me before the open score, as I went over it to consider the means of its execution, and noted my tears and frantic sobs, he would have asked himself in astonishment if this was conduct becoming a royal Saxon conductor." By hard work Wagner taught the musicians of the Dresden orchestra how to bring out the emotional power of Beethoven's great symphony, proving to Germany and to the world, once for all, that it was both art-music and heart-music of the highest order.

Beethoven's own manner of playing was emotional, as Mr. Finck abundantly proves, despite the theories of some German "Beethoven specialists" who play his works utterly without feeling. A contemporary who watched him improvising wrote: "The muscles of his face swelled, his veins were distended, his eyes rolled wildly, his mouth trembled convulsively, and he had the appearance of an enchanter mastered by the spirit he had himself conjured." Mr. Finck continues:

> Seyfried recalled a concert given in Vienna in 1808, at which one of the Beethoven concertos was being played. At the beginning of the first *tutti*, the composer, forgetting that he himself was the soloist, jumped up and began to conduct in his usual

style. At the first *sforzando* he flung out his arms so violently as to extinguish both the lights at the piano-desk. Seyfried, fearing that the mishap might recur, then sent for two choir boys and had them hold the candles; but when the fatal *sforzando* arrived, one of them received such a smart clap in the face from Beethoven's right hand that he dropped his light in terror. The audience, naturally, laughed, and this threw Beethoven into such a rage that when he returned to the piano he broke half a dozen strings at the first chords of the solo.

Great admirer as he is of Beethoven, Mr. Finck yet devotes a chapter to saving Beethoven from undiscriminating friends. The time has come, he says, when we must admit frankly that as a writer of choral works Beethoven was not the equal of Bach and Handel; that Mozart, Weber, Wagner and Bizet wrote better operas than his "Fidelio"; that he wrote no songs equal to the best by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, Grieg, Jensen, Liszt, or the American MacDowell; that in chamber music Schubert and Schumann were fully his equals, and that, wonderful as are his pianoforte works, Chopin's, after all, are what Rubinstein called them, the "soul of the piano." Only in the symphony is Beethoven above all the others. "For this immortal achievement the world cannot honor him too highly," says Mr. Finck; "but the foolish general idolatry must stop. Only thus can we keep his bust on the lofty pedestal where it belongs."

Chicago music-lovers will be glad to see that Mr. Finck gives credit to Theodore Thomas for his great achievement in opening the mind of the Middle West to the best classical music, though those who sat under

the spell of his orchestra in those formative years, as I did, will feel that he has hardly said as much as the subject deserves. So far as he goes, however, he is correct. He calls Theodore Thomas "the pioneer conductor, who did more than any other musician to educate the American public to an appreciation of the best music."

Other pages that cry out for quotation tell how Caruso worked like a slave to perfect his art, Liszt gathered the Magyar tunes of Hungary into his wonderful rhapsodies, and how Josef Hofmann gave his first series of American concerts in New York in 1887 when he was only ten years old, and when he sat on the author's knee and asked with wide childish eyes, "Are there any dragons in America?" But enough has been said to indicate the charming nature of the book. It will interest and help anybody who can by the farthest stretch of the imagination be called a music-lover.

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By Willa Cather

Reviewed by JAMES L. FORD

FROM the moment when I first read "The Story of Paul," I have been interested in the writings of Miss Willa Cather, and that interest was materially increased a year or two later when I came upon "The Sculptor's Funeral," to my mind the best of her short stories. More than that, it is one of the very best short stories

that America of the present century has given to the world. Since then I have read Miss Cather's novels, one or two of which, *My Antonia*, and *The Lost Lady*, have pleased me greatly, not merely because of their intrinsic worth as fiction but also because it tickled my vanity to find that my early belief in her talent was fully confirmed.

While I regard Miss Cather's new novel, *The Professor's House*, as by far the best work of literature — I use the term advisedly — that has yet come from her pen, I find it lacking in so many of the earmarks by which publishers are prone to note best-selling possibilities, that I hesitate to describe it for fear of killing the department-store sale. Here are some of those earmarks: I finished the book with the feeling that the author had not given full value for the money, so many were the things that should have been said, so much remained to be elucidated. It was as if I had turned away from the circus ticket-wagon to discover that I had been short-changed by the expert artist in that line. In other words, I was still hungry for more when I reached the final page, and a genuine best-seller of the highest type seldom leaves me in that frame of mind.

I am still wondering how a novel devoid of that publishers' delight, love interest, ever ran the gauntlet of professional readers. I read on from chapter to chapter, confidently awaiting the appearance of the two young lovers, and expecting to follow them along the course that never does run smooth, up to the moment

when "and so, under the silent trees with the moonlight touching the leaves with silver splendor, the old story, ever old yet ever new, was breathed to ears that listened while the stars glimmered in the skies above." But the lovers never appeared, for the principal characters had been married and settled before the novel began, and their love, so far as I could learn, had become rather lukewarm. But, although there is no love interest in Miss Cather's pages, it grows warm in the hearts of her readers as they gradually comprehend the character of the Professor and are touched by the loneliness of his life, filled as it is with yearnings never satisfied. Such to me was the pathos of the man, that I was glad to find the book devoid of the usual happy ending.

In her method of construction we are reminded of *The Sculptor's Funeral*, to which interest is imparted by what the sculptor did before his death. In *The Professor's House*, the dominant character is a young man, long since dead, but to whom we owe the most interesting passages in the book. We learn that this young man of unknown antecedents had appeared in the Professor's garden many years previous to the beginning of the story, had become a student in the college, and had developed a valuable invention, which he bequeathed by will to the Professor's daughter, to whom he had become engaged; then he had gone to the war and been killed. But little was known of his previous history by his new friends, and not until we have read two-thirds of the novel does the Professor tell the story as he heard it from his pupil's lips. When I read that story I felt

as a prospector might feel on coming upon a very rich vein of the precious metal.

The young man's narrative deals with his adventures in the Southwest in the employ of a railroad, and later as a cattle herder, and it was then that he and his companion, going forth on an exploring expedition among the canyons, came upon the remnants of an ancient civilization and saw the homes of the cliff-dwellers hanging like swallows' nests from the faces of the tall cliffs. The description of these dwellings and of what remained in them after hundreds of years is so interesting that one forgets for a time the Professor, his wife, his married daughters, his sons-in-law, and the fortune acquired from the dead man's invention. The author has evidently made a close study of the region she describes, and of as much of its history as has been obtained by scientific investigation. Never have I read such a thrilling account of a dead-and-gone civilization as I find in her pages. Of course, one might say that it has nothing to do with the Professor's House — that it is not a part of the story — but in this case one would be wrong, for it is in reality *the* story, the one that will remain indelibly graven on the memory after the volume is finished.

I may add that, although the scene of the story is laid in the Mid-West, it is not of the prairie-sod school: nor does caked mud cling to the boots of the characters. It deals with the people of a college town in Michigan, where the air is cooled by the breeze that sweeps in through the forest from the great lake. As a scholarly contribution to literature *The Professor's House* is by

far the best of Miss Cather's novels, nor do I recall any other recent novel of American life that equals it in interest, purpose, and philosophy.

THE MIDLANDER

By Booth Tarkington

Reviewed by Louise Maunsell Field

The same city in the Middle West which was the home of *The Magnificent Ambersons* is also the scene of Booth Tarkington's new novel, *The Midlander*. Rather more than the scene, since its growth and development, its transition from a quiet town with pleasant, tree-shaded streets to one "smeared with the smoke-fog and begirt with automobile warehouses and sales buildings and noisy garages and repair shops" has an important influence on the lives of the various people in the book. One of these, the central figure and the Midlander of the title, has a good deal to do with the changes, since it is he who first begins the "Ornaby Addition."

Opening in the early nineties, and closing with the years after the war, the story covers Daniel Oliphant's life from his boyhood until middle-age. An ingenuous youth, taken by a pretty face and attributing all imaginable virtues to its owner, he falls in love, not with big, sensible, steadfast Martha Shelby, who lived in the large white house next door, but with Lena McMillan of New York, known to her acquaintances as the "French doll," who indulged in rouge and Benedictine,

and objected strongly to the Western "R," regarding it as a great trial to be surrounded by people who "talked about 'waturr' and 'butturr' all day long." But Dan insisted that she was entirely perfect, a "noble girl" — Dan's conversation is a good deal like Willie Baxter's — and so they were married, and it was not long before he realized what a mistake he had made.

Even before his marriage, he was immersed in the project of "Ornaby Addition." With the $25,000 left him by his grandfather he had bought an old farm beyond the city limits, cut it up into building lots and tried enthusiastically to sell them. He talked about the future of "our own, our native city," of the wonders of "Ornaby Addition," of the changes which would surely come, of what the place would be like "ten years from now," until he was the laughing-stock of the town. But the day came when the bankers and business men to whom he had so unavailingly "made speeches" ceased laughing, and went to work to get the control of "Ornaby Addition" away from him and into their own hands.

Dan himself is rather pathetic in his simplicity, his enthusiasms, and his endless orations about his development scheme and about the son he adores — a detestable, spoiled little brat, product of the age of "the abject worship of children," which, as the more intelligent Harlan remarks, is a trait belonging to "certain tribes biologically very low," and to them only, until it was taken up by the United States. For the trouble with Dan, as his grandmother early discovered, was that

"he's never seen anything as it really is and never will — not in all the days of his life!" And yet it was he who began the destruction of that fine old street of big, comfortable, thick-walled houses, National Avenue, by building "a tremendous square box of concrete fronted with glass" on the site of what had once been the dignified old Vertrees Mansion.

The changes which took place in what Dan called "my city" are of course typical of those which have been occurring all over the United States, from New York westward. They are well and vividly described, and provide what may be called the backbone of this very long novel. With them, we have the study of character, from that of Dan, who spent all his strength "just blindly building up a bigger confusion and uproar that smashes him . . . what the deuce is the good of it?" to his more complicated brother, Harlan, whose "superior" air hid an aching sensitiveness, and his formidable old grandmother, Mrs. Savage, the most interesting person in the book. That the atmosphere of the town is admirably reproduced goes without saying, while the early crudities of the "Ornaby Addition," merging at last into the comfort of a place of homes almost out of the reach of the smoke-curse, are equally convincing.

THE MIDLANDER

By Booth Tarkington

Reviewed by William R. Langfeld

There is a pseudo literary cult which is unable to conceive of realism without morbidity, truthfulness without oppressiveness. To them Tarkington is merely an entertaining chronicler of adolescent callowness and well done stereotyped romance. A light touch, however, does not necessarily imply a light mind, and a novel may be serious without being portentous, lugubrious, and utterly tragic. Beyond the interest, cheerfulness, and occasional humor of such tales as *The Turmoil*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, and *The Midlander* (Doubleday, Page), Tarkington is a faithful and earnest interpreter of the growth of the Mid-West, or perhaps better termed Near-East. He paints a people a trifle more simple, transparent, and crude than the sophisticated Easterner, but never drab and sordid. Possibly they think of more wheat, more machines, more wealth, rather than more art and literature, but their instincts and desires are inherently the same. They are erecting the foundations for a future and more complicated social structure.

The Midlander relates the struggle, financial and marital, of Dan Oliphant, a real estate developer of the booster type. He is not, however, a purely materialistic, locally chauvinistic Babbitt figure, but a more ingenuous, impassioned enthusiast, with a touch of

pioneer vision. Contrasted to him, is his brother, Harlan, ultra-refined, supersensitive through over-civilization, misunderstood and therefore restrainedly proud. Lena, Dan's wife, is the product of a false environment, trained wrongly and selfishly to emphasize and value trivialities instead of verities, out of sympathy with her neighbors and surroundings. Dan should have married whole-souled and faithful Martha Shelby, and at his death, Harlan does so. Through failure Dan achieves success, and the "Ornaby Addition" and "Ornaby Four" live as his memorial, though he is compelled to relinquish them to alien hands, as business disaster, desertion by wife and child, and physical illness overwhelm him in culminating catastrophe.

Booth Tarkington cannot write a poor novel. *The Midlander* is a good one, whether one reads it for mere pastime, or whether one discerns beneath an unpretentious style a true insight into the soul and psychology of Tarkington's Hoosiers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Robert Frost

Reviewed by JOHN FARRAR

WHEN most of us visualize Robert Frost, the poet, we visualize the stern granite hills of New England, we call to mind morbid bits of portraiture like "The Death of a Hired Man," we think of him as a grave and reverend

gentleman solemnly driving a plow down some lonely hillside of New Hampshire or Vermont. Frost and his work are quite otherwise. Quaint, genial, humorous, wisely tolerant, he is not only a writer of grim dramatic portraits but of lyrics whose precision and beauty are overpowering, and of bits of Yankee whimsicality that are irresistible because they are both funny and true. As a man he is gentle, humorful and kindly. It is difficult for me to write sanely of Robert Frost; for, in my opinion, he is one of the few great poets America has ever produced.

Mr. Frost, as he appears now, is a sturdy gentleman, with iron-gray hair, cold, clear blue eyes, and features that are clean cut and rugged. That he was born in San Francisco seems to have made little difference in the fact that he is obviously and thoroughly a New Englander. I have been guilty of the statement that Robert Frost is, first and foremost, the farmer. It is true that he has practically always insisted on having somewhere near him a plot of ground which he can work with his own hands. Even in England, where he lived for some time, where his first volume of verse was published, as a matter of fact, he found his land and cultivated it. The reason for this is that Frost is a man seeking some permanence in a world of change. The soil is a symbol of calmness and fertility. There is the progress of seed to fruit; but it is a change which comes with the repeating rhythm of the spheres. For Robert Frost, as one comes to know him better and better, is a philosopher and poet. Farming is very much an avocation. As I

remember him on the hill-farm in South Shaftsbury, he was the same: gentle, ruminative, walking to the village, working quietly in the field, but liking best to sit at the edge of a meadow, looking down over a purpling stretch of land, talking of life and of work, speculating on the whimsies and the fates of mankind.

Last year and the year before, Frost was a visiting professor at Ann Arbor. Now he has returned to Amherst, where he will teach "philosophy" and "English reading." Amherst is near enough to Vermont so that Mr. and Mrs. Frost can visit the farm often where young Carol Frost insists on living and working the land. Two of Mr. Frost's daughters are learning the trade of bookselling. One of them, Leslie, has shown marked ability in writing; she uses a pseudonym in her desire to be quite independent of her father's fame.

The poetry of Robert Frost is great to me because it interprets the qualities of mankind that are universal. His people are the hill-people of Vermont and New Hampshire; but they are the hill-people of the world also. They are the shepherds of Vergil. They are the peasants of Wordsworth. They are human beings shorn of artificiality. They are true to type — and their type is time-destroying. After reading the poetry of Robert Frost for years, I have come to the conclusion that he is essentially a lyric poet, a nature poet. His philosophical and dramatic poems are, perhaps, more strikingly original than his shorter pieces; but there is a characteristic beauty of form and phrase, with, in his later work, an added ease and grace, that mark him as

a superb singer of delicate and deep-ringing songs. You have only to compare any one of the lyrics in his first volume, *A Boy's Will*, with any one of those in *New Hampshire* and you will realize the heights to which he has risen in the perfection of his art. There is no repeating of old melody. It is a new strain sung with added beauty.

I have quoted before, and I'm going to quote here again, a passage from an earlier poem of Frost's, "The Black Cottage." It seems to me to epitomize his philosophy.

> It will turn true again, for so it goes.
> Most of the change we think we see in life
> Is due to truths being in and out of favor.
> As I sit here, and oftentimes, I wish
> I could be monarch of a desert land
> I could devote and dedicate forever
> To the truths we keep coming back and back to.
> So desert it would have to be, so walled
> By mountain ranges half in summer snow,
> No one would covet it or think it worth
> The pains of conquering to force change on.
> Scattered oases where men dwelt, but mostly
> Sand dunes held loosely in tamarisk
> Blown over and over themselves in idleness.
> Sand grains should sugar in the natal dew
> The babe born to the desert, the sand-storm
> Retard mid-waste my cowering caravans —

Only the other day here in New York he said, "Yes, I suppose I am a Puritan!" Then he went on to define, slowly, and as if he were thinking aloud, what a Puritan was to him. To Frost there is the need of

character in the world. There must be standards on which to build life. The *family* means much to Frost. He is impatient of modern loosenesses. "A man says to me: '— but everything is change — change is progress — do you stand in the way of change?'" said Frost. "And my reply to him is: 'There are those who prefer the things which change more slowly to those which change swiftly.' This is *form* in art and life — this is what the Greeks had — what all great cultural movements have had!" And a regard for the precisions of life is, after all, beauty, isn't it? — and beauty is, in the final instance, character. This is Puritanism, if you will. This is, to me, the American tradition which we must preserve. Here, firmly rooted, stand Robert Frost and his work.

"I wonder if it helps a young writer to advise him, to work with him on his efforts," Mr. Frost was musing. He has spent much time, as I well know, aiding and advising the ambitious young poets who come to him with their manuscripts. Probably not, was the conclusion.

"I remember one man who really molded all my future by his advice," Frost told me. "I had sent him some of my verses. He returned them to me with his comment, which was that they were written too much in the way people talk. I considered this criticism and decided to try to make my verses even nearer to the qualities of human speech."

This characteristic in Frost's poetry is annoying to some people. The clipped phrase, the occasionally

jerky rhythm, the sometimes rather ponderous humor; but it is a part of the whole. It is probably largely on this very quality that the truth and wisdom of the whole depend.

The book *New Hampshire* is, at root, a whimsical book. Its form is whimsical. (Incidentally its woodcut illustrations are dignified and beautiful.) The book is divided into three parts: Frost calls it "a long poem, with notes and grace-notes." The notes to which we are referred by footnotes in the initial poem, are dramatic portions of New England life. The grace-notes are lyrics. The long poem *New Hampshire* has not appeared elsewhere. Mr. Frost credits its inception to *The Nation*. They had asked him to write one of their series on the various States of the Union. He had grown weary of reading criticisms of States — so one night he decided that he'd like to write a poem in praise of New Hampshire. The idea grew on him. Although he usually works slowly, this time it was with an almost furious rapidity that the poem progressed. He sat down in the farmhouse at South Shaftsbury, one evening at ten o'clock, and wrote through until ten o'clock the next morning. Later, he added the last line —

At present I am living in Vermont.

This long poem is Robert Frost at his mellowest. It is filled with biting observation, genial fun-poking, and wise tolerance. It has passages of great beauty.

"I paid off a few grudges in that poem!" Frost told me. But if that is his way of paying grudges, it is

surely harmless enough. What the poem really is, I think, is evident enough. It is a statement of the philosophy of Robert Frost, which has not changed one whit since the day he wrote "The Black Cottage," but which has deepened and mellowed. A "sensibilitist," he calls himself.

> I'm what is called a sensibilitist,
> Or otherwise an environmentalist.
> I refuse to adapt myself a mite
> To any change from hot to cold, from wet
> To dry, from poor to rich, or back again.
> I make a virtue of my suffering
> From nearly everything that goes on round me.
> In other words, I know wherever I am,
> Being the creature of literature I am,
> I shall not lack for pain to keep me awake.

If you wish to read the best poised and wisest diatribe against current literary smartness, read the last two pages of this poem. Frost has called "The Older Generation" (as our literary journalists name them) and "The Younger Generation" (again as our literary journalists name them) by their right names.

> Choose you which you will be — a prude, or puke,
> Mewling and puking in the public arms!

Prude or puke! Not a pretty phrase, perhaps; but how expressive!

> Well, if I have to choose one or the other,
> I choose to be plain New Hampshire farmer
> With an income in cash of say a thousand
> (From say a publisher in New York City).

Of the dramatic lyrics which follow, there is no one, perhaps, quite as striking as "The Death of a Hired Man" or "Home Burial"; but what a new beauty is here — a beauty that comes from long converse with the hills. When Frost first came back to New England, he saw the passion, the stamina, the degeneracy of the dying hill-people; now he sees their wistfulness and their vision, the almost prophetic quality. There is a great and breath-taking irony in "A Star in a Stone-Boat," and almost Celtic fantasy in "Paul's Wife," pathos and tragedy in "The Star-Splitters," a perfect portrait of Yankee reserve in "Maple," terror and drama in "Two Witches," and the most delicate mixture of whimsy and sadness in "A Fountain, A Bottle, A Donkey's Ears and Some Books." Frost still loves the awkward phrase, the idiom that drags the reader suddenly to attention; but he has gained a new grace, both of line and of soul.

Turn to these lyrics and you find half a dozen poems at least that you'll remember forever. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is as simple as nature herself — as inevitable — as beautiful. "To Earthward" has a note of real passion that betokens a new Frost. "Looking for a Sunset Bird in Winter," "A Boundless Moment." They are all perfect in their way. This volume marks so great an advance over his previous work that it should be hailed with any amount of handshaking and cheers.

Perhaps this is the perfection of Frost's singing. Perhaps this is the fruit of his ripest powers. It is a book

of which America may well be proud, which is quite above cavil and prejudice. I should like to quote one lyric from it in full:

THE AIM WAS SONG

Before man came to blow it right
  The wind once blew itself untaught,
And did its loudest day and night
  In any rough place where it caught.

Man came to tell it what was wrong:
  It hadn't found the place to blow;
It blew too hard — the aim was song.
  And listen — how it ought to go!

He took a little in his mouth,
  And held it long enough for north
To be converted into south,
  And then by measure blew it forth.

By measure. It was word and note,
  The wind the wind had meant to be —
A little through the lips and throat.
  The aim was song — the wind could see.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Robert Frost

Reviewed by STANLEY A. BURNSHAW

IN reviews of Robert Frost's new book which have appeared in the columns of *The Nation*, *The Bookman*, and other journals, an air of restrained enthusiasm

seems prevalent. Difficult though it may be for a schooled, fast-principled critic to leap into superlatives of praise, *New Hampshire* (Henry Holt) is indeed one of the few books that unquestionably merits it. The reason lies neither in the fact that Mr. Frost is the author, nor that the new volume is his first since 1916. Its particular excellence is revealed in the intensification of the Frostian idiom; and this is true of both the lyrics and the blank verse.

Whether the new volume will equal *North of Boston* in popularity is no fair index of relative merit, since *Mountain Interval* (1916) did not receive its due. The fact is that the same idiom which roused *The Atlantic Monthly* to call Frost's "an authentic, original voice in literature," shows in the new volume a firmer grasp and a more deft lyrical facility. We could hardly have expected lyrics as perfect as "Dust of Snow," as powerful as "To Earthward," as lovely as "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" from the Frost of 1916. Accordingly, the blank verse pieces like the "Star Splitter," "Maple," and "A Fountain" are the work of the firmer hand of the fully matured artist. When a great poet surpasses his established work with even greater achievement our enthusiasm is justified in bubbling over. Especially here in the United States where we do not usually take American literature seriously, the appearance of a *great* book like *New Hampshire* is a milestone in the field of American letters. And if it doesn't merit superlatives from the lips of professional critics, it is worthy of, — let's say, — a local holiday.

PIERRE CURIE

By Marie Curie

Reviewed by Isaac Anderson

It was with great difficulty that Madame Curie was persuaded to write her husband's biography. She grudged every moment taken from her scientific work, and she felt also that Pierre Curie's brother Jacques was better fitted for the task. But the latter disagreed with her and insisted that no one else was so well qualified to write Pierre Curie's life as the woman who had worked by his side and who shared the honor of his greatest discovery. When it came to the question of writing her autobiography Madame Curie was even more reluctant. "It will not be much of a book," she said to one who urged her to write it. And so far as mere volume is concerned, it is "not much of a book," but its few pages tell a story that those who read it will not soon forget.

Both the biography and the autobiography are published in one volume, and as each seems to have been intended to be complete in itself, the married life of the Curies and the scientific work which they did together are covered twice. There is, however, one advantage to the reader in this repetition; those who find themselves beyond their depth in the highly technical story of the discovery of radium as related in the biography may turn to the autobiography and find the same story told in language that a layman can understand. Those

who are well versed in the physical sciences will, of course, find the technical description much more informative.

Not much is told of Pierre Curie's childhood and youth. His father, Eugene Curie, was a physician, deeply interested in scientific research, although the necessity of earning a living by the practice of his profession prevented him from accomplishing much in this line. Pierre never attended the elementary schools or the lycée, but was taught at home by his mother, his father and his elder brother. Together with the latter he often made long excursions into the country about Paris, familiarizing himself with the animal and plant life of the region. To the end of his life such excursions were his favorite form of recreation. The studies for which he showed the greatest aptitude were mathematics and science. The classical studies were rather neglected, and it was chiefly through general reading that he acquired a knowledge of history and literature. He seems to have felt from the very beginning that science was to be his field, and that everything else must be subordinated to that. He became a bachelor of science at the age of sixteen, and began his higher studies at the Sorbonne in preparation for the licentiate in physics, which he received two years later. At the age of nineteen he was appointed preparator in the physical laboratory of the university, a position which placed him in charge of the laboratory work of the students. It was during this time that he began his experimental research.

During his entire life Curie was handicapped by lack of time and of adequate facilities for his researches. His routine work as preparator and later as director of laboratory work and then as professor in the School of Physics demanded the greater part of his time, and he never had a properly equipped laboratory. But he had zeal, industry, a keenly analytical mind and an utterly unselfish devotion to science, without which the best of material equipment would have been worthless.

It was in 1894 that Pierre Curie first met Marie Sklodowska, who was then a student at the Sorbonne [1] and doing research work in the laboratory of Professor Lippmann. He was then thirty-five years old, and she was twenty-five. They were attracted to each other by their common interest in science, and their friendship soon developed into a stronger sentiment. A letter written by Pierre to Marie while she was visiting her home in Poland is interesting for the insight it gives into his character and his view of life. He writes:

> We have promised each other (is it not true?) to have, the one for the other, at least a great affection. Provided that you do not change your mind! For there are no promises which hold; these are things that do not admit of compulsion.
>
> It would, nevertheless, be a beautiful thing in which I hardly dare believe, to pass through life together hypnotized in our dreams: your dream for your country; our dream for humanity; our dream for science. Of all these dreams, I believe the last, alone, is legitimate. I mean to say by this that we are powerless to change the social order. Even if this were not true we should not know what to do. And in working without understanding

we should never be sure that we were not doing more harm than good, by retarding some inevitable evolution. From the point of view of science, on the contrary, we can pretend to accomplish something. The territory here is more solid and obvious, and however small it is, it is truly in our possession.

They were married in July, 1895, and their first home was an apartment of three rooms not far from the School of Physics where Curie was a professor. Their marriage was an ideal one. They lived only for each other and for their work. Neither had any desire for social diversions of any sort. They worked side by side in the laboratory, and their few brief holidays and vacations were spent in walking and bicycling in the country. Both of them enjoyed these excursions, but both were always impatient to get back to work. Two daughters were born to them, and the care and education of these was their only interest aside from their scientific investigations.

The achievement with which the names of the Curies will always be linked was of course the discovery of radium. In this Madame Curie took the leading part, although she received valuable assistance from her husband. The work was divided between them, he giving his attention to an investigation of the nature of the mysterious rays emanating from the ores in which radium was eventually found, and she concentrating on the segregation of the substance itself. In this work both were more than ever hampered by the pitiful inadequacy of their equipment. They were obliged to work in a wooden shed with a glass roof which did not

keep the rain out. All the furniture of the shed consisted of two wooden tables, a cast-iron stove and a blackboard. There were no ventilating hoods to carry away the poisonous gases.

It was agreed from the very first between the Curies that they would take no material profit from their discoveries. All the results of their researches were published, as were also their processes. These processes are still used, almost without modification, in the radium industry. Radium has brought wealth to others, but not to the discoverers. The Nobel prize[1] for physics, which they, together with Henri Becquerel,[2] received in 1903, did, however, enable Curie to give up his teaching in the School of Physics and to employ a preparator to help him in his work.

The story of Pierre Curie's sudden and tragic death is told quite simply. It occupies just one short paragraph and is followed by one still shorter which is Marie Curie's tribute to her husband.

> So perished the hope founded on the wonderful being who thus ceased to be. In the study room to which he was never to return, the water buttercups he had brought from the country were still fresh.

In her autobiographical notes, Marie Curie tells of her work in the professorship to which she was appointed to succeed her husband, of her war work, and of her trip to America to receive the gram of radium which was presented to her by the women of the United States.

PIERRE CURIE

By Marie Curie

Reviewed by K. R. JAEGER

FAMILIAR as we now are with the far-reaching consequences of the discovery of radium, it seems almost incredible that the nation which has recently been honoring the memory of Pasteur could have remained so indifferent, in a practical sense, to the research work of Pierre and Marie Curie over a period of twenty-five years, during which scientists of other countries were eagerly taking advantage of the revelations placed freely at their disposal. "I pray you to thank the Minister," wrote Pierre Curie twenty years ago to a friend who begged him to accept the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur,[1] "and to inform him that I do not in the least feel the need of a decoration, but that I do feel the greatest need for a laboratory."

The modest wish was not fulfilled, and only through the aid of arduous lectureships and the Nobel award were these two scientists of genius enabled to conduct their difficult experiments and maintain an exceedingly simple household. Even today, when widespread experimentation with radioactive elements is made possible in America by our unrivaled system of special endowments, Madame Curie in Paris is still patiently working under severe handicaps, alleviated to some extent by the recent impulsive generosity of American women in presenting her with a gram of the precious

metal whose presence in the universe she was the first to detect.

In *Pierre Curie* (Macmillan) she tells in simple, — almost bare, — language, the story of her husband's life, of the dreams and struggles and successes they shared, and of her work since his untimely death in 1906. An arresting account of her activities during the war is included. In those years the retiring woman who had always shunned publicity became the efficient executive, driving her own radiologic car into the battle areas and, with the aid of her daughter, installing radiologic apparatus in two hundred hospital bases in the zones of the French and Belgian armies.

The whole book, written only upon the urgent insistence of friends, reveals a nobility and an unspectacular denial of self that are inspiring and salutary. The spirit shown by Pierre and Marie Curie, — and, be it added, by younger servants of science like Banting[1] and Best,[2] — in foregoing patent privileges and commercial rewards for the discovery of truths which all the world is seeking, is one of the best guarantees we have of the continuity and the advance of civilization.

THE KINGDOM OF THE HEAVENS

By Charles Nordmann

Reviewed by ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

"THE stars won't bear thinking about," declares the Rajah in *The Green Goddess*, "and as a spectacle they're monotonous." He expresses the unimaginative view. Charles Nordmann, of the Paris Observatory, is more imaginative. "Astronomy," he says, "is the least short-sighted of human disciplines. It tends to make man more modest, more agnostic, less assertive, dogmatic, and sectarian. It holds us dizzily over those precipices where the physical and the metaphysical touch. The Attraction of the Unknown is full of a bitter sweetness."

In his stimulating book he writes "not to instruct or amuse, but to produce thoughts and even dreams, if I can." The lure of the unknown is in his blood; he, luckily, has technique and a telescope; he is the man of science as poet. His imaginative mind discusses only the most recent star secrets, as revealed by the spectroscope on the "little dust particle we call the earth." The wonder and beauty of what he tells us are staggering — to the layman often incredible — but they are never fanciful.

Awe and reverence go hand in hand. He quotes with approval the master mathematician, Henri Poincare: "People ask the gods to prove their existence by miracles. But the eternal miracle is that there are

no miracles." The cosmos is not governed by caprice. "The most impressive fact that emerges from a consideration of the heavens is the sense of law and order, as of a divine Intelligence, which pervades the whole gigantic business."

Mr. Nordmann's previous book, *Einstein and the Universe*, went into numerous editions in France, and was among the best-sellers. The present volume should share its fate. In a preface touched with humor, he writes:

> Most thinking people aspire at times to escape from the military or monetary controversies which characterize our "idealist" times. . . . Novels? These glittering fictions are often modeled too narrowly upon meager human realities. Love has been surrounded with poetry by Art, and with ecstasy by Nature. . . . Yet we must have other enthusiasms. . . . Fairy Tales? These are nothing compared to the telephone, X-rays, stellar spectroscopy, etc. . . . Arts and letters? Past ages have equalled them. . . . The world's political and social changes? 10,000 years these have moved in the same vicious circle. There remain the Sciences — in particular the most finished of them, the most disinterested: the Stars. Stars are adorable because they resemble those chimeras for which hopeless love seeks in vain. Our nostalgia for the infinite, refusing to be stifled, finds in the stars a remunerative field for exploration.

Leaving our familiar "dust particle," the earth, in this volume, we leave also the friendly blue air (its color due merely to our thin skin of atmosphere), and plunge through the true sky, which is black, "a deep black of eternal mourning." Accosting the planets in passing, we race onward to the sun, "whose singular magnetic

and electric influences, like a sort of telepathy, make us tremble at its slightest spasms," and thence take our upward rush to those "strange ant-heaps, called clusters, and finally to the vertiginous spiral nebulae."

We spend a week-end on the moon, however, en route, for no astronomer can ever leave the moon alone. This trumpery little satellite holds too many mysteries among her mountains, 24,000 feet in height, and her craters, 21,000 feet in depth. Her strange acceleration, for one thing, has now been fully explained. It is only a few seconds of arc per century, one second of arc being less than the 300,000th part of a right-angle, but that she should be apparently slowing down was a disquieting puzzle. The solution of the mystery lies in the fact that the earth herself is the laggard, turning less and less quickly on her own axis. And this is due partly to the friction of the present oceans on the ocean floor, and partly to the intense friction of the viscous and more fluid portions of the earth's interior. These drag at her. The moon does not turn more slowly, but the sidereal day is increasing. The strange "patches of vegetation" noticed by Professor Pickering[1] are also mentioned and explained — away. They appear just after sunrise, spread over enormous areas, then disappear in a few minutes again. They were observed in the bottom of the deep craters. They are due to "the refraction of the sun's rays by myriads of crystals with sharp edges."

Mars detains us for a moment or two, with its double hint of artificial canals and possible inhabitants. The

canals are an optical illusion, a mirage, due to the use of low-power telescopes, which tend to make dots like lines. Through a high-power telescope there are no lines at all. Mr. Nordmann is very positive on the subject. He is less positive with regard to life on the planet, where, in any case, there is less oxygen than on the top of Mount Everest. After discussing the possibility that life-germs reached the earth first upon some meteorite or other body after a journey of countless light-years, he admits his readiness to believe that life may exist elsewhere.

> This does not mean that thinking organisms exist only on the earth (he says). I am even inclined to be convinced of the contrary. Yet nothing has yet proved that life exists anywhere but here. . . . Is it not wiser perhaps (he asks) to consider organized life as a protoplasmic accident, as rare in space as it is in time?

We land next on the sun, which is only 93,000,000 miles away, whereas some of the stars are 400,000 *light-years* away, light, of course, traveling 186,000 miles a second. The way the sun's constant loss of heat is restored — by contraction — has interest. Its diameter grows 500 feet less annually, and this contraction engenders enough heat to replace what is poured out so prodigally. The process may continue some eight million years before we notice any difference. It had been held until recently that by the time our planets fall into the sun (their eventual fate), the sun would be cold. Now radium has changed this prophecy. The planets will take their final rush and plunge into a sun still hot. "Life will be volatilized in that grand crema-

torium, the sun," states Mr. Nordmann almost with enthusiasm.

In his contemplation of the appallingly distant "island-universes" we cannot follow him here, nor listen to his fascinating description of the new method of measuring a star's diameter. Betelgeuse, we know from this discovery, is as large as the orbit of Mars round the sun — which reminds us of the Rajah's comment that the stars won't bear thinking about. He closes his volume, at any rate, on a practical note about something nearer home: the use of the tides to help our daily work along. The tides provide an extremely powerful machine with the movement of an alternating piston. "When humanity emerges from its ignorance," he hopes and believes, "it will utilize the thousands of millions of horse-power. Then, no more under the necessity of devouring each other in order to live, people will occupy themselves with science, art, etc. . . ." The French Government, he informs us, has already inaugurated this Golden Age by appointing a commission to attack the problem at points on the coast.

EDITORIALS

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

(Originally printed September 21, 1897)

The Sun

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun:*

Dear Editor — I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Papa says "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so."
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real?

Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

LABELS AND LABEL-WORSHIP

The Wichita Beacon

THE majority of the English voters in their recent election were aligned with the conservative or "Tory" party.

The diametric opposition was the Labor party, which met defeat.

The platform of the Labor party set forth that it was opposed to the system whereby the idle rich may be supported like leeches on the body politic, living from capital alone, doing nothing toward real production.

Does the victory of the conservative party mean that the majority of the English people belong to or champion the cause of the idle rich class?

Presumably so, if one follows the philosophy of the label-worshipers.

The label type of mind is more entranced by names than by facts. It draws conclusions from programs rather than from deeds. It judges by promises rather than by results.

The defeat of Ramsay MacDonald in England and of

La Follette in the United States has been taken by some as a triumph of the reactionary over the progressive.

Such a conclusion is misleading and grotesque.

Doubtless a great majority of the conservative voters in England are workers and producers in a very real sense. They are not opposed to the aspirations of Labor. The fact that they did not attach the Labor party label to themselves signifies but little.

The great majority of those who voted for Coolidge are producers — farmers, laboring men — producers of various kinds. They are not representatives of the vested interests of Wall Street, but just folks. They are found working, as salesmen in grocery stores, on the farms, in factories, in offices. Small tradesmen, teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors — all the walks of life are represented in the Coolidge vote. If there were any way of finding out how all the people voted it would not be surprising to find that the La Follette vote represented about the same proportions of occupations as the Coolidge or Davis votes.

John Spargo, Socialist, is one sociological and political writer who has the clarity of vision to get away from the stereotyped formulae and analyze each case on its merits.

In his opinion, La Follette is a reactionary — a man whose political and economic philosophy is "antique." And the reasons he sets forth for his estimate are logical and pertinent. Whether his final conclusions are right or wrong, it can be said, at least, that he has refused to be impressed by labels. The fact that La Follette has

always been called a progressive does not blind his eyes in his search for actual truths.

Using a similar analysis, it might be found with much justice, that Coolidge is progressive. If a progressive is worthy of the name, he is a man who has courage to push forward in a needed program. That program may not be novel or untried, but if it responds to the needs of the people and works for their welfare, it is progressive.

There is a complacent assumption that the Geneva program for world peace is "forward-looking," "idealistic," and "liberal." Again the label is misleading. Some of the proposals of the Geneva protocol of the League of Nations are hopelessly reactionary in their conception, and would lead the world backward into a dark and bloody path, in the opinion of many enlightened American statesmen. Who has the right to designate what is reactionary and what is forward-looking? Some portions of the league program are worthy. The good should be sifted from the bad. There is no warrant for swallowing the entire prescription upon the basis of a prospectus which blandly recommends the prescription as being idealistic.

The recent election, with its apparent trend toward conservatism, should not mislead the thinking public. Progress is not a matter of label, but a matter of deeds. There is no visible prospect that the lot of Labor or the farmer is to grow worse under the present régime. There is no stifling of liberal opinion or curtailment of essential liberties. The world moves on under inspiration of achievement — not by the leverage of phrases.

A SACRAMENT OF CITIZENSHIP

The Wall Street Journal

If you are the citizen who, from his own fault, neglected to register don't read this editorial. You are not fit to read it. You are but half an American — and the wrong half. If you did your duty, put this newspaper in your pocket and read it as you stand in line at the voting place. You are to partake in the sacrament of citizenship. You have before you a public duty which only you can discharge. On this day of the year all the candidates for your favor stand humbly with their heads bared, waiting for your verdict. You are to say which of them shall be intrusted with the destinies of your country for the next four years.

You are to dismiss personalities and trivialities from your mind. You are to consider the management of the greatest single business in the world — the public business of the United States. You are to remember that the President of the United States is called upon to make decisions for you and yours every hour of his life. He will not be concerned for one moment during that time with the pompous generalizations which are flaunted before you on the stump. He is the President of all the people. What is required of him is not oratorical ability but executive ability. He will perform his duties not in the heat of party temper but in cold blood, responsible to the Constitution of the United States, to you who "ordained" it, and to his God.

This is no time for experiments, for the Presidency is

no job for ignorant self-sufficiency and noisy pretense. Even to say that a candidate is honest is no sufficient reason for giving him your vote. The normal condition of the American citizen is that he is honest. But you do not want him in the most responsible office in your gift unless he is something more than honest. He must be steadfast, capable, trustworthy, intelligent, cautious, courageous — a man of an integrity far beyond mere material honesty. He must be honest with himself and honest with his God. He must be temperate and fair, ready to compromise on minor material points but inflexible in principle.

You are to elect a President who comes most nearly to what an American should be, given his opportunities, his environment and his awful responsibilities. It is the duty of the President to sign the commissions of the principal servants of the state. You are today signing the President's commission. You stand before the ballot box independent of class minorities, of farm blocs, of unassimilated racial combinations, of labor unions, of noisy and irresponsible faddist organizations, of trade associations, of Wall Street itself. In a sense it is not the integrity of President Coolidge which is on trial. It is your integrity.

Do your duty as a citizen. The rest of the day is yours only when you have done it.

TELEPHONE DISCOURTESY

The Chicago Tribune

HALF a dozen men whose time is valuable are gathered in the office of one to discuss a business project or a matter of business policy. Each is a capable man, an expert in his own phase of the subject under consideration. They have been assembled with some difficulty and by specific appointment, because each has many duties to occupy his attention, and whatever time he uses is at the sacrifice of something else.

The telephone rings. It is peremptory in its demand for attention. Perhaps no call or sound in the world is more impersonally peremptory.

The man at the desk, who has arranged this meeting, begs pardon in a tone which assumes that it is already granted, and answers the phone. He talks for a minute, two minutes, ten minutes, as the case may be. The progress of the meeting is not only delayed but set back. The time of the six men in the room is wasted at what may be the casual whim of the outsider. A man who has made no appointment pushes himself ahead of others who have met by appointment. The man in whose office the meeting occurs aids and abets the discourtesy. The men whose time is wasted and whose thoughts are jumbled and nerves irritated by the interruption may rage internally, but they know nothing about the importance or unimportance of the call, and they are polite and silent.

Similar incidents in smaller and perhaps less important office meetings are innumerable. If the person whose phone rings has no secretary to keep such interruptions from him, there is a shadow of excuse, but only a shadow. In such case he may use his judgment as to the possible importance of the call compared with the importance of the matter in hand.

But too many persons ignore all such considerations in replying to the peremptory demand of the telephone bell, and too many persons take advantage of this fact to break in on the time of men who would not grant them an interview in person. The telephone is an invaluable factor in the modern conduct of business. But it is also a potential instrument of torture and means of flagrant discourtesy. Many men who would throw out an interloper who opened their doors and entered their offices unannounced will tolerate a similar interruption by phone.

Does the telephoning intruder ever ask if he is interrupting, and suggest that he might call at a more auspicious time? Seldom, if ever. Does the recipient of the call ever state that he is engaged with other men and will accept or answer the call later? Too seldom, if ever. It is merely one of the bad practices of our times.

The courteous, the efficient, and the intelligent man tries to arrange his business otherwise.

THRIFT IN THIS AUTO AGE

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

THE statement that the American people are now spending $8,000,000,000 annually on the purchase and maintenance of automobiles is not so startling, when joined with other assertions of the American Committee on Highway Transport. It observes that during the period of the increase in motor cars, savings bank deposits have increased twofold, both individual bank deposits and the assets of building and loan associations have tripled, and life insurance in force has increased two and one-half times.

A considerable part of the large expenditure on automobiles, of course, is spent on automobiles whose use for commercial purposes adds to the earning power of the people. And the commercial car used for the delivery of goods within the boundaries of a city, the service car and the bus are not the only motor vehicles employed in increasing individual earnings and savings. The committee which is to report its findings to the third biennial conference of the International Chamber of Commerce, opening at Brussels on the 21st of this month, states that in Indianapolis and St. Paul more than 90 per cent of the milk consumed is hauled direct from the producer to the city distributor by motor truck.

Here is but one aspect of a nation-wide change bringing not only the farmer himself, but his products, closer to the city, or at least in a more direct line with the city.

It is a form of service that might be greatly extended. If the middleman grabs a big part of the profits from the sale of farm products, there are a great many of the products that farmers not remote from the cities might sell directly to the consumer with advantages to both. By quickly transporting cityward fresh things of the farm, the automobile serves in a way that is but roughly expressed in cash profits.

Moreover, the old horse and buggy were worth something, which must be subtracted before determining just how much is being spent on the automobile that, but for its invention, might not be spent for vehicular facilities.

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND

(Pulitzer Prize, 1922)

The Emporia Gazette

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people — and, alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed.

And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion, that is to say, free utterance decently and in order — your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugar-coat it with expediency. This state today is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold — by voice, by posted card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

LAW AND THE JUNGLE

(Pulitzer Prize, 1919)

The World-Herald

THERE is the rule of the jungle in this world, and there is the rule of law.

Under jungle rule no man's life is safe, no man's wife, no man's mother, sister, children, home, liberty, rights, property. Under the rule of law protection is provided for all these, and provided in proportion as law is efficiently and honestly administered and its power and authority respected and obeyed.

Omaha Sunday was disgraced and humiliated by a monstrous object lesson of what jungle rule means. The lack of efficient government in Omaha, the lack of governmental foresight and sagacity and energy, made the exhibition possible. It was provided by a few hundred hoodlums, most of them mere boys, organized as the wolf-pack is organized, inflamed by the spirit of anarchy and license, of plunder and destruction. Ten thousand or more good citizens, without leadership, without organization, without public authority that had made an effort to organize them for the anticipated emergency, were obliged to stand as onlookers, shamed in their hearts, and witness the hideous orgy of lawlessness. Some of them, to their blighting shame be it said, respectable men with women and children in their homes, let themselves be swept away by the mob spirit. They encouraged if they did not aid the wolf-pack that

was conspiring to put down the rule of law in Omaha — that rule which is the sole protection for every man's home and family.

It is over now, thank God!

Omaha henceforth will be as safe for its citizens, and as safe for the visitors within its gates, as any city in the land. Its respectable and law-abiding people, comprising 99 per cent of the population, will see to that. They have already taken the steps to see to it. The first step was taken when the rioting was at its height — taken belatedly, it is true, because they had placed reliance on the public authorities to safeguard the order and good name of Omaha. The blistering disgrace of the riot has aroused them. There will be no more faltering, no more recklessness, no more procrastination, no longer the lack of a firm hand. The military aid that has been called in is only temporary. It serves to insure public order and public safety for the day, for the week. But the strengthening of the police force of the city, its efficient organization under wise and competent leadership, is a policy that public sentiment has inaugurated and that it will sternly enforce. As to that there will be neither equivocation nor delay. Nor will there be any hesitancy or laxness in the organization, and rigid use if need be, of civic guards to keep the streets and homes and public places of Omaha secure.

The citizenship of Omaha will be anxious that the outside world should know what it was that happened and why it happened. Let there be no mistaking the plain facts. The trouble is over now. It was a flare-

up that died as quickly as it was born. Omaha is today the same safe and orderly city it has always been. It will be safer, indeed, hereafter, and more orderly, because of the lesson it has so dearly learned. And the flare-up was the work — let this fact be emphasized — of a few hundred rioters, some of them incited by an outrageous deed, others of them skulkers in the anarchistic underbrush who urged them on for their own foul purposes of destroying property and paralyzing the arm of the law. If the miserable negro, Brown, had been removed from Omaha in time, as he should have been; if failing to remove him, the public authorities had taken vigorous measures to prevent the congregation and inflaming of the mob, the riot would never have occurred. An organized and intelligently directed effort in advance would have preserved the good name of Omaha untarnished. It would have prevented the lynching. It would have saved our splendid new courthouse from being offered up in flames, its defense with the mob-victim in it, a costly sacrifice on the altar of law and order. There would have been no thought, even, of the amazing attempt to lynch the mayor of Omaha, bravely and honorably discharging his duty as chief magistrate in resisting the wolf-pack.

It would be impossible to speak too strongly in condemnation of the rioters or in the uncompromising demand for their stern and swift punishment, whoever they be, wherever they can be found. They not only foully murdered a negro they believed to be guilty. They brutally maltreated and attempted to murder other

negroes whom they knew to be innocent. They tried to lynch the mayor. They wantonly pillaged stores and destroyed property. They burned the courthouse. In the sheer spirit of anarchy they pulled valuable records from their steel filing cases, saturated them in gasoline and burned them. They burned police conveyances and cut the fire hose, inviting the destruction by fire of the entire city. Their actions were wholly vile, wholly evil and malignantly dangerous. There is not one of them who can be apprehended and whose guilt can be proved, but should be sent for a long term to the state prison. And toward that end every effort of every good citizen, as well as every effort of the public authorities, from the humblest policeman to the presiding judge on the bench, must be directed. There can be no sentimentalizing, no fearful hesitancy, no condoning the offense of these red-handed criminals. The pitiful bluff they have put up against the majesty of the law, against the inviolability of American institutions, must be called and called fearlessly.

To the law-abiding negroes of Omaha, who like the law-abiding whites are the vast majority of their race, it is timely to speak a word of caution as well as a word of sympathy and support. Any effort on the part of any of them to take the law into their own hands would be as culpable and as certainly disastrous as was the effort of the mob. In the running down and maltreating of unoffending men of their color, merely because they were of that color, they have been done odious wrong. They naturally and properly resent it. They

naturally and properly resent having been confined to their homes, in trembling fear of their lives, while red riot ran the streets of the city. But their duty as good citizens is precisely the same as that of the rest of us, all of whom have been outraged and shamed as citizens. It is to look to the law for their protection, for their vindication, and to give the law every possible support as it moves in its course. The law is their only shield, as it is the only shield of every white man, no matter how lowly or how great. And it is the duty of all, whites and blacks alike, to uphold especially the might of the law — to insist, if need be, on its full exercise — in protecting every colored citizen of Omaha in his lawful and constitutional rights.

For the first time in many years — and for the last time, let us hope, for many years to come — Omaha has had an experience with lawlessness. We have seen what it is. We have seen how it works. We have felt, however briefly, the fetid breath of anarchy on our cheeks. We have experienced the cold chill of fear which it arouses. We have seen, as in a nightmare, its awful possibilities. We have learned how frail is the barrier which divides civilization from the primal jungle — and we have been given to see clearly what that barrier is.

It is the law! It is the might of the law, wisely and fearlessly administered! It is respect for and obedience to the law on the part of the members of society!

Where these fail us all things fail. When these are lost all will be lost. Should the day ever come when

the rule that was in Omaha Sunday night became the dominant rule, the grasses of the jungle would overspread our civilization, its wild denizens, human and brute, would make their foul feast on the ruins, and the God who rules over us would turn His face in sorrow from a world given over to bestiality.

May the lesson of Sunday night sink deep! May we take home to our hearts, there to be cherished and never for a moment forgotten, the words of the revered Lincoln:

> Let reverence of the law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, seminaries, and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice; *let it become the political religion of the nation.*

WHO MADE COOLIDGE?

(Pulitzer Prize, 1923)

The Boston Herald

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

Margaret Foley, of course. When Levi H. Greenwood was president of the Massachusetts Senate he opposed woman suffrage. She opposed his reëlection in his district and prevailed. Senator Coolidge became President Coolidge on Beacon Hill, and the signals were set clear for the road to the governorship.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

Edwin U. Curtis, of course. When he was a sick man in that old brick building at the dead end of Pemberton Square, the heedless policemen went out on strike to the refrain of "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." The sick man showed the strength of the stalwart, until finally Governor Coolidge sent a telegram to Samuel Gompers that tapped its way into national prominence, and is today a sort of magna charta of the people's rights.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

James Lucey, the Northampton cobbler, of course. No explanation or argument is necessary here, but merely a reminder. *The Herald* published a facsimile a few days ago of President Coolidge's letter to him, which said: "If it were not for you, I should not be here."

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

Frank W. Stearns, of course. With as close an approximation to second sight as we may expect in these days, and with an ability to see around the corner years before Einstein told us how rays of light are bent, this substantial, self-made, self-respecting Boston merchant, with his quiet sense of obligation to the community, discerned qualities which hardly anybody else glimpsed. To go to the Republican convention he left a Governor, only to come back to pay his respects to a potential Vice-President.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

Senator Crane, of course. He made Coolidge by showing him, in precept and practice, the way of wisdom

and by vouching for him in high places where his chance say-so was as good as his oath and bond. To the younger man he gave that mixture of personal attachment and respect of which he was none too prodigal, but always of mighty advantage to the few who won it.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

The Republican party of Massachusetts, of course, a canny organization, with some Bourbonism, some democracy, some vision, some solid traditions, and no end of genuine appreciation of the merits of a trustworthy man. It always lined up behind him solidly, even when he displayed that reticence which to the unknowing was some evidence of ingratitude, and to the knowing was merely Coolidgeism.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

The people of Massachusetts, of course. They took him at more than his own modest valuation, whether he wanted to be a town officer or a Governor. They had that which thousands call a blind faith in him. More thousands called it a passionate intuition.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

His mother, of course, who endowed him with her own attributes; a father that taught him prudential ways with all the quiet vigor of the old Greeks who preached moderation in everything; his school and his college; his classmate, Dwight Morrow, and his guest of a day or two ago at the White House, William F. Whiting.

Who made Calvin Coolidge?

Calvin Coolidge, of course! From the reflective

shoemaker and the furious Miss Foley to the complacent Frank W. Stearns and the watchful and discerning senator from Dalton, came some of the makings, but the man himself had the essentials of greatness. Give another man those same foes and friends and he might still be as far away from the White House as most sons of Vermont.

THE PLIGHT OF THE SOUTH

(Pulitzer Prize, 1924)

The News and Courier

THIS article is being written on election day but before the result of the voting can possibly be known. No matter. The suggestions it contains will still be pertinent whatever the story told by the first page this morning. It makes very little difference what any of us think about the outcome of yesterday's balloting. It makes a considerable difference whether or not the people of the South realize the precarious situation which this section has come to occupy politically.

As yet we doubt if very many of them do realize this; and yet it is, we think, the outstanding political development of the time so far as we are concerned. Look at the facts. They are not pleasant to contemplate but they cannot be ignored longer. We are in a sad fix politically in this part of the country and if we are to find a remedy for our troubles we must first of all deter-

mine what they are. That will take considerable discussion and all we can hope to do now is to help start the ball of this discussion rolling. If that can be accomplished we may achieve the new program and the new leadership which we so much need.

For at the root of the South's present plight lies the fact that it has today virtually no national program and virtually no national leadership. Is it strange that it should be treated by the rest of the country as such a negligible factor? What is it contributing today in the way of political thought? What political leaders has it who possess weight or authority beyond their own States? What constructive policies are its people ready to fight for with the brains and zeal that made them a power in the old days?

The plight of the South in these respects would be perilous at any time. In a period when political currents are deeper and swifter than ever before, with more violent whirlpools, more dangerous rocks and shoals, ours is truly a perilous position. Changes which used to be decades in the making now sweep over us almost before we know they are in contemplation. It is true everywhere. In all the countries of Europe the pendulum is swinging, now far to the left, now far to the right. Center parties have lost their power. They are in a very bad way. And the South has belonged to the school politically which sought as a rule the middle of the road, eschewing ultra-conservatism on the one hand and radicalism on the other. With Labor organized and militant, with radicalism organized and in deadly

earnest, with conservatism organized and drawing the lines sharply, what is the South to do, what course shall she take, where do her interests lie, what is due to happen to her?

These are questions which already begin to press for answer. Who is to speak for the South? How many of her citizens are prepared to help formulate her replies?

VITAMIN "C"

The New York Times

When Jacques Cartier, the French explorer and discoverer, sailed out of St. Malo in 1535 for the northwest passage to Cathay he had three ships. But so many of his men died of scurvy and exposure during their winter near the present site of Quebec that he had barely crew enough to take one of his ships, the *Grande Hermine*, back to France. He stated in his account of this adventurous journey that it was probable that not a man would have come back if a specific for scurvy had not been found. This was a decoction, he said, learned of the Indians and made from the bark or leaves of a tree "so efficacious that if all the doctors of Lorraine and Montpellier had been there with all the drugs of Alexandria they could not have done so much in a year as that tree did in six days, for it profited us so much that all those who would use it recovered health and soundness."

What this decoction was Cartier does not tell us, but it was apparently the chemical forbear of Vitamin "C," which a biochemist in France has obtained in crystalline form from cabbages, as just announced from Washington by Science Service. It is not a startling discovery, for efficacious remedies for scurvy have long been known. It has been both prevented and cured by certain vegetables or fresh fruits, or certain chemicals, or the juice of lime or lemon, or even vinegar. But the chief value of the isolation and concentration of this new remedy is that it is potent even in minutest amounts. No ship or voyager need be without it. The specific is, moreover, but another illustration of the progress that science is making in fighting disease in every sector of human exposure. Authorities have been at variance as to the cause of scurvy, but it may be due to the absence of what is now known to be its cure — a cure available in great quantities in the very fields around St. Malo, to which Jacques Cartier and his men might all have returned had the doctors of France in his day known of Vitamin "C."

THE IDEALISM AND FAITH OF HJALMAR BRANTING

The Christian Science Monitor

Among modern political men, Hjalmar Branting, three times Premier of Sweden and representative of the neutrals on the Council of the League of Nations,

stood out as a public leader who remained true to the end to the ideals of his youth. For those ideals he had had to suffer many times. He had been imprisoned and, what was perhaps harder to bear, he had been hounded and mocked by his contemporaries, who at first refused to give him credit for sincerity. But he lived to see many of them triumph and to hear his most uncharitable critics admit that he had not been a self-seeker, and that, having fought the good fight, he had earned the crown. No one can contemplate the career of this publicist and political leader without gaining better faith in human justice and in the ultimate triumph of what is good and true. His record somehow suggests that knighthood is still in flower.

By birth Hjalmar Branting came from the well-to-do classes. He had enjoyed the benefits of the best education available in his age. It was by a deliberate choice that he elected to become the champion of labor and to bring on this earth a more even-handed distribution of the fruits of labor. He did not rise from the ranks. He had no personal knowledge of the struggle from underneath, but, like the Gracchi of Rome, he determined to become a tribune of the common people and to set right at least some of the abuses in the prevailing economic system. This choice, involving as it did a break with his personal associates and social equals, he made deliberately, and, what is more, he held to the same line until the end.

Labor statistics recently issued by the International Labor Bureau of Geneva prove that, of all countries,

Sweden has the greatest percentage of organized labor, both as trade unions and as a political party. This was the work of Hjalmar Branting. He was the founder and originator of the Swedish Labor Party that today holds the governmental reins. Steadily he rose in the esteem of both workingmen and employers. His tactics were never destructive. He was consistently a builder-up. Therefore, when his party had achieved step by step the greatest representation in the national parliament, there was no panic, no flight of capital, no despair of the future when he was called by the King to form the Cabinet. Confidence in his personal integrity, his balanced judgment and his firmness of purpose reassured the country, and today Sweden is one of the most fortunately situated countries in Europe.

Internationally his work was marked by the same devotion to high ideals, coupled with a practical common sense. During the war he early saw that a triumph of Prussian militarism would be most regrettable, and the Western democracies found in him a sincere supporter. But when the war was over he refused to be carried away by any militarist zeal on the part of the victors. He realized that only through an international reconciliation and the substitution of a rule of law for that of war lay the hope of the future. He may be classed as one of the founders of the League of Nations, and it was at his advice that Sweden decided to join. At the same time he was not a blind believer in the absolute perfection of the Covenant, and he made many suggestions for its improvement. To fulfill its

rôle, he clearly saw that it must become universal in membership, and as representative of the neutrals on the Council he was able at many points to speak for better justice to the vanquished. His personal prestige was such that both sides had confidence in his disinterestedness, and thus he was able to smooth out many a threatening quarrel. One of his last honors was to be selected as arbiter in such a difficult matter as the Anglo-Turkish dispute over the Mosul oil district.

Between the devotion to one's own country and the higher interests of the human race he saw no conflict. His patriotism is now conceded by most determined political opponents. And yet he was an internationalist of the most pronounced type. Only what benefits mankind can truly benefit any individual nation, was his international creed.

ENDOWED COLLEGE EDUCATION

The Springfield Union

From the last report of the finance committee to the Trustees of Amherst College it appears that of a total income of $524,493 available for college purposes for the year ending June 30, 1924, only $133,865, or about 27 per cent, was paid by the students themselves. In fact, scholarships, prizes and various awards to students reduced the net payment by the student body to $88,268, or about 18 per cent of the total educational outlay; and this 18 per cent included, not only tuition, but room-rent and other charges.

As Amherst now functions, more than 80 per cent of the cost of the education provided has come, as the committee states, "from hundreds of gifts of alumni and friends of the college, received in an almost uninterrupted stream through the century of the college's existence." Notwithstanding the fact that within less than fifty years the tuition fee has been doubled, there has been a steady reduction in the relative amount paid by the students themselves for their education; a constant increase in the amount provided for them.

Attention is not called to this because Amherst College is unique, for in this respect certainly it is not. In a greater or lesser degree the same is true of all the older colleges and universities rated as private institutions as distinguished from state-supported educational institutions. Amherst, as one of the old colleges of this notable educational valley, merely serves as an example of the method by which a student may pay to a college of noble traditions with a large accumulated equipment value less than one-fifth of the amount that goes into his education.

The question as to how this can be done is answered by the alumni and their philanthropic friends and this is one of the facts which establish and emphasize the great importance to such an institution of learning of its alumni body. The fact may need special emphasis at this time when there is considerable loose talk among certain educators of the "ideal" college, the conduct of which should be wholly left to the faculty with the coöperation of the student body without suggestion or

help from the alumni and without interference from trustees.

In behalf of such an ideal it is claimed that it is the only way to secure a liberal college. It is assumed and it is preached that, when the trustees exercise a measure of general control and when the alumni show their loyalty by adherence to certain college traditions, education is put in a strait-jacket of conservatism. But such an ideal college would naturally require the student body to pay the full cost of its education — in the case of Amherst, four times what it now pays — and this arrangement would virtually put education in such an institution beyond the reach of all but the very wealthy. An aristocracy of intelligence — to use an expression more common than clear — would be an aristocracy of wealth.

This seems to reverse the distinction as rather commonly employed in political and economic discussions. It here appears to be assumed that the poor boy able to gain an education at relatively small expense because of the past benefactions of loyal alumni cannot be imbued with that liberalism within the reach of the comparatively wealthy boy who must pay what his education really costs. This, however, is only one of those vagaries that are always turning up when certain people seek to identify liberalism with their own notions and to brand as conservative all those who do not agree with them.

SCRAPPING THE "LECTURE SYSTEM"

The Boston Transcript

"EVERY night," a certain New England college professor used to tell his classes, "I put my lecture notebooks away in a safe." The implication was that the professor considered his lecture-notes so valuable that he wished at all time to protect them from risk of loss by theft or fire. But there were those among the professor's students who whispered that his real intent was to make sure that no one by any chance would write into the books anything which had come to pass after the year 1900, when the professor first prepared his precious lecture courses. Today a new danger threatens these lecture notes. There is a rapidly increasing likelihood that the lecture system, in our colleges, will soon be abolished altogether, save in those rare instances when the teachers show themselves capable of lecturing in a truly stimulating and inspirational way.

The first indication that the lecture system was failing to produce the good results infallibly expected of it a few years ago, came to President Lowell, by his own confession, as a distinct shock. In a careful survey of the teaching methods of a typical Harvard Department, the students had been asked to say which part of the year's work they found most useful. Almost unanimously the students put lectures last, and gave first place, as memory now runs, to outside reading. Surprising though Mr. Lowell frankly said this seemed to him, he at once declared that the poll taught a lesson which

educators would do well to estimate very seriously, with a view to early reduction of the annual number of classroom lectures. Since that time, many voices have been raised in the educational world to the same tune. The committee of undergraduates who recently shared in Dartmouth's survey of current teaching methods did not hesitate to pronounce an emphatic veto on the lecture system. "Forcible feeding" they called it. And now President Garfield, in an able report of the past year at Williams, has firmly said that "In many instances it has been found that the best results are obtained by abandoning the lecture altogether."

This tendency to reduce the number of classroom lectures is healthy. An excessive emphasis has too long been placed on its value. It has thrown too much of the emphasis on the possibility of making the teacher do the work of educating a class, when as a matter of fact it is the members of the class themselves who must do a large share of the thinking, if they are ever to become educated.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

The Springfield Republican

KENTUCKY was virgin soil when James Lane Allen began his work there forty years ago, but the literary revival in the South which Cable's studies of Creole life had begun, had got well under way. In the eighties American magazines were full of southern dialect

stories — Georgia rather in the lead — and local color was the literary watchword of the day; the South was in special favor because of its wealth of picturesque and unfamiliar material. These conditions no doubt had their part in encouraging the author of *Flute and Violin* at the age of thirty-five to resign his secure post as a professor of Latin and undertake the hazards of professional authorship.

His success, if at first limited, was not long in doubt, and in 1897 *The Choir Invisible* won a place among the "best sellers," a result gratifying to admirers who had thought that his carefully studied and highly personal work was likely to appeal to but a limited audience — a parallel might be found in the sudden vogue of Thomas Hardy after the appearance of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. No two writers could well be more unlike, yet they did have in common a preoccupation with picturesque local color combined with a boldness in the treatment of sex which was unusual in the fiction of their day. In the nineties the novels of James Lane Allen were considered erotic, although by present standards they would incur no very serious criticism on this score.

Boldness in the treatment of basic questions, a characteristic closely connected with his passionate and perhaps pantheistic love of Nature, soon set the author of *The Mettle of the Pasture* and *The Reign of Law* apart from the local colorists with whom he was naturally at first associated. In spite of his philological training he attached no great importance to the exact reproduction of dialects which other southern writers were managing

with such skill, and even his interest in the quaint customs and traditions of his state, which first brought his work into notice, was soon subordinated to problems of the day, both social and religious. His tendency was therefore toward the "big book," the book which is the sensation of the hour, even if its material is not of lasting interest. In *The Reign of Law* he covered much the same ground that was covered in *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward, Preacher*, and the very nature of the material involved a certain impermanence.

For these reasons his reputation seems less secure than that of his predecessor, George W. Cable, whom he survived by only a few weeks, and whose gentle stories, finely executed in a low key, seem as fresh as ever. Yet there was so much that was fresh and true in the writings of James Lane Allen, and particularly in his early work, that not a little of it is likely to live as a record of its place and time. Kentucky owes him much for having given to the world a true conception of its singular and interesting qualities.

STUDY AIDS

The student will find it helpful to read over the questions based on each essay before reading the essay itself, for in this way he will learn what points to note, and his reading will be motivated. Then, after the entire essay has been read, the questions should be taken up again, and answered. Other important works by each author are listed in the biographical sketch and in the Reading List at the end of the volume. A star (*) before a title indicates a book or essay highly recommended by the editor; a dagger (†) before a title indicates that the book is included in the recommended list of the National Council of Teachers of English; a double dagger (‡) before a title indicates that the book, or at least a part of it, is recommended in the New York State Syllabus for Secondary Schools.

ESSAYS

CULEBRA CUT (Page 21)

Frederic J. Haskin was born at Shelbina, Missouri, in 1872. As a newspaper correspondent he has written for the *Torchlight* of Shelbina and for the *Globe Democrat* of St. Louis. He is a contributor of special articles to over one hundred newspapers, and is the owner of the largest free information bureau in existence, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Besides * *The Panama Canal* he has written * *The American Government* and *The Immigrant, an Asset and a Liability.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Consider this selection as a piece of description. Is it clear? Is it free from technical expressions? Can you visualize the processes described?

2. What is it that makes the strongest impression on the reader — the great cost? the difficulties of construction? the great amount of labor required? the great mass of earth moved? the efficiency of American engineering methods?

3. Can you find another account of any engineering project that will compare with this in clearness and interest? (See *The Scientific American.*)

4. Can you write an account of a piece of engineering work in your city or vicinity that can be as easily understood and visualized by the reader?

Notes

21, 1. **Here came the French.** The French, in 1879, under Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, were the first to undertake the construction of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama.

2. **Then . . . the Americans.** The United States began the construction of the canal in May 1904, and the canal was officially opened for use in 1914. The work was in charge of a Commission headed by Colonel George W. Goethals.

22, 1. **Hoosac and Simplon.** The Hoosac Tunnel, through the Hoosac mountains in western Massachusetts, is on the line of the Boston and Maine Railroad between Boston and Albany, and is five miles long. The Simplon is a railway tunnel between Switzerland and Italy that is twelve miles long.

25, 1. **Toe holes.** Shallow holes drilled for light blasting at short intervals for the purpose of following more or less accurately a definite line of excavation.

2. **Dobe blasts.** A dobe blast is a charge of dynamite, or other high explosive, fired in contact with the surface of a rock after being covered with a quantity of wet mud. No bore hole is used. The force of the charge is transmitted to the rock in the form of a blow.

26, 1. **Lidgerwood flat cars.** So named from the manufacturer.

RHETORIC 21 (Page 31)

Simeon Strunsky was born at Vitebsk, Russia, in 1879. He early came to America and was educated at the Horace Mann High School and Columbia University. He has served as editor of the *New York Evening Post* and is at present a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*. Besides * *Post Impressions*, he has written † *The Patient Observer*, *† *Belshazzar Court, Professor Latimer's Progress, Little Journeys to Paris, Sinbad and His Friends*, and *Through the Looking Glass*.

Questions and Exercises

1. How do your experiences in learning to write compare with those of the author?
2. When you have a composition to write do you prefer to choose your own subject or have the teacher assign one?
3. What does the author mean by "cheating" in composition work?
4. Have you ever had any experiences in composition lessons that you could write out in essay form to amuse the reader?
5. Do you recall any textbook in literature that had notes like those given in the latter part of this essay?

AUTUMN DAYS (Page 36)

Charles S. Brooks was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1878. He was educated in the public schools of that city and at Yale University, graduating from the latter in 1900. He has lectured on English literature at the College for Women, Western Reserve University. Among his better-known works are *Journeys to Bagdad*, *†*There's Pippins and Cheese to Come*, * *Chimney-Pot Papers*, and *† *Hints to Pilgrims*.

Questions and Exercises

1. Re-read Bryant's poem, "The Death of the Flowers," and note especially the fourth stanza.

2. Compare this essay with the one on "Culebra Cut" from the following points of view:

(1) Use of figures of speech;
(2) Length of sentences;
(3) Imaginative quality;
(4) Types of imagery used — for example, auditory, visual, and so on;
(5) Extent to which the mood of the author finds expression in his essay.

3. Does the author, in this essay, describe any actual scene?

THE BOULEVARD OF ROGUES (Page 39)

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, well-known Indiana writer, author of novels, short stories, essays, plays, and poems, was born at Crawfordsville, in 1866. He was educated in the public schools of Indianapolis and in Wabash College. Unlike many writers he does not go into retirement when engaged in the work of composition, but maintains an office in the down-town section of Indianapolis, where he does most of his writing. He is the author of *The House of a Thousand Candles, The Port of Missing Men, A Hoosier Chronicle, The Madness of May, Otherwise Phyllis,* * *The Man in the Street* (essays), * *The Provincial American* (essays), and *† *The Valley of Democracy.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Is this a short story or an essay? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Does the picture given here of municipal politics apply in any degree to your city?

3. Do you think that in real life the voters are blind to corrupt practices, or indifferent?

4. How do you explain the change in public sentiment in Barton's town?

5. Compare the appeal in this essay with that made in the essay on "Indolence" by James Bryce.

CHARLES LAMB (Page 48)

ROBERT LYND, literary editor of the *Daily News* (London), was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1879. He was educated at the Royal Academical Institution and at Queen's College in that city. Some of his best work has been done in the writing of essays in literary criticism. He is the author of *Portraits and Impressions*, *The Book of This and That*, * *The Art of Letters* (see the chapter on Book Reviewing), * *The Pleasure of Ignorance*, and * *Books and Authors*.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What does the author mean by the following (page 50): "A great writer may be indifferent to the philosophy of the hour or even to some extent to the politics of the hour, but he cannot safely be indifferent to such matters as his neighbor's love of boiled ham or his fondness for a game of cards"? Consider this statement again after you have read the essay by Bryce on "Indolence."

2. One of the characteristics of the literary essay is the "personal touch" given by the author to the subject he treats. What is the nature of the "personal touch" that Lamb gave to all his essays, according to Lynd? Consider, also, the statement made farther on, "We know him, as a result of his letters, his essays, and the anecdotes of his friends, more intimately even than we know Dr. Johnson."

3. How does Lamb rank among English essayists, according to Lynd?

4. Does Lynd seem to have any of the qualities of style that he ascribes to Lamb?

NOTES

53, 1. Hone (William). An English political satirist and miscellaneous writer.

54, 1. **Mr. Lucas.** Edward Verrall Lucas, an English essayist who has edited the works of Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE TIMID SEX (Page 54)

Robert M. Gay, professor of English in Simmons College, Boston, was born at Brooklyn, New York, in 1879. He was educated at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and at Columbia University. He has been professor of English literature at Goucher College as well as at Simmons, and he has lectured for Johns Hopkins and Boston University. He is the author of *Writing through Reading;* * *Fact, Fancy, and Opinion;* and is a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Can you explain the secret of the humor in this essay?
2. Can you add to the author's observations to prove that man is the timid sex?
3. Write a humorous essay proving that woman is the bold sex.
4. In what does the "personal element" in this essay consist?
5. How many of the men listed as "timides" do you recognize?
6. Tell something about each of the three men named as not timid.
7. Where do you find the best bit of description in this essay?

Notes

64, 1. **Agoraphobia.** A morbid dread of crossing, or of being in the midst of open spaces.

2. **Blue funk.** A state of great depression or fear.

INSECT SOCIOLOGY (Page 64)

Vernon Kellogg, well-known zoölogist, was born at Emporia, Kansas, in 1867. After his graduation from the University of Kansas, he attended Cornell, the University of Leipzig, and the University of Paris. As a teacher he has served on the faculties of the University of Kansas and Stanford University. He is now a member of the National Research Council at Washington, D. C. He has contributed frequently to scientific journals, and has published many books, including * *Insect Stories;*

* *The Animals and Man; Darwinism Today; Nuova, the New Bee;* and * *Mind and Heredity.*

Questions and Exercises

1. What is the meaning of the sentence in the last paragraph (page 68), "Biologically, the communal insects are very successful"?
2. Do you think that human society would be improved if there were "an entire giving up of the life of the individual for the life of the community"?
3. Give a definition of *entomology.*
4. Point out the personal element in this essay.
5. What is the nature of the relationship between the author and the reader? Is it that of teacher to pupil? of one friend to another friend? of equal to equal?
6. Have you made any observations of your own of insect life?
7. Does the community life of insects lead you to believe that they possess intelligence?

THE IMPORTANCE OF HABIT (Page 69)

William James, psychologist, philosopher, and author, has been named with Jonathan Edwards and Ralph Waldo Emerson as one of the three greatest thinkers America has produced. He was born in New York, in 1842. He was educated both in America and Europe. After graduating from the Harvard Medical School, he was made an instructor in anatomy and physiology at Harvard, but his interests changed from physiology to psychology and philosophy, and at the time of his death, 1910, he was professor of philosophy at Harvard. The reputation of Professor James as a scholar, lecturer, and author was world-wide. He, with Professor Josiah Royce, Professor George Herbert Palmer, and Professor George Santayana, formed one of the most notable groups of scholars that Harvard University has ever had in its department of philosophy. *The Principles of Psychology, The Will to Believe,* * *Human Immortality,* *† *Talks to Teachers*

on Psychology, Varieties of Religious Experience, Pragmatism, The Meaning of Truth, and * *Memories and Studies* are among his better-known works. The selection in the text is taken from *‡ *Psychology, Briefer Course.*

Questions and Exercises

1. How much of your daily life is the result of habit? As you grow older, will the influence of habit become greater or less?
2. What significance have the "laws of habit" for education?
3. If most of our habits are fixed at the age of thirty, does this mean that education cannot go on after thirty? If it can go on after thirty, would the subject-matter and methods of education be changed necessarily?
4. What is the best time of life in which to learn a language, according to James?
5. Have *you* any bad language habits that you ought to correct before you reach the age of twenty?
6. What two fundamental maxims for the forming of right habits does James derive from Bain's chapter on "The Moral Habits"? What is the third maxim added by James?
7. Does the saying of Goethe, quoted by James on page 73, explain the saying, "Nothing succeeds like success"?
8. In breaking up an old habit, is it well to follow the policy of "tapering off"?
9. Why is it important to be "regular" in one's work?
10. What did John Stuart Mill mean by the statement that "a character is a completely fashioned will"?
11. Explain the meaning of the sentence on page 75, "There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed."
12. Explain how one may be harmed by too much music. Would this apply to the professional musician?
13. Discuss the fourth maxim, "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day."

14. Why is it sometimes wise to do things that we do not like to do?

15. No act can be performed that does not leave its influence on the character. Why is this a terrible fact? Why is it a beneficent fact?

WHY MEN SEEK POWER (Page 79)

Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth president of the United States (1913–1921), was born at Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. He attended Davidson College (N. C.), and graduated from Princeton in 1879. He studied law at the University of Virginia, receiving his degree in 1881, and political science at Johns Hopkins University, receiving the degree of Ph.D. in 1886. He taught at Bryn Mawr and at Wesleyan University (Middletown, Conn.) before he was appointed to a professorship at Princeton in 1890. In 1902 he was chosen president of Princeton University and remained in this position until 1910, when he entered politics, becoming governor of New Jersey, and then, 1913, president of the United States. During the World War, he, more than any other one man, by his speeches and diplomatic notes, gave inspiration to the soldiers of all nations who fought against autocratic government. His last great fight was for the establishment of a League of Nations for the promotion of peace and international justice. He died in 1924. He was the author of *The State, George Washington,* ‡ *Constitutional Government in the United States,* * *The New Freedom,* * *Mere Literature and Other Essays,* *‡ *When a Man Comes to Himself,* and *‡ *On Being Human.*

Questions and Exercises

1. What is it, according to Wilson, that gives greatest satisfaction to a man in his later days?

2. How does this explain a man's being "in love with power and greatness"?

3. What do you understand by the expression, "He has come to himself"?

4. Why is it that "Business is more interesting than pleasure, as Mr. Bagehot said"?

5. Can you suggest what the views of the philanthropist concerning "benevolence" were originally? What were his later views?

6. How may a man "come to himself" by discovering his limitations?

7. What application to the reformer is made of this principle of discovering limitations?

NOTES

82, 1. Mr. Bagehot. Walter Bagehot (1826–1877) was a well-known English economist and writer who exercised a considerable influence on the thought of his time. He wrote *Physics and Politics*, *Literary Studies*, and *Economic Studies*.

THE EFFECT OF SCIENCE ON HISTORY (Page 85)

SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS was educated at Harvard University and is now professor of history and head of the department of history in the George Washington University at Washington, D. C. He is a contributor to the *American Historical Review*, the Current History Magazine of the *New York Times*, *The Outlook*, and *The Yale Review*, and is the author of *Jay's Treaty: a Study in Commerce and Diplomacy*.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What conception of history does the author of this essay seem to have; *i.e.*, is it a record of political progress, industrial progress, economic progress, or is his conception broader than any one of these?

2. Make a list of scientific discoveries or inventions made in your lifetime that are likely to influence history.

3. Do you think that the rapid progress in science in recent years is in any way a result of more widespread popular education?

4. How would you explain the relatively slow cultural and moral progress of mankind?

5. Can you cite any modern influences or institutions that are tending to bring about improvement in human nature?

Notes

89, 1. Apogee. That point in the orbit of the moon or of any of the planets that is at the greatest distance from the earth.

MORAL DISCIPLINE (Page 94)

Samuel McChord Crothers, clergyman and essayist, was born at Oswego, Illinois, in 1857. He received degrees from Wittenberg College and Princeton University, and attended Union Theological Seminary and the Harvard Divinity School. He served first in the Presbyterian Church and later became a minister in the Unitarian Church. Since 1894, he has been minister of the First Unitarian Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is a frequent contributor to literary magazines, and is the author of *† *The Gentle Reader*, * *The Understanding Heart*, *† *Among Friends*, *‡ *Pleasures of an Absentee Landlord*, † *Humanly Speaking*, and † *By the Christmas Tree.*

Questions and Exercises

1. What is the meaning of the word "moral"? its etymology?
2. Does the statement, "Each generation has to face the same old questions as if they were altogether new," imply that moral progress is impossible?
3. What kind of preparation does the author think possible for the great crises of life?
4. How far do you think it possible for education to prepare one for the unexpected in life?
5. Do crises make men great, or merely reveal their greatness?
6. Explain Wordsworth's description of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity."
7. What is the value of moral discipline?
8. Can you name any men who, according to your own observation, have shown the strength and power that come from moral discipline?

9. Do you know of any men who have failed in life because they lacked moral discipline?

10. How is moral discipline to be acquired? Is there any other way than through self-effort?

THE PLACE OF THE IDEAL (Page 102)

HENRY VAN DYKE was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1852. He was educated at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and at Princeton University. After graduating from the Princeton Theological Seminary, he was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1879 and continued in the ministry until 1900. At that time he was appointed professor of English literature at Princeton University, a position which he held until 1923. He has written many books on religious and literary subjects, including *The Reality of Religion, The Poetry of Tennyson,* * *Sermons to Young Men, The Other Wise Man,* *†‡ *Fisherman's Luck, The Blue Flower, Music and Other Poems,* * *Essays in Application,* * *Days Off,* *† *Camp Fires and Guide Posts,* *† *Open Sea,* and *† *Little Rivers.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What do you understand by an ideal?
2. How is life the test of thought?
3. Is it ever of value to consider thought the test of life?

NOTES

103, 1. Meliorist. One who believes in the doctrine that the world is neither the worst nor the best possible, but that it is capable of improvement — a view midway between optimism and pessimism.

ON BEING WHERE YOU BELONG (Page 103)

DAVID GRAYSON is the nom de plume of Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Baker was born at Lansing, Michigan, in 1870. He was educated at the Michigan State College and the University of Michigan. He has served as reporter and sub-editor of the *Chicago Record,* managing editor of McClure's Syndicate, and as

one of the editors of *The American Magazine.* In 1919 he was director of the Press Bureau of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace at Paris. In his own name he is the author of *Following the Color Line; The Spiritual Unrest; What Wilson Did at Paris; The New Industrial Unrest; Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement, a History of the Peace Conference.* With the assistance of Professor William E. Dodd, he edited *The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson.* Under the pseudonym of "David Grayson," he has written a number of volumes of delightful essays: *‡ *Adventures in Contentment;* *†‡ *Adventures in Friendship;* *† *The Friendly Road; Hempfield;* *† *Great Possessions,* and * *Adventures in Understanding.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Can you feel an enthusiasm for farming similar to that shown by the author?

2. Do Grayson and van Dyke agree on the point of "being where you belong"? Van Dyke said, "What a man has to do is to stand where he belongs"; Grayson says, "Joy of life seems to me to arise from a sense of being where one belongs."

3. Does striving for an ideal consist in trying to be what you are not? Would Grayson condemn striving for an ideal?

4. Why do people strive to be what they are not? (See essay by Crothers on "Every Man's Natural Desire to be Somebody Else.")

5. Explain the meaning of the sentence on page 108, "Beholding the exteriors of cities and of men, I was deceived with shadows; my life took no hold upon that which is deep and true."

6. Can you explain the meaning of the lines on page 109, "Contentment, and indeed usefulness, comes as the infallible result of great acceptances, great humilities — of not trying to make ourselves this or that (to conform to some dramatized version of ourselves), but of surrendering ourselves to the fullness of life — of letting life flow through us"?

7. Of what does the greatest tragedy in life consist, according to Grayson?

8. How is one to acquire the feeling of being needed? of being indispensable to life?

NOTES

105, 1. Dent corn. A variety of Indian corn having kernels indented on their outer faces.

109, 1. Wrestler of Irassa. Anteus, according to old Greek mythology, was the son of Gea (the earth) and Poseidon (the sea). When his feet were planted firmly on the earth he was invincible.

110, 1. Theologians. Those who are learned in the science that seeks to ascertain, classify, and organize all attainable truth concerning God and his relation to the universe.

2. **At-one-ment.** The etymology of the word *atonement*, as here suggested, is "at one-ment." According to the Christian theological doctrine of atonement, reconciliation of God and man was brought about through the life, sufferings, and death of Christ.

112, 1. Jehoram. Or Joram, king of Judah. (See II Chronicles, xxi: 1–3 and 20.)

THE LUXURY OF CONVERSATION (Page 112)

AGNES REPPLIER, one of America's best-known essayists, was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1858. She was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale, Pennsylvania. The degree of Doctor of Letters has been conferred upon her by the University of Pennsylvania and Yale University. She is a contributor to several literary magazines, and is the author of many books of essays, including *Books and Men*, * *Points of View*, * *Essays in Idleness*, *The Fireside Sphinx*, * *Compromises*, * *Americans and Others*, *Counter Currents*, * *Points of Friction*, and *Under Dispute*.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Why cannot the art of conversation be learned from books?

2. Explain the quotation from Bagehot, "A language long employed by a delicate and critical society is a treasure of dexterous felicities."

3. What is meant by "polite tepidity" in conversation?

4. What does the author say about replacing conversation by story-telling?

5. Make a list of the unusual expressions that occur in this essay, such as "decent melancholy," and so on.

6. What criticism was passed on Macaulay's conversation by Greville?

7. At what period in French history was the art of conversation highly developed?

8. What attitude did Rousseau take toward the polite conversation of his time?

9. Is it possible for *anyone* to become skillful in the art of conversation?

10. What is the part of silence in good conversation?

11. How may the art of conversation be cultivated?

12. What are some of the shortcomings of some of the conversations you have heard?

13. What are some of the characteristics of the best conversation?

NOTES

113, 1. **Mr. Justin McCarthy.** An Irish novelist and journalist (1830–1912).

2. **Mr. George W. E. Russell** (1867–). An Irish writer and painter; editor of the *Irish Statesman.*

114, 1. **Heine** (Heinrich). A celebrated German lyric poet and critic, of Hebrew descent (1799–1856).

2. **"Sordello."** One of the most obscure of Browning's poems.

115, 1. **M. Charles Rozan.** A little-known French writer, born in 1824. He was the author of many books dealing with various phases of applied ethics. The popularity of the book here cited by Miss Repplier (first published in 1856) is attested by the fact that it appeared in a number of editions.

116, 1. **Lord Chesterfield.** Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield. He was a famous man of fashion, perhaps best known through his "Letters to His Son," in which he gives instruction in manners and morals.

2. **Sainte-Beuve.** A famous French poet and critic (1804–1869), friend of Victor Hugo.

3. **Fontenelle.** A French advocate, poet, philosopher, and writer (1657–1757). He was a nephew of Corneille.

117, 1. **Hazlitt** (William). A well-known English critic and essayist (1778–1830). He was a contemporary of Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth.

2. **Montaigne.** The father of the modern essay (1533–1592). He exerted a considerable influence over English, as well as French, literature.

118, 1. **Diderot.** A celebrated French philosopher and writer (1713–1784). He is considered one of the great thinkers of France and an outstanding figure in the history of French literature.

119, 1. **Richardson** (Samuel). A famous English novelist, considered the founder of the English domestic novel (1689–1761). He was the author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*.

120, 1. **Charles Greville.** An English writer (1794–1865) who gave his impressions and intimate knowledge of the politics and politicians of his day in his Memoirs.

2. **Text.** See Proverbs xxvi, 4, 5.

121, 1. **Primogeniture.** The right in England by which the oldest son of a family succeeds to the father's real estate in preference to and to the exclusion of younger sons and daughters.

2. **Sir Thomas Munro** (1761–1827). An English soldier and statesman who spent most of his life in India in the service of the government, becoming in his later years the governor of Madras. He was noted for his tact and kindness to the Hindu people.

122, 1. **Saint Chrysostom.** A celebrated father of the Greek Church (347–407) who was born at Antioch, Syria. He was considered a great sophist.

2. **Persius.** A famous Roman satirical poet (34–62) of the time of Nero.

3. ***Veneri donatae a virgine puppae.*** Equivalent to "dolls offered, or dedicated, to Venus by a maiden."

4. **Chenevix** (Richard). Born in Ireland, of French parentage (1774–1830). He was a chemist, mineralogist, and man of letters.

5. **Sydney Smith.** An English clergyman, wit, and essayist (1771–1845). Macaulay calls him "the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." He was a disciple of Dugald Stewart, and was one of the founders and first editors of the *Edinburgh Review.*

6. **Marquis of Lansdowne.** Henry Petty-Maurice (1780–1863) was the third Marquis of Lansdowne. He was an English liberal politician.

123, 1. **Mme de Staël.** A celebrated French writer (1766–1817). She was an admirer of Rousseau and was acquainted with Goethe and Schiller.

2. **Mackintosh.** A Scottish philosopher and writer (1765–1832).

3. **Saint-Simon.** A French soldier, statesman, and writer (1675–1755). In his celebrated *Mémoires,* he gives an account of the life of the French court during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV and the early part of the reign of Louis XV.

4. **Mme de Maintenon.** The second wife of Louis XIV of France (1635–1719). She was a patroness of letters and the fine arts, and exercised great influence in both Church and State.

124, 1. **Mr. Henry James.** A well-known American novelist and critic (1843–1916), brother of William James, the American psychologist. The latter part of his life was spent in England.

2. **Chenonceaux.** A village in France about 19 miles southeast of Tours. Here on the Cher River a beautiful castle was built in the time of Francis I.

3. **Cher.** The river at Chenonceaux.

4. **Rousseau.** The well-known Swiss-French philosopher and writer (1712–1778) who advocated a return to nature from the artificialities of civilized society. He was the author of *The Social Contract,* and of *Émile,* an important treatise on education.

AS I LIKE IT (Page 125)

William Lyon Phelps, Lampson professor of English language and literature at Yale University, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1865. In addition to his degrees from Yale (A.B. and Ph.D.), he received the degree of A.M. from Harvard and of Litt.D. from Brown and Colgate Universities. He has been a member of the faculty of Yale University since 1892. He is a regular contributor to literary magazines, and is perhaps one of America's best-known authors and literary critics. In his essay published in this book he gives a partial statement of his policy as a critic. He is the author of *The Pure Gold of Nineteenth Century Literature*, * *Essays on Modern Novelists*, * *Essays on Russian Novelists*, *Teaching in School and College*, * *Essays on Books*, *The Advance of the English Novel*, *The Advance of English Poetry*, *The Twentieth Century Theatre*, * *Essays on Modern Dramatists*, *Human Nature in the Bible*, *Some Makers of American Literature*, * *As I Like It*, * *Essays on American Authors*, and * *Human Nature and the Gospel.*

Questions and Exercises

1. How does the author defend himself from the charge of "saluting every new book with indiscriminate praise"?
2. On what is the best criticism based? Why?
3. Has the author led you to wish to read any of the books that he discusses? Which ones?
4. After reading his favorable comments on many books, what do you think the author values most in the books he reads?
5. What opinion does Professor Phelps hold concerning after-dinner speaking?
6. Since you have read the essay by Miss Repplier on "The Luxury of Conversation," how do you account for the long silence between Carlyle and Tennyson on their three-hour visit, referred to by Professor Phelps?
7. Why does Professor Phelps object to "oratory"?
8. What means did Barrie use to reply to his critics?

9. What does Professor Phelps consider to be the most notable contribution to English literature in the twentieth century?

NOTES

127, 1. **Mr. Spingarn.** Joel E. Spingarn, American author and literary critic. He has written a number of books on literary criticism.

2. **Joseph Warton** (1722–1800). An English poet and critic who published an edition of Pope's works. He was a contemporary of Samuel Johnson's and a member of the famous Literary Club.

3. **Present poet laureate of England.** Robert Bridges, the present poet laureate, was appointed in 1913. He was born in 1844, and was educated at Eton and at Oxford.

128, 1. **Strindberg** (August). Famous Swedish dramatist (1849–1912) known as " the Swedish Schopenhauer " because of his pessimism.

131, 1. ***My Antonia.*** A novel written by Miss Willa Cather in 1918. It is considered one of her best books.

133, 1. **Serge Aksakoff** (1791–1859). A Russian writer, author of *Family Chronicles* (1856).

135, 1. **Barrie** (Sir James Matthew). One of the best known of living Scottish writers (1860–), author of *The Little Minister*, *Peter Pan*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Dear Brutus*, and *Mary Rose.*

2. **Bernard Shaw.** English novelist, dramatist, and critic (1856–), author of *Man and Superman*, *Arms and the Man*, *Pygmalion*, and *Back to Methuselah.*

136, 1. **Captain Scott.** Robert Falcon Scott (1868–1912), a famous English explorer who perished with all of his party on their return from the South Pole early in 1912.

2. . . . **unbowed.** From the second stanza of *Invictus.*

137, 1. **Heywood Broun.** A well-known writer of the *New York World.*

139, 1. **Shandisms.** Characteristic sayings or expressions of John Shand in Barrie's play, *What Every Woman Knows.*

140, 1. Pinero (Sir Arthur Wing). English dramatist, born in London in 1855.

2. **Clayton Hamilton.** American author, lecturer, editor, and critic. He edited *The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero*, 1917–1922.

141, 1. Eugene Walter. American playwright who wrote *Paid in Full*, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *Fine Feathers*, *The Easiest Way*, and *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*.

ARE THE BARRIE CHARACTERS UNREAL? (Page 141)

Patrick Braybrooke, one of the leading younger English critics, was born in 1894, near Reading, England. He was educated at the University of London. He was formerly literary critic for *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He has contributed frequently to the leading newspapers and journals of England, and has published the following books: * *G. K. Chesterton; Some Thoughts on Hilaire Belloc; Lord Morley, Writer and Thinker;* * *J. M. Barrie; Considerations on Edmund Gosse; Kipling and His Soldiers; The Genius of Bernard Shaw;* and *Novelists We Are Seven.*

Questions and Exercises

1. How can the "world of fairy" be the most real of all? Use Peter Pan to illustrate your answer.

2. What does Braybrooke mean by the "dual nature" of mankind?

3. Using the character of Crichton as an illustration, show why it is difficult to maintain that any character is unreal.

4. Show how wrong conclusions often follow from "preconception."

5. Explain the statement, "For the real part of humanity is not that which is necessarily seen but that part which is there far beneath the actual surface."

6. Is the author justified in extending the meaning of the word "real" beyond the sense in which the word is popularly used?

NOTES

142, 1. Thrums. The name given by Barrie in his book, *Window in Thrums*, to Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, Scotland, where he was born.

143, 1. Crichton. The leading character, a butler, in Barrie's play, *The Admirable Crichton*. Crichton is shipwrecked on an island with the family of the Earl of Loam, whom he serves. In the wild conditions that prevail on the island, Crichton soon proves himself to be master. All of the party become reconciled to the change in circumstances, to such an extent that the haughty daughter of the Earl consents to marry Crichton. But before the ceremony takes place a passing ship stops at the island and affords passage back to England, where the old social order is restored. The daughter, Lady Mary, then marries a former suitor of her own social station, and Crichton returns to the status of butler.

145, 1. Maggie Wylie. The unmarried sister of three Scotch brothers in the play *What Every Woman Knows*, who consents to marry the young law student, John Shand, after he has completed his studies. In this country, the part of Maggie Wylie has been taken by Maude Adams and also by Helen Hayes.

PROBLEMS OF RURAL SOCIAL LIFE (Page 147)

THOMAS NIXON CARVER, professor of political economy at Harvard University, was born at Kirkville, Iowa, in 1865. He attended the Iowa Wesleyan University, the University of Southern California, from which he received the degree of A.B., Cornell University, from which he received the degree of PH.D., and Johns Hopkins. For a time he taught economics at Oberlin College, but he was called to his present position at Harvard in 1902. At different times he has served as special adviser to the United States Department of Agriculture. He is the author of many books, including *The Distribution of Wealth, Sociology and Social Progress, *‡ Principles of Rural Economics, The Religion Worth Having, * Essays in Social Justice, The Conservation of Human Resources, * Elementary Economics, Principles of*

National Economy, The Economy of Human Energy, and *The Present Economic Revolution in the United States.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Why is the problem of "maintaining the native quality of the rural population important"?
2. Can education compensate for a deterioration in the quality of the native stock?
3. Explain what is meant by the statement that "civilization consists largely in taking pains."
4. What are the requirements for "efficient agriculture," according to Professor Carver?
5. What "economic virtues" are of most value in the struggle for survival?
6. What are some of the qualities that we may like in a people that do not contribute toward the maintenance of the native vigor of the racial or national stock?
7. State the two questions upon which the problem of maintaining native capacity depends.
8. How does the desire for "individual achievement in fashionable society" conflict with the "family ideal"?
9. Compare the two ideals of marriage represented by (1) companionship, and (2) family building.
10. Do you think that the tendency in our country today is toward the maintenance of the right ideal of marriage?
11. Can you cite any forces in our modern life which tend to destroy this ideal? any which tend to promote it?
12. What should "the aim of successful agriculture" be?
13. What does "social service" include?
14. How can the church contribute toward rural social life?
15. What items of common interest does Professor Carver suggest as a basis for the promotion of social life in a rural community?
16. Give an account of the "agricultural regeneration" of Denmark.
17. Discuss the value of community singing.

18. What groups of people in the community probably get too little recreation? Do any groups get too much?

19. What difficulties arise in the effort to provide proper recreation for rural communities?

20. How did our agricultural ancestors provide for recreation after the periods of heavier toil?

21. If you live in the country, write an essay giving your impressions of your own rural community in the light of this discussion by Professor Carver. If you live in a city, write an essay giving your views of ideal city life in the same way that the author has discussed ideal rural life.

ON UNANSWERING LETTERS (Page 162)

Christopher Morley, well-known American essayist, was born at Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1890. He received his bachelor's degree at Haverford College, and then spent three years at New College, Oxford, England, as a Rhodes Scholar. He has been a member of the editorial staff of Doubleday, Page and Company, *The Ladies Home Journal*, the *Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*, and the *New York Evening Post*, and he is at present a contributing editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Among his best works may be mentioned *Parnassus on Wheels*, *The Haunted Bookshop*, *†*Mince Pie*, † *Pipefuls*, *Tales from a Rolltop Desk*, * *Plum Pudding*, * *Where the Blue Begins*, and † *Shandygaff*.

Questions and Exercises

1. What kind of letter do you think the author would write to a friend after a reasonable delay? Would such a letter resemble an essay?

2. Do most persons postpone answering letters for the reasons that Morley suggests?

3. Explain the statement, "Letters, like wines, accumulate bright fumes and bubblings if kept under cork."

4. Why should one never write a letter to a friend from a sense of duty?

5. What is the meaning of the expression "felicitous kinks of whim"?

6. Why are two good friends, after a long delay in correspondence, likely to be "so inarticulate when face to face"?

7. Explain the expression "extravagance of cordiality."

8. Can you show how the first reaction to Bill's letter, that of "clever ideas," gradually changed with the lapse of time to a mere vague feeling of affection?

9. Suppose you are the friend who has delayed replying to Bill's letter. Bill has not come to see you, and Christmas has not yet arrived; but seven months have passed since the receipt of Bill's letter. Write the kind of letter that you think you would write under these circumstances.

AMERICANS AND SPORT (Page 167)

Georges Lechartier is a well-known French journalist, formerly a contributor to *Le Petit Parisien* and the *Journal des Débats;* also to *The North American Review,* on the subject of modern French literature. He visited the United States frequently during the war, and again at the time of the Arms Conference in Washington. One of his recent volumes has been crowned by the French Academy. He is now the editor of the *Journal des Débats,* at Paris.

Questions and Exercises

1. What is meant by "incorrigible idealists"?

2. What do you understand by the expression, "a good sport"? What, then, would a man mean if he were to say of another, "He is no sport"?

3. What ideals of sport were held by former president Theodore Roosevelt? (See *Roosevelt's Letters to His Children.*)

4. Is the student who cheats at an examination a "good sport"? Compare this with the conduct of the prisoners in the baseball story.

5. Are most automobile drivers "good sports"? Give reasons for your answer.

6. By what means does the author convey to the reader the impression of breathless interest in his account of the Harvard-Yale boat race?

7. What should be the conduct of a "good sport" under defeat?

8. Show how "sport" is found "in education, in business, in politics, and in manners."

9. Do you think that the impressions of Monsieur Lechartier concerning American sport are quite true? Discuss them, giving your reasons for agreement or disagreement.

Notes

177, 1. Dostoievski (1822–1881). A Russian novelist and journalist of high rank.

2. **Dante** (1265–1321). Perhaps the greatest of Italian poets, the author of the *Divine Comedy.*

EFFICIENCY (Page 179)

Luther H. Gulick, educator and author, was born in Honolulu, in 1865. He was educated at Oberlin College, the Sargent Normal School of Physical Education, and the Medical College of New York University. For a time he served as superintendent of the physical training department of the Y. M. C. A. College at Springfield, Massachusetts, and later, was director of physical training in the public schools of New York City. Among his best books may be mentioned *Physical Education by Muscular Exercise,* *† *The Efficient Life* (from which the selection in this book was taken), and * *Mind and Work.*

Questions and Exercises

1. What are the conditions of success in life when "quantity" of output is demanded rather than "quality"?

2. How do the demands on the individual change when "quality" is sought, rather than "quantity"?

3. What kind of work demands the most delicate adjustment of the organism?

4. Does the expression, "healthy as a savage," represent a satisfactory ideal for the mental worker?

5. How does too much "hack-work" sometimes make impossible a higher grade of productive effort?

6. What are some of the things that must be done by those who wish to live on the "level of maximum efficiency"?

7. Is it possible for *any* man, by proper care of himself, to achieve great things?

8. Does good health always mean great physical strength?

"LEND YOUR MIND" (Page 183)

William Rose Benét, poet and editorial writer, was born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, in 1886. He was educated at the Albany Academy, New York, and at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. At one time he was reader for the *Century Magazine*, and later its assistant editor. From 1920 to 1924, he served on the staff of the Literary Review of the *New York Evening Post* as associate editor. In 1924, when *The Saturday Review of Literature* was founded, Mr. Benét became associate editor of that publication. The essay here published was taken from *The Saturday Review* of March 21, 1925. During the war he was an officer in the United States Air Service. His wife is the well-known author, Elinor Wylie. Most of his published books have been volumes of poems, including *Merchants from Cathay* and *The Great White Wall*. He has also contributed poems to leading magazines.

Questions and Exercises

1. Restate the main point of this essay.

2. Why is it that books do not teach us "to lend of our minds"?

3. Can you give any reasons why it is rare that "two intelligences meet and gradually beat a rising fire of imagination out of a chance spark of utterance"?

4. What happens to the mind that does not practice lending of itself?

5. Can you illustrate "mere dusty shibboleths"? "catchwords"?

6. Why is conversation usually a mere "fencing with buttoned foils"? What do you think would happen in a society where this was not the case?

7. What is it to "pander to public prejudice"? Do politicians ever do this? Why do artists do it least, perhaps?

8. How can lending of the mind be cultivated?

9. When is curiosity "healthy"? When one yields to "healthy curiosity" does he violate the principle of "attending to his own business"?

10. What, do you think, would happen, if many people sought to lend of their minds freely?

11. Does lending of the mind freely occur most or least often with people of true culture?

ADDRESSES

INDOLENCE (Page 187)

James Bryce, English statesman and man of letters, was born at Belfast, in 1838. He became regius professor of civil law at Oxford University in 1870, but resigned to become a member of the House of Commons in 1880. After that he filled many government positions, including that of under-secretary for foreign affairs under Gladstone, that of chief secretary for Ireland, and later, 1907, that of British ambassador to the United States. He promoted the most cordial relations between England and America and won the esteem and affection of the American people. By many he is best known through his writings — *The Holy Roman Empire*, *‡ *The American Commonwealth, Studies in History and Jurisprudence*, * *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, *†‡ *The Hindrances to Good Citizenship*, and *South America, Observations and Impressions.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Of which should a person be more ashamed, a blunder made through ignorance, or one made through indolence?

2. What, according to Bryce, is the chief difference between men who succeed and those who do not?

3. How does Bryce account for the indifference of the average citizen toward politics? Read "A Sacrament of Citizenship," page 310.

4. Why is it true that, as a rule, "what is everybody's business is nobody's business"?

5. When should a citizen give way to "righteous indignation" or to anger?

6. What effect will yielding to anger have upon the individual himself?

7. How would you meet the argument that the vote of any one man is negligible?

8. What does Bryce consider the most difficult duty of the citizen? Do you agree with him?

9. What interests have grown up in modern times to rival interest in politics?

10. Is it *possible* for a man to be interested in his family and in his business as he ought to be, and still take an intelligent interest in politics?

11. What evil effect does the habit of reading many newspapers and magazines have upon us?

12. What does Bryce mean when he says that "intelligence has not grown in proportion to the diffusion of knowledge"?

13. Is belief in equality inconsistent with the recognition of the fitness of some to be leaders?

14. What qualities must a leader have in a democracy?

15. Does our patriotism tend to show itself more in shouting and waving flags than in calmly striving to live up to our real responsibilities as citizens?

Notes

190, 1. Professor Henry Sidgwick (1838–1900). An English philosopher who was professor of moral philosophy in Cambridge University. He was the author of *Methods of Ethics*, *History of Ethics*, and *Principles of Political Economy*.

THE SOLID SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE (Page 196)

Charles William Eliot was one of America's most distinguished educators. He was born in Boston, in 1834. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University. He early became an assistant professor of mathematics and chemistry at Harvard. Then, after a period of further study abroad, he was made professor of analytical chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1869 he became president of Harvard University and continued in this office for forty years, exerting a far-reaching influence not only at Harvard but over education generally in America. After his retirement in 1909 he continued to lead an active life, taking a leading part in the discussion of questions of great public interest, lecturing, and contributing to newspapers and magazines. This continued up to within a very short time of his death in 1926, though he had attained the age of ninety-two. He was thus an example of the kind of life he taught. Among his most important books may be mentioned * *Training for an Effective Life*, * *Five American Contributions to Civilization and Other Essays, Educational Reform, More Money for the Public Schools*, * *The Happy Life, Four American Leaders*, *† *The Durable Satisfactions of Life*, *‡ *Education for Efficiency, The Road toward Peace.* He gave unqualified support to Woodrow Wilson in his campaign for the League of Nations.

Questions and Exercises

1. What does former President Eliot say about the importance of health?
2. What is the proper place of play in a satisfactory life?
3. Can our capacity for hard work be increased?
4. What does Dr. Eliot think "the main achievement of college life" ought to be? Does this represent the ideal of scholarship merely?
5. What are some of the characteristics of the man of honor?
6. Why is it important to acquire a spotless reputation?

7. Why is it important to seek the good opinion of your contemporaries?

8. What is the best way to prepare for the important crises of life?

9. Can you think of any other ways of winning durable satisfaction in life than those mentioned in this address by Dr. Eliot?

TRUTH AND POLITICS (Page 200)

Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin was born in 1867. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was made Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury of England in 1923 and has continued since as Prime Minister with the exception of a part of the year 1924, when Ramsay Macdonald, the English labor leader, served as Prime Minister. He was chosen Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1923. The selection "Truth and Politics" is taken from his rectorial address to the students of Edinburgh University, November 6, 1925. The reader will agree that a man with Baldwin's scholarly resourcefulness and effective command of English should write more.

Questions and Exercises

1. According to Baldwin, what fundamental aim does education have in addition to the acquisition of knowledge?

2. Why is it important to cultivate an accurate use of words?

3. What is involved in a study of the right use of words?

4. What is meant by the expression "except he sin against the light"?

5. How does the study of the classical languages help to make one more truthful?

6. How does Baldwin show the importance of accepting truth for what it is?

7. What value has the study of philosophy?

8. Are half-truths of any value? Recall the lines from Bacon —

> "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

9. Discuss the significance of the statement, "Savagery has never been far away from the realm of law."

10. Can you explain the meaning of "a holiday for truth, and an aftermath of cynicism"?

11. How does diplomacy justify deception?

12. Why is "fidelity to plighted word" one of the most important laws of society? Is it a legal or a moral law?

13. How does the "study of particles of matter" differ from the "study of men in society"?

14. What is meant by the "equivocal character" of words?

15. Can you state the differences between the Greek sophist and the modern demagogue?

16. Why is it often so difficult for the modern politician to be perfectly frank and truthful?

17. Does any greater responsibility for the speaking of truth rest with the high school and college graduate than on others who are less well educated?

Notes

200, 1. Lord Althorp. John Charles Spencer, third Earl (1782–1845), better known as Lord Althorp, entered Parliament in 1804. He was a member of the Whig party who inspired confidence. In 1830, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. On the death of his father, he became a member of the House of Lords. "Honesty and industry raised him to responsible positions which he filled with credit."

"The Whigs required, to carry the Reform Bill, a leader of unstained character, one to whom party spirit could not attach the suspicion of greed of office, and against Lord Althorp malevolence was powerless. No stronger proof of his preëminence could be given than the oft-quoted saying of Lord Hardinge that one of Croker's ablest speeches was demolished by the simple statement of Lord Althorp that he had collected some figures which entirely refuted it, but had lost them. The trust which the house put in him then was never wanting."

201, 1. " . . . wolves." From the *Leviathan*, I, iv, by

Thomas Hobbes, an English philosopher of the seventeenth century. The *Leviathan* was a famous political treatise on " the Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil." One purpose of the *Leviathan* was to establish the " divine right " of kings. The book appeared in 1651.

2. **John Stuart Mill** (1806–1873). An English philosopher and political economist, author of *Utilitarianism.*

3. **John Locke** (1632–1704). An English philosopher whose best-known work is the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* (1690) from which the quotation in the text is taken. (Book III, chapter 11, paragraph 4.)

202, 1. **Trappist monastery.** The Trappists were an order of monks distinguished for their severe rule of life. Perpetual silence was enforced among them.

2. **Bentham** (Jeremy). An English political economist and writer on law (1748–1832).

3. **" . . . truth."** From Bentham's *On Evidence,* Book III, chapter 1.

4. **Mr. Wells.** H. G. Wells (1866–), the English novelist and short story writer.

203, 1. **The humanities.** The humanities are usually taken to include grammar, rhetoric, poetry, and the Greek and Latin classics.

204, 1. **" . . . live."** From Bertrand Russell's *Introduction to Philosophy,* page 230.

2. **" . . . conform."** Ibid., page 121.

205 1. **Metaphysics.** Metaphysics, moral philosophy, philosophy — these terms are difficult to define, especially for the beginner. *Philosophy* is the critical and comprehensive study of all of life's great ultimate problems, including questions concerning the nature of the human soul, the nature of the universe of which man finds himself to be a part, and the nature of God. *Moral philosophy* is that part of philosophy that is concerned with the human soul and with its relations to other human souls and to God, especially the ideals implied in these relationships. *Metaphysics* is sometimes used as synonymous with philosophy, but

more accurately as that part of philosophy which seeks to understand the nature of the ultimate reality that lies back of the world of appearance. The scientist studies the world of appearance with the test tube, microscope, and telescope, in order to explain things in terms that may be verified by the sense experience of man. The philosopher accepts the results of all the special sciences and then ventures farther afield, following the lead of reason and intelligence. His appeal is to rational experience, and the check applied to all his generalizations is simply the question, "Are they reasonable?" Consult *The Story of Philosophy* by Will Durant, published by Simon and Schuster.

2. **Dugald Stewart** (1753–1828). A celebrated Scottish philosopher who for twenty-five years (1785–1810) was professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

206, 1. **The half-truth.** Recall Bacon's lines — "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and so on.

2. **Goethe** (1749–1832). The greatest name in German literature. He was a poet, dramatist, and prose writer — the author of *Faust.*

207, 1. **Admiralty Court.** The court in England that has jurisdiction over maritime questions and offenses.

2. **". . . politicians."** Figgis, *From Gerson to Grotius.*

208, 1. **Tartuffe.** The chief character in Molière's comedy by that title, a rank hypocrite and impostor.

2. **". . . intervene."** Machiavelli, *Treatise on Livy.* Machiavelli was the celebrated Florentine statesman who advocated in his work *The Prince* the use by rulers of treachery and intrigue to uphold their arbitrary power.

3. **". . . rascals."** G. M. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy,* chapter 1.

209, 1. **Lord Acton** (1834–1902). An English historian who served as professor of modern history at Cambridge University.

2. **Grotius** (1583–1645). A famous Dutch politician and jurist, best known in our day because of his work on *The Right of War and of Peace.*

3. **Cavour** (1810–1861). A famous Italian statesman whose highest ambition was to bring about a united Italy.

4. **Bismarck** (1815–1898). The German statesman who followed a policy of "blood and iron" to bring about German unity through Prussian ascendancy.

210, 1. **Spinoza** (1632–1677). One of the greatest philosophers of the seventeenth century. He worked out a system of ethics by which he thought that questions of right and wrong could be answered by mathematical methods, with mathematical certainty.

2. . . . **absorb.** Spinoza, *Tractatus Politicus*, quoted in Pollock's *Life of Spinoza*, page 300. (Cf. Von Hügel, *The German Soul*, page 67; and Acton, *Historical Essays and Studies*, page 479.)

211, 1. **Cleon.** An Athenian statesman of the fifth century, B.C., who opposed Pericles and the Athenian nobility.

2. . . . **true.** C. Cornewall Lewis, *Use and Abuse of Political Terms*, page 12.

212, 1. **Beranger** (1780–1857). A famous French song writer.

2. **" . . . French."** Acton, *Historical Essays and Studies*, page 474.

3. **Socrates** (470–399 B.C.). A Greek philosopher, one of the greatest characters of all time, the teacher of Aristotle and Plato. Because he taught right thinking and living, he was accused by his enemies of corrupting the Athenian youth and was condemned to die by drinking hemlock. (See Plato's dialogue, *The Phaedo*.)

213, 1. **Ethics.** The science of human conduct, of the principles and standards of right and goodness.

2. **" . . . nations."** See Isaiah, xxv, 7.

EDUCATION FOR LEADERSHIP (Page 214)

HENRY SUZZALLO was born at San Jose, California, in 1875. He was educated at Stanford and Columbia Universities. Before his election to the presidency of the University of Washington, in 1915, he had taught in the departments of education of Stanford University and Columbia University. He has been widely

connected with leading educational, scientific, and learned societies, both American and international. He has exercised great influence through his public lectures and his published articles on educational subjects. The address quoted in the text was given at his inauguration to the presidency of the University of Washington.

Questions and Exercises

1. What is meant by the statement, "Nations are built down from the top"?
2. Why is it that "personalities frequently become more important than political issues" in a democratic government?
3. How does it happen that "the best-educated people are the most led people in the world"?
4. If the first step in making our social life more efficient is the development of expert service, what is the second? Is the second equal in importance to the first? Can a university do anything to promote the second?
5. What are the good and evil sides of the strong tendency toward individualism in America?
6. Of what two things does the forcefulness of a people consist?
7. Washington, in his Farewell Address, pointed to a strong partisan spirit as one of the dangers to a democracy. Does Suzzallo have this, or something else, in mind when he says, "The good of the whole people has often suffered grievously at the hands of some part"?
8. Can you explain why men who expect to render highly specialized service need a broad cultural training?
9. Point to the paragraph in which Dr. Suzzallo gives his conception of the ideal university. Can you explain it?

THE CONSERVATION OF NATURAL RESOURCES

(Page 224)

Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth president of the United States, was born in New York City, in 1858. He was

educated at Harvard University, and entered politics at the age of twenty-three by becoming a member of the New York State Assembly. Throughout his political career he fought against the dominance of political bosses, and championed the interests of the people. He fought with distinction in the Spanish-American War, and was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general for "gallantry in battle." He was nominated for the vice-presidency in 1900, and when McKinley was assassinated in September, 1901, Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. Three years later he was elected president by a large popular vote. His term of office was marked by many achievements, one of the most distinctive being the move to guard the natural resources of the country. He was a man of many interests and won high rank as an author, public speaker, and scientist. Among his better known books may be mentioned *American Big Game Hunting*, *Oliver Cromwell*, *Deer and Antelopes of North America*, *Biological Analogies in History*, **A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open*, ** † ‡ The Strenuous Life*, and *History as Literature and Other Essays*. The selection in the text is slightly abbreviated from the address on ‡ *The Conservation of Natural Resources* which was delivered by President Roosevelt to a conference of the governors of the various states called together at the White House.

Questions and Exercises

1. Why must government take account of the natural resources of a country? Why was this not true among primitive peoples?

2. How was coal regarded in the time of Washington?

3. What steps did Washington take to guard against an unwise use of natural resources?

4. What was the great economic problem that concerned the states before they took up the problem of providing a national constitution?

5. Why could not the free use of all natural resources continue unhampered, as it had done before Roosevelt's time?

6. Into what two classes may natural resources be grouped?

7. Can farm land be used indefinitely for the raising of crops?

8. Why is a great system of waterways a matter for the nation to deal with, rather than the several states?

9. What right, according to court decisions, has the nation over land that is owned by private individuals?

10. With what other great problem is that of the conservation of natural resources closely bound up?

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

BUTTERFLIES ON A PIN (Page 233)

Questions and Exercises

1. Do you agree with the author in what she says about the writing of autobiography? Compare the biographies and autobiographies that you have read for an answer to this question.

2. Can you suggest any good reasons for the reading of biography or autobiography?

3. Read the essay on "The Happiness of Writing an Autobiography" in *Under Dispute* by Agnes Repplier.

Notes

234, 1. **Margot Asquith.** Second wife of Herbert Henry Asquith, English statesman.

2. **Lillie Langtry.** A famous actress, born on the Island of Jersey, in 1852.

3. **Joseph Pennell** (1860–1926). An American artist, illustrator, and writer.

I LOSE SOME OF MY INNOCENCE (Page 234)

Herbert Quick was born in Grundy county, Iowa, in 1861, and died at Columbia, Missouri, in 1925. He was successively a teacher, lawyer, and editor. He wrote many books and was a frequent contributor to popular magazines. The selection in the text is taken from * *One Man's Life.*

Questions and Exercises

1. Why does the author refer to Lincoln, Franklin, and Elihu Burritt as his "friends"?
2. Does the family life described in this sketch by the author resemble any that you have ever observed?
3. How do you account for the awkward style of dress of young Quick in view of his apparent intelligence and his ambition for an education?
4. Why was the author not ashamed to tell of his humiliation and suffering from the taunts of his associates over his haircut?
5. Does he show vanity when he tells of his rapid advancement at the teachers' institute?
6. Why was Quick disgusted by the evident admiration of one of the girls in his class?
7. Why does the author give the names of some of his boyhood friends? Is the reader interested in them?
8. Why did young Quick feel that his wages did not belong to him?
9. Comment on the effectiveness of the picture given in this sketch of the life of an earlier day in the West.

Notes

234, 4. Elihu Burritt (1810–1879). An American humanitarian. He was a blacksmith who mastered many languages, and lectured throughout America and Europe on peace and universal brotherhood.

237, 1. Hawkeyes. The name given to natives of the state of Iowa, known as the Hawk Eye State from the name of the Indian chief who opposed the early settlers.

IN LONDON WITH WHISTLER (Page 245)

Katharine Metcalf Roof, writer, was born at Clifton Springs, New York. She was educated in private schools, and became a pupil of Chase's at the New York School of Art. She

has written a number of short stories and plays, and is the author of *The Stranger at the Hearth* and *The Great Demonstration.*

The selection in the text is taken from the * *Life and Art of Merritt Chase.* The account here given of Whistler is narrated by the American artist Chase, who went to London in 1885 and there met Whistler, also an American artist, who had settled in London. Whistler was in debt. Chase made an effort to assist him financially by finding purchasers for his pictures and etchings. The part here quoted begins at this point.

Questions and Exercises

1. How do you account for the patience that Chase showed toward the eccentricities of Whistler?
2. What was Whistler's purpose in presenting this rude, unconventional side of his nature to the public, according to Chase?
3. What part of this narrative reveals Whistler's keen sensitivity to beauty?
4. Did Whistler's artistic genius relieve him of the necessity of doing a great amount of hard work at his art? Has any artist ever achieved distinction without hard work? In this connection, turn to the book review of Finck's *Musical Progress,* page 269, and read the third paragraph.
5. Describe the serious side of Whistler's nature, as given by Chase. If possible, find prints of some of Whistler's pictures and study them in the light of the character sketch here given.

Notes

247, 1. **Mahlstick.** Same as *maulstick,* from the German *maler,* a painter, and *stock,* a stick. A stick used by painters as a rest for the hand while working.

248, 1. **Edwin A. Abbey.** Another American artist (1852–1911), born in Philadelphia. He was famous for his figure-paintings, including the series of panels on " The Quest of the Holy Grail " in the Boston Public Library.

THE DAY'S WORK (Page 249)

Don C. Seitz, newspaper manager and writer, was born at Portage, Ohio, in 1862. He was educated at the Liberal Institute of Norway, Maine. He has been associated as correspondent, or editor, or manager, with the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *New York Recorder*, the *Brooklyn World*, and the *New York World*. He was business manager of the *New York World* from 1898 to 1923, and manager of the *Evening World* from 1923 to 1926. Since 1926, he has been associate editor of *The Outlook*. He is the author of many books, including *Discoveries in Everyday Europe*, *Elba and Elsewhere*, *Surface Japan*, *The Buccaneers*, *Whistler Stories*, *In Praise of War*, *Farm Voices*, *Artemus Ward*, * *Uncommon Americans*, and * *Joseph Pulitzer — His Life and Letters*, from which the selection in the text is taken.

Questions and Exercises

1. Give a character sketch of Mr. Pulitzer, basing your account on the record of his deeds contained in this selection.

2. Mr. Pulitzer came to this country from Hungary when he was a lad of seventeen. Why do you think he was so much interested in the Statue of Liberty?

3. Do you think that a newspaper man has unusual opportunities for public service?

4. What difficulties did Mr. Pulitzer have to overcome before he could realize some of his ideals? Did he suffer any defeats in his unselfish projects?

5. Give some of Mr. Pulitzer's reasons for believing that schools of journalism should be established.

6. What appeared to be the nature of the relations that existed between Mr. Pulitzer and his employees?

7. Did Mr. Pulitzer seem to care what other men thought of his various projects? Did this indicate lack of independence on his part, or lack of courage?

8. In your judgment, what was the greatest thing that Mr. Pulitzer accomplished, taking into account only the record given in this selection?

NOTES

249, 1. **August Bartholdi** (1834–1904). A famous French sculptor. His best-known works are the Statue of Liberty, and the Lion of Belfort.

250, 1. **William M. Evarts** (1818–1901). A famous American jurist, statesman, and orator. He was secretary of state under President Hayes, and from 1885 to 1891 he was a member of the United States Senate.

257, 1. **Sandow.** A famous strong man.

2. **Talleyrand.** The well-known French diplomat and statesman (1754–1838), at first in the service of the Church, but later in that of the State. By his clever manipulations at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, he saved France from dismemberment.

258, 1. **Brienne.** A small town of France. Here the military school is located in which Napoleon I was educated.

260, 1. **St. Cyr.** The French military academy was transferred from Fontainebleau to St. Cyr in 1806 by Napoleon.

2. **Sandhurst.** A village in England, 33 miles W. S. W. from London. It was made the seat of the Royal Military College in 1799.

263, 1. **The awards . . . authorities.** From the list of prizes here given one has been omitted — that offered for the best editorial. In the *Extracts from the Will of Joseph Pulitzer*, published by Columbia University, this item is given as follows:

"Annually, for the best editorial article written during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning and power to influence public opinion in the right direction, Five hundred dollars ($500)."

Several of the editorials that have been awarded this prize are included in the last section of this book.

BOOK REVIEWS

MY GARDEN OF MEMORY (Page 264)

Reviewed in *The Bookman*

Honoré Willsie Morrow, writer, was born at Ottumwa, Iowa. She was educated at the University of Wisconsin. From 1914 to 1919 she was editor of *The Delineator*. She is the author of *Heart of the Desert*, *Still Jim*, *Lydia of the Pines*, *Benefits Forgot*, *The Forbidden Trail*, *The Enchanted Canyon*, and other novels.

Questions and Exercises

1. Note the introductory and concluding paragraphs of this review, and comment on their appropriateness.
2. How does Mrs. Morrow give a general impression of the book?
3. What interesting incidents and details does she include?
4. Does she quote from the book itself, and is the quotation appropriate?
5. Does this review make the reader wish to read the book?

MUSICAL PROGRESS (Page 269)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

Edwin L. Shuman, author, was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1863. He was educated at Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. He has been associated at different times as reporter, editor, or manager, with a number of leading newspapers, including the *Evanston Press*, the *Chicago Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Chicago Record-Herald*, the Associated Sunday Magazines of New York, and the Current History Magazine of the *New York Times*. Since 1922, he has been an associate editor of the *International Book Review*. He is the author of *Steps into Journalism*, *Practical Journalism*, and *How to Judge a Book*.

Questions and Exercises

1. How does Mr. Shuman introduce this review?
2. Where does he give the reader a general impression of the book?
3. What do you think of the reviewer's choice of topics for more detailed comment?
4. Has he chosen quotations wisely?
5. Does he tell too much about the book, so that the reader can feel that he already knows enough about the book without going to the trouble of reading it?
6. Does the reviewer show that he has any special qualifications for the writing of this particular review?

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE (Page 275)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

James L. Ford, author, was born at St. Louis in 1854. He is the author of many books, including *The Literary Shop, Hypnotic Tales, The Third Alarm, Cupid and the Footlights, The Brazen Calf, The Great Mirage, Waitful Watching,* and * *Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shops.*

Questions and Exercises

1. How does the reviewer arouse the interest of the reader in the book and in its author?
2. Does he call attention to any specific characteristic or peculiarity about the book?
3. Is the general impression of the book adequate? Does the reviewer give just enough to arouse the reader's curiosity and make him wish to read the book itself?
4. Does the reviewer show any special qualifications for the writing of this review?

THE MIDLANDER (Page 279)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD was born in New York City. She was educated privately. She has contributed to magazines, and in 1923 published her first novel, *Love and Life.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Make an outline of this review.
2. Is the narrative of the book given in sufficient detail?
3. Which is of more importance in the book — plot or characters, according to the impression given by the review?
4. Does the reviewer make the reader wish to read the book?

THE MIDLANDER (Page 282)

Reviewed in *The Forum*

WILLIAM R. LANGFELD was born in Chicago in 1882. He was educated at the Philadelphia Central High School and the University of Pennsylvania. For a number of years he was the editor of a small magazine called *The Review.* His special field in literature is criticism, and his reviews of books have appeared in many newspapers and magazines.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Compare this review with the preceding one, and apply the same "Questions and Exercises" to this review as were given for the other.
2. In your judgment, which review is the better? Why?

NEW HAMPSHIRE (Page 283)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

JOHN FARRAR, editor and author, was born in Burlington, Vermont, in 1896. He was educated at Yale University. After graduating from Yale he became a reporter for the *New York*

Sunday World, and in 1921 became the editor of *The Bookman*. He is the author of *Forgotten Shrines*, *Songs for Parents*, *The Magic Sea Shell*, and *The Middle Twenties*.

Questions and Exercises

1. How much of this article goes beyond the requirements of a book review?
2. Does this extra material increase the reader's interest or give him a better understanding of New Hampshire?
3. Why does Farrar think the poetry of Robert Frost great?
4. Could any of the quotations have been omitted without serious loss?
5. Why, do you suppose, does Frost think it scarcely worth while to advise the young writer?
6. Test the impressions of Frost's poetry that you get from Farrar's account by reading some of the poetry yourself and forming your own impressions at first hand.

NEW HAMPSHIRE (Page 291)

Reviewed in *The Forum*

Stanley A. Burnshaw was born in New York City in 1904. He is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh and the author of many poems and reviews. After establishing *Poetry Folio* he served as its editor for one year.

Questions and Exercises

1. Compare this review with the one written by John Farrar, in length, outline, and the general impression left.
2. Does this review give a general impression of the poem "New Hampshire"? That is, does it suggest the nature of the content?
3. Does this review give any details concerning the content of "New Hampshire" and the other poems published with it?
4. Which one of these two reviews seems to be addressed to the beginner in literature, and which to the more mature reader?

PIERRE CURIE (Page 293)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

Questions and Exercises

1. Do you feel when you have read this review that you already know enough about the book reviewed without having to read the book itself? Does the reviewer give too many details?
2. Are the quotations given adequate, and are they well chosen?
3. Do you get the impression that the book is about the man Curie himself or rather more about his work?
4. What impression do you form of the man from his letter to Marie Sklodowska?

Notes

295, 1. Sorbonne. One of the colleges of the University of Paris.

297, 1. Nobel prize. The Swedish scientist, Alfred B. Nobel, who invented dynamite, bequeathed his fortune (about $9,000,000) to establish a fund, the interest of which was to be distributed in prizes to those persons who had contributed most to the improvement of mankind in the year preceding the award. Awards have been granted in the following fields: Physics and Chemistry, Medicine, Literature, and Peace. Americans who at different times have won Nobel prizes are: T. W. Richards in chemistry; Alexis Carrel in medicine; Woodrow Wilson because of his work for world peace.

2. **Henri Becquerel** (1852–1908). A French scientist who discovered radioactivity.

PIERRE CURIE (Page 298)

Reviewed in *The Forum*

Questions and Exercises

1. Does this review give an adequate idea of the general character of the book?

2. Compare in detail this review with the one preceding.

3. Which of these two reviews gives the reader the stronger incentive to read the book? Why?

4. What incident does this reviewer use to show the character of Pierre Curie?

NOTES

298, 1. **Légion d'Honneur.** In France; an order of merit created in 1802 by Napoleon for the purpose of honoring any form of special service to the State.

299, 1. **Banting** (Frederick Grant). Professor of medical research at the University of Toronto since 1923. He received the Nobel prize in medicine in 1923 for his discovery of insulin.

2. **Best.** Dr. William Newton Best, a consulting engineer in New York City, noted because he "first distinctly and strikingly called attention to the importance and necessity of providing a very marked increase in the volume of combustion chamber with the use of oil as a fuel." He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, and is the author of *Burning Liquid Fuel.*

THE KINGDOM OF THE HEAVENS (Page 300)

Reviewed in the *International Book Review*

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD (1869–), born in England, was educated at the Moravian School, Black Forest; Wellington College; and Edinburgh University. He is the author of *The Empty House, The Listener, The Human Chord, The Centaur, Ten-Minute Stories, Incredible Adventures, Day and Night Stories, Karma, The Wolves of God,* and *The Bright Messenger.*

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. How does the author give a general impression of the book?

2. What specific items does he select for special mention?

3. Are his quotations important?

4. How does he arouse a desire in the reader to take up the book itself?

5. Do you understand what is meant by the statement that "He is the man of science as poet"?

6. Does the book appear to be written in a technical style for skilled astronomers, or in a popular style for the general reader?

7. What, according to the author of the book, is the most impressive fact that comes to one who studies the stars? See Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty," stanza 7.

8. Does the author of the book seem to indulge in "wild speculation" about the heavens, or do his conceptions seem to be guided by strict loyalty to scientific fact?

NOTES

302, 1. Professor Pickering (1858–). An American astronomer and author of books on astronomical subjects, a member of the staff of the Harvard Observatory.

EDITORIALS

It is the policy of many newspapers not to give out the names of those members of the editorial staff who are responsible for the writing of certain editorials. In most cases, therefore, the names of the authors of the editorials used in this book are not given.

As far as possible, apply to each editorial the following:

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What was the apparent purpose of the editorial?

2. Is the subject one of permanent or temporary interest?

3. Is the spirit shown patriotic, just, narrow, humanitarian, sectarian, generous, scientific?

4. What is the attitude of the editor toward the reader? Does he seem to assume that the reader is educated, fair-minded, a friend, a sympathetic partisan, or an opponent?

5. Does the editorial seem to be complete or fragmentary?

6. Is it one that is likely to arouse public interest in the subject or to affect public opinion one way or the other?

7. Can you suggest a similar subject suitable for an editorial?
8. Write an editorial for your school paper.
9. Select any good newspaper and read the editorials regularly for a certain period of time. Make a collection of those that seem to you to be best, and give your criticisms and comments on each one.

NOTES

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? (Page 305). From *The Sun*, originally printed September 21, 1897. A note from Mr. Harold M. Anderson of the editorial department says: "This, unquestionably the most widely circulated editorial article ever written, is frequently attributed to Charles A. Dana. Mr. Dana was not its writer. It was from the pen of Francis P. Church, long an editorial writer on *The Sun*."

LABELS AND LABEL-WORSHIP (Page 307). From the *Wichita Beacon*, Wichita, Kansas; written by Elmer T. Peterson.

A SACRAMENT OF CITIZENSHIP (Page 310). From the *Wall Street Journal*, November 4, 1924.

TELEPHONE DISCOURTESY (Page 312). From the *Chicago Tribune*, May 17, 1925.

THRIFT IN THIS AUTO AGE (Page 314). From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, June 13, 1925.

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND (Page 315). By William Allen White, in the *Emporia Gazette*, July 27, 1922. This editorial won the Pulitzer prize for the strongest editorial written in 1922. It was written by Mr. White during his controversy with Governor Henry Allen over free speech.

LAW AND THE JUNGLE (Page 317). By H. E. Newbranch, editor of the *World-Herald*, Omaha, September 30, 1919. This editorial was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the year 1919.

WHO MADE COOLIDGE? (Page 322). This editorial by Robert L. O'Brien, editor of the *Boston Herald*, in the issue of September 14, 1923, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the year 1923.

THE PLIGHT OF THE SOUTH (Page 325). By Robert Lathan, editor of the *News and Courier* (Charleston, S. C.), November 5, 1924. This editorial was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the year 1924.

VITAMIN "C" (Page 327). From the *New York Times*, June 22, 1925.

THE IDEALISM AND FAITH OF HJALMAR BRANTING (Page 328). From the *Christian Science Monitor*.

ENDOWED COLLEGE EDUCATION (Page 331). From the *Springfield Union*, Springfield, Massachusetts, March 26, 1925.

SCRAPPING THE "LECTURE SYSTEM" (Page 334). From the *Boston Evening Transcript*, November 5, 1924.

JAMES LANE ALLEN (Page 335). From the *Springfield Republican*.

READING LIST

Books mentioned in connection with the sketches of authors throughout the Study Aids are not repeated here. An asterisk (*) before a title indicates a book or essay highly recommended by the editor; a dagger (†) before a title indicates that the book is included in the recommended list of the National Council of Teachers of English; a double dagger (‡) before a title indicates that the book, or at least a part of it, is recommended in the New York State Syllabus for Secondary Schools.

ABBOTT, LYMAN — * *The Spirit of Democracy; Problems of Life*

BARRIE, J. M. — * *Courage;* *‡ *Margaret Ogilvy*

BEEBE, WILLIAM — *† *Edge of the Jungle;* *†‡ *Jungle Peace*

BELLOC, HILAIRE — *† *On Nothing;* * *On Anything; First and Last;* † *On Something*

BENNETT, ARNOLD — * *Literary Taste and How to Form It;* *†‡ *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day;* *† *The Human Machine; Mental Efficiency;* *† *Things That Have Interested Me; Self and Self-Management*

BENSON, A. C. — * *From a College Window;* * *Upton Letters*

BERGENGREN, RALPH — *The Comforts of Home;* * *The Perfect Gentleman*

BIRRELL, AUGUSTINE — *Obiter Dicta; More Obiter Dicta; Men, Women, and Books*

BLACK, HUGH — *† *Friendship; Work; The Practice of Self-Culture*

BRIGGS, LEB. R. — *† *School, College, and Character*

BROUN, HEYWOOD — *Seeing Things at Night; Pieces of Hate*

BURROUGHS, JOHN — * *Accepting the Universe;* *† *Fresh Fields;* *† *Riverby;* *† *Pepacton; Signs and Seasons;* † *Wake Robin;* etc.

CABOT, RICHARD C. — *† *What Men Live By*

CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL—**Definitions*

CENTER, STELLA S. — *Selected Letters*

CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY — *Learning and Other Essays; Letters and Religion*

CHESTERTON, G. K. — *† *Uses of Adversity;* *† *Tremendous Trifles;* † *Defense of Nonsense; Heretics; All Things Considered*

CONRAD, JOSEPH — * *Notes on Life and Letters;* † *Mirror of the Sea*

DANA, CHARLES A. — *Casual Essays of the Sun*

DUNNE, F. P. — † *Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen; Mr. Dooley: On Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils*

EATON, WALTER P. — *Green Trails and Upland Pastures; Barn Doors and Byways; In Berkshire Fields*

ERSKINE, JOHN — *† *The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent*

FLINT, L. N. — *The Editorial*

GALSWORTHY, JOHN — * *The Inn of Tranquillity;* * *A Sheaf;* * *Another Sheaf; A Motley*

GRAHAME, KENNETH — *Pagan Papers; Dream Days*

HEARN, LAFCADIO — *‡ *Out of the East; Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*

HIND, C. LEWIS — *More Authors and I*

HOLLIDAY, R. C. — *† *Walking-Stick Papers; Broome Street Straws*

HUDSON, W. H. — *A Traveler in Little Things*

HYDE, WILLIAM D. — *College Man and College Woman*

LEACOCK, STEPHEN — * *Literary Lapses; Over the Footlights; Behind the Beyond*

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD — *Vanishing Roads*

LUCAS, E. V. — * *Adventures and Enthusiasms; Fireside and Sunshine; Loiterer's Harvest;* *† *A Little of Everything; Character and Comedy*

MACY, JOHN — * *The Spirit of American Literature*

MATTHEWS, BRANDER — * *Inquiries and Opinions; The American of the Future;* * *Essays on English; The Tocsin of Revolt*

MENCKEN, HENRY L. — *Prejudices*

MILNE, A. A. — *† *Not That It Matters*

MITCHELL, DONALD G. — *Reveries of a Bachelor; Dream Life*

MORE, PAUL ELMER — *With the Wits; A New England Group and Others*
MUIR, EDWIN — *Latitudes*
MURRAY, GILBERT — *Tradition and Progress*
NEAL, R. W. — *Editorials and Editorial Writing*
NEVINSON, HENRY W. — *Essays in Rebellion*
NEWTON, ALFRED E. — *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections*
"NOBODY" — *The Notion-Counter* (Atlantic Monthly Press)
OPDYCKE, JOHN B. — *The Literature of Letters*
OSBORN, E. B. — *Literature and Life*
PALMER, GEORGE HERBERT — *† *Self-Cultivation in English*
PERRY, BLISS — *† *The American Mind;* † *American Idealism; Books and Men; The Amateur Spirit; Park-Street Papers*
POWYS, JOHN COWPER — *Suspended Judgments*
RHYS, ERNEST — *Modern English Essays.* (5 Volumes)
SAINTSBURY, GEORGE — *A Scrap Book; A Second Scrap Book; A Third Scrap Book*
SCHELLING, FELIX E. — *Appraisements and Asperities*
SHARP, DALLAS LORE — *† *The Face of the Fields;* *† *A Watcher in the Woods;* † *The Fall of the Year; The Hills of Hingham; The Spring of the Year; Magical Chance*
SMITH, C. ALPHONSO — *† *What Can Literature Do for Me?*
SMYTH, ETHEL — *Impressions That Remained; Streaks of Life*
TANNER, WILLIAM M. — *Essays and Essay Writing*
THOMAS, CHARLES SWAIN and PAUL, HARRY GILBERT — *Story, Essay, and Verse*
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY — *† *My Summer in a Garden;* † *Hunting the Deer;* † *In the Wilderness; Camping Out*
WHITE, STEWART EDWARD — *† *The Forest; The Cabin; The Mountains*
WILLIAMS, ORLO — "Essay" in *The Art and Craft of Letters*
WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD — *The Appreciation of Literature; Makers of Literature*
WOODBRIDGE, ELIZABETH — † *Days Out and Other Papers; Jonathan Papers*

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